

JIMMY GOLD-COAST  
THE STORY OF A MONKEY  
AND HIS FRIENDS

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MARSHALL SAUNDERS





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## *Jimmy Gold-Coast*

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*Frontispiece.*  
"SOMETHING UNDER THE TABLE WAS AMUSING HER."



# JIMMY GOLD-COAST

OR  
THE STORY OF A MONKEY AND  
HIS FRIENDS

BY  
MARSHALL SAUNDERS ✓  
" "  
AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL JOE"

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## Contents

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|                                      | CHAPTER I    | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|------|
| A WONDERFUL NEW COUNTRY              | - - - - -    | 11   |
|                                      | CHAPTER II   |      |
| MASTER NAPPY AND HIS SISTER          | - - - - -    | 19   |
|                                      | CHAPTER III  |      |
| A PARROT FROM AFRICA                 | - - - - -    | 29   |
|                                      | CHAPTER IV   |      |
| POLLY AND I HAVE A TALK              | - - - - -    | 34   |
|                                      | CHAPTER V    |      |
| WHAT WAS IN THE TELEGRAM             | - - - - -    | 44   |
|                                      | CHAPTER VI   |      |
| RACHEL CALLS AT THE PARSONAGE        | - - - - -    | 55   |
|                                      | CHAPTER VII  |      |
| NONNIE AND HER BROTHER               | - - - - -    | 62   |
|                                      | CHAPTER VIII |      |
| THE ARRIVAL OF MY MASTER             | - - - - -    | 70   |
|                                      | CHAPTER IX   |      |
| A LONG AND HAPPY TIME                | - - - - -    | 78   |
|                                      | CHAPTER X    |      |
| POLLY TELLS ME WHAT SHE THINKS OF ME | - - - - -    | 92   |
|                                      | CHAPTER XI   |      |
| NONNIE'S SERMON TO THE ANIMALS       | - - - - -    | 100  |
|                                      | CHAPTER XII  |      |
| MY MASTER RUNS AWAY                  | - - - - -    | 108  |
|                                      | CHAPTER XIII |      |
| A TRIP FOR NONNIE                    | - - - - -    | 114  |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| CHAPTER XIV                                      |      |
| WE ARRIVE IN ROSSIGNOL - - - - -                 | 124  |
| CHAPTER XV                                       |      |
| GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST STORY - - - - -              | 135  |
| CHAPTER XVI                                      |      |
| THE LIGHT ON THE WATER - - - - -                 | 143  |
| CHAPTER XVII                                     |      |
| A DAY OF UNCERTAINTY - - - - -                   | 152  |
| CHAPTER XVIII                                    |      |
| HEAD OF HIS CLAN - - - - -                       | 162  |
| CHAPTER XIX                                      |      |
| THE TALK IN THE BEST PARLOR - - - - -            | 173  |
| CHAPTER XX                                       |      |
| WE START FOR HOME - - - - -                      | 183  |
| CHAPTER XXI                                      |      |
| WE MOVE TO THE CITY - - - - -                    | 193  |
| CHAPTER XXII                                     |      |
| A TIRED FAMILY - - - - -                         | 206  |
| CHAPTER XXIII                                    |      |
| A VISIT TO THE COUNTY JAIL - - - - -             | 212  |
| CHAPTER XXIV                                     |      |
| A NEW MACHADRA - - - - -                         | 222  |
| CHAPTER XXV                                      |      |
| NONNIE FALLS INTO DISGRACE WITH OUR MASTER - - - | 231  |
| CHAPTER XXVI                                     |      |
| THE TIMOTHY QUEST - - - - -                      | 238  |
| CHAPTER XXVII                                    |      |
| NONNIE FINDS HER TIMOTHY - - - - -               | 248  |
| CHAPTER XXVIII                                   |      |
| THE END OF THE TRIAL - - - - -                   | 253  |
| CHAPTER XXIX                                     |      |
| NONNIE'S VISIT TO THE PENITENTIARY - - - - -     | 265  |



---

# Contents

---

ix

## CHAPTER XXX

PAGE

THE CALL IN THE NIGHT - - - - - 271

## CHAPTER XXXI

RIGHT ABOUT TURN - - - - - 283

## CHAPTER XXXII

OUT ON PAROLE - - - - - 287

## CHAPTER XXXIII

WHAT NONNIE THOUGHT OF THE PRISON CAMP - - - - 291

## CHAPTER XXXIV

MY LITTLE WYNKOOPS - - - - - 302

## CHAPTER XXXV

FRISCO-CO AND POLLY-LEE - - - - - 311

## CHAPTER XXXVI

LAST WORDS - - - - - 315





"JIMMY GOLD-COAST, Jimmy Gold-Coast, you're a great old pet!"

He said it over and over again to me that day of our parting, and quite affectionately too, just like a girl, and he was not an affectionate lad by any means. He had a quiet, ugly little temper of his own, but he never hurt me, his dear young monkey. Indeed, he used to hug and kiss me when no one was looking, for I was the only one that loved that peculiar youth whom his companions called Napoleon because he was such a dictator.

These companions pretended to like him, but they did not. Each one was out for himself. They were jealous and afraid of him when—but I am not going to tell much about his badness, for I am writing a story for boys and girls. However, it is no harm to let them know that I was once a bad little monkey and belonged to a bad boy who was almost a young man, and oh! what troubles we had. They are over now, but I assure you that we had first to cross some stormy seas.

We were a seagoing pair, and I had been half over the world with my master, when one day he took a steamer for America—the northern part of it, and came to a very beautiful place called Canada.

*Carramarramando!* but it was hot. "Surely we are in a place that is twin brother to the Gold Coast," I thought. I had heard sailors talk about Canada, and I supposed it was a cold and snowy country where

everyone froze his fingers. Well! it was not cold in summer, and the place I went to with my master was like the Garden of Eden—not that I know what the Garden of Eden is, but I heard my master murmuring it to himself as we travelled along that sad day of our parting.

First of all we arrived in a wonderful harbor. I know something about harbors, and that proud, magnificent one sweeping in from the northern Atlantic could hold its own with any harbor in the world. Our steamer drew up beside a long pier, and our first-class passengers got off, and our second-class passengers got off, and last of all the steerage men and women, and boys and girls in their queer European garments were packed away into the long trains waiting to take them to a place called "Western Canada."

"If there is room for all these people," I thought to myself, "then Canada must be bigger than the Gold Coast."

You see I always compare everything to the Gold Coast, because that is where I first remember anything. I was then a little bit of a monkey clinging to my mother's breast. A sailor had bought her and he did not know how to take care of her, and she died, and Master Nappy, who was a passenger on the same ship, bought me and I loved him from the start, for he has a nice kind way with animals, though he is cold to most human beings.

I travelled about the world for a year or two with Master Nappy, then he took me to England and introduced me to other youths, or perhaps I should say very young men who had nice manners, for my master is well born, and is Mr. Napier Gordon MacGregor MacHadra, and his uncle is head of a Highland clan.

Master Nappy absolutely won't associate with persons who have vulgar manners, but dear boys and girls, though I am only a monkey, I have learned that manners alone do not count. Back of the manners must be a good heart, and my dear master had not a good heart, for he used to steal money and jewels from other persons, and I alas! when I was a bad little monkey used to help him.

Well, when we got off the steamer, Master Nappy put me in one of the nice large travelling-boxes made for dogs, and putting my eye to the peep-hole I saw that we were going into a station and toward a train.

When we got on the train, Master Nappy lifted the cover of my box and allowed me to look out the window. He propped his light coat behind me, for he hated to have anyone notice me. He used to say, "Show a monkey anywhere, and a tribe of children will spring out of the earth."

After we left the station we passed through a long city, stretched by the shore of the wonderful harbor. There were miles of wharves and slips, and some very long piers where lay ships of all nations.

Then the train got up speed and whirled us to a wild, lovely country where there were firs and pines and spruces, and scores of little rushing streams, and lakes and rivers that reminded me of northern Europe. We might have been going fishing in Norway.

It seems that this part of Canada is called Nova Scotia, and it is a very romantic place where French people and English and Indians used to have lots of battles till the English beat all the others and began to rule it.

I loved it at first sight, and was very happy in the beautiful heat. I basked in the sun, and never



dreamed that my master was planning to run away from me and not come back for a long time.

The train was very comfortable, for my master always takes the best car he can get, but even in the big cushioned seats, and with all the windows open, he was quite hot, so at last he took me out on the platform of the rear car.

Here there were wicker chairs and no passengers, and also a warm strong breeze, so Master Nappy was contented. He took me on his knee, rang for afternoon tea, snubbed the black porter when he exclaimed at the sight of me, and told him he would get no tip if he told anyone that there was a monkey on the train. Then he called my attention to the picturesque farms with apple orchards that we were passing through. The trees were all in pink and white bloom, and they were the most exquisite sight I have ever seen.

Big white houses were buried among the trees, and sometimes we came to a pretty town. There did not seem to be anything ugly about the country, and even my master, who is hard to please, got rid of the little frown on his brow, and murmured, "An absolute fairyland—now, Jimmy Gold-Coast, you know where the big red apples come from that you see in the London market."

I might as well say that I am not much of a talker, but I have some grunts and squeals that serve me pretty well. Among the grunts, the first one means, "Yes," the second one, "No," the third one means, "I am pleased," and the fourth one, "I am angry."

On this day I gave my pleased grunt, and Master Nappy was pleased because I was pleased.

I sat staring at him. Why was he coming up into this peaceful country? The farmers and sober people at stations, or getting on trains did not look like per-

sons who would wear the jewels and carry the wads of money that he thought so much of. Whatever was he going to do up here, and I studied his pale puzzling face.

"This is the Evangeline country," he said to me, and he repeated some lines in his charming cultured voice:

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to  
the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number."

I loved this poetry, and I wish I could remember the rest of what he recited, but it is only a pleasant blur in my memory. However, it made me surer than ever that we were in a very beautiful part of the world, for now I caught in the distance the blue shimmer of my beloved sea water in the Basin that he had mentioned.

All that long glorious afternoon the sun beamed on us from a clear sky, then he went slowly down behind the shoulder of one of the high hills on our left. I was just thinking that he seemed reluctant to leave the lovely orchards, when a wave of fatigue came over me, and cuddling under my master's arm I went fast asleep.

When I woke up he had lifted my hot little body under his chair, and he was staring up at a ripe old moon that bathed the white and green landscape in a soft yellow light. He was having his dinner brought out to him on a tray, and was again snubbing the porter who wished to talk about me. I like black people, and when he winked at me behind my master's back, I reached out a hand and stroked him kindly.

For this he sneaked me some extra nuts, and these, in addition to a few I stole, made me a more than comfortable meal, and gave me some to hide in my box.

Not that my master did not feed me well, but he gave me few dainties, and I, like a child, love cakes and sweets, and all sorts of things that are not good for me, but now that I am a reformed monkey, I make myself eat a great deal of coarse food, and I am much better for it.

It used to be the breath of life to me to steal, and oh! what trouble I got into, but then you see, no one had ever told me that even a poor little monkey can learn how to behave himself and respect the rights of other animals, and birds, and even human beings.

After his dinner my master broke the news of our parting to me, and I stared at him, feeling so low and dull that I could not even grunt.

"Jimmy, old man," he said, "I am taking you to my young sister, the only thing on earth I love but you, and my old nurse Nonnie. You have often heard me speak of Rachel, and you have seen her photograph. I know monkeys hate like the mischief to change owners, but if you'll be good and stay by her, and not have too many tricks, I'll come for you both some day and take you to live with me."

I was nearly crazy by this time, but I only grunted painfully. I knew his naughty temper, though when I angered him he never struck me, but lashed me with words that were worse than blows from a stick.

"Cheer up, Jimmy," he said, caressing me. "You're a source of danger to me now, and if I keep you I'm sure to be spotted. I've been nearly caught as it is, on account of my ridiculous fondness for you—you half-human little brute. Now, hie back into your box.



We're about arriving in the place where my darling has been brought up," and he shut me up, and taking the box in one hand, laid hold of his suit-case with the other, and slipped quietly from the rear platform of the car we were in.

For a while I gave way to my feelings, and crouched down in my box. Then I held up my head. What was the use of giving way? I would only weaken myself and make my fur come out, for monkeys' feelings go right through to their skin. Then some day I would see my master again, so I put my eye to the hole in the side of my box.

We had evidently arrived in a country village, and were walking down a long street with big trees overhead. I could hear the summer night wind murmuring in their branches, and after a time, to my great delight, for like all animals I dislike being shut up, my master opened my box and let me spring to his shoulder.

That was the way I liked to travel, and I stretched myself, and stared at the white houses each side of the street, while I sniffed the delicious perfume from their flower-beds.

Presently we came to a place where four roads met, and then my master began to go very cautiously. Perhaps I had better say that all along he had been hiding himself behind trees when he heard anyone coming down the board side-walk, but I was so used to his stealthy tricks that I thought nothing of it. It seemed to me then that the proper way to go down a street at night was to walk a bit, then hide, for Master Nappy and all his friends went that way.

At this corner was a dear little stream meandering along through the moonlight and talking to itself. I could hear it telling the news of the day to the purple flags that bordered it. Later on I found that the

children near by called it Wandering Annie, for it was a gentle thing though it came from the big bold hills that kept the fierce winds from the valley. I pricked up my ears when I heard the stream mentioning the Bay of Fundy, for that was a body of water that made a great talk among sailors, and I had often heard of its mighty tides and the rushing way that they came into harbors in their high bores.

Well, my master went down by the stream and hid his suit-case among the willows, then he came back to the road, and with me clinging to his shoulder, crept along under some shrubs till he got close to a long, low house with a veranda in front of it.

This veranda was shaded by a climbing rose covered with little buds that would soon be fragrant flowers, and its green odor was most grateful to a monkey whose nostrils had been so much accustomed to salt air. My master loved it too, and I could hear him taking long breaths as he crouched down in the grass close to the veranda.

After a while he made a low noise like an owl, but not like any owl that I had ever heard. I found out afterwards that he was imitating the note of the small Acadian saw-whet.

Someone came softly to the veranda, and stretching out my head to look at her, I saw to my surprise that it was a black woman—and now more than ever, I thought that Nova Scotia was like the Gold Coast.

"DOWN by the brook," whispered Master Nappy, and the black woman disappeared.

We followed her to the hollow, and picked our way over the grass to a point a few paces from the road.

The woman was standing among the flags, and I found out afterwards that it was quite damp there, but when she saw her dear master, she got so excited that she never thought of herself.

"My boy, my boy," she was saying under her breath, "Nonnie's boy has come back again."

I took a good look at her. She was quite an elderly woman, and very, very fat and black, and as shiny as sealing-wax. Her hair was woolly, and she had a big white cap on. Her eyes were dark and as bright and shining as the diamonds in the body belt round Master Nappy's waist. Her nose was as flat as a pancake, but the nostrils had a roguish flare to them that showed she was good-natured.

"Mr. Nappy, have you come to take your sister and Nonnie out into the world?" she whispered.

My master was beaming all over, for he loved this old woman whom I found out later had brought him up. He gave her a good hug, then he said teasingly, "Naughty Nonnie—you want to get out into the wicked whirling world where there is so much trouble. Why aren't you contented to stay in this quiet place?"



"I ain't uncontented, Mr. Nappy," she said so earnestly that he hushed her up a bit, "but there ain't no colored folk here for your poor old Nonnie to 'sociate wid, an' I'se a-gettin' ole."

He patted her broad back. "Wait a while, Nonnie. Some day I'll come and take you and Miss Rachel away to a fine house and you shall be housekeeper. Now tell me how my sister is getting on. She goes to school every day?"

"She runs there, an' she runs home, an' off through the village wid a pack of yellin' young ones at her heels. She's a goer, is Miss Rachel."

"She's growing, I suppose."

"All out of her cloes—your aunt, she's always a-mendin' of them."

"Did my uncle begin her French lessons?"

"Yes, sir, after you writ that, an' he sits her down in a corner of his office wid her book, an' she mumbles, 'Musa, musa, musam,' an' then she jumps up an' kites off as wild as a hawk."

"Musa isn't French, Nonnie," said my master with a chuckle.

"Ain't it, boy? Well, Nonnie don't know one language from t'other, only her own."

"My uncle must be teaching her Latin," said Master Nappy in a pleased way.

"Well, it's some dead tongue she learns," said Nonnie, "and one live one, 'cause she telled me so, an' I said, 'If your uncle teaches you any more live speeches, there'll be no livin' wid you, for you talks all de time an' never stops but for to sleep——' My soul an' body, chile—what's dat little black imp on your shoulder? Nonnie's eyes ain't so good as dey might be."

"That's a monkey," said my master, "something for you and Rachel to play with," and he handed me to her.

"Bless its little heart," said this nice old black creature, and she fondled me as if I had been a baby. "Nonnie'll set great store by a weenie blackamoor."

I patted her cheeks with my hands, for I saw that we should be great friends, but my time with my master was short, and I crept back to his shoulder.

He was asking more questions about his sister. "Is she as pretty as ever?" he said, then he waited anxiously for her answer.

"To me," replied the old woman, "she's jus' like de sun in his glory, an' de moon in all her might, but I'm bound to tell you, Mr. Nappy, dat dere's some onunderstandin' folks dat say she ain't no beauty."

He was silent, and I knew he was disappointed, for my master was then one who set great store by a fine appearance outside, no matter what the inside was like.

"Well," he said at last, "she always has her sweet disposition, hasn't she, Nonnie?"

"Sweet," repeated the old woman, "she's jus' like honey, but I mus' tell you dat young one courts trouble like a bee courts a blossom."

"How's that?" asked Master Nappy sharply.

"She's a-gettin' older, an' she starts to boss, an' like all bosses she runs up agin stone walls, an' den she butts dem—she don't give way."

He smiled. "Oh! she'll get over that. She's only a child."

"She's bound to lead," said the woman. "She's like you, Mr. Nappy. All de Sandys, dey's hitters-out—How you gettin' on, boy?" and her tone became anxious.

"All right," he said calmly. "Now, Nonnie, I want to snatch a look at Rachel. Can you arrange it?"

"Sure, boy," she said, and she gazed up the grassy bank by which we were standing. Above was a lighted window in a room that I found out afterwards was called the Doctor's study.

"Gimme a boost up de bank, boy," she said under her breath, "an' I'll sniff round."

Master Nappy grinned and pushed her up, and presently she turned to us and waved her hand.

We climbed up, but very carefully, for the window was wide open; then Master Nappy hid his slender body behind Nonnie's fat one, and peeped over her shoulder, and I crouched down on his shoulder, and peeped from behind his head.

We were looking into a big room full of bookcases and cabinets of bottles, and huge wall maps, and having a big centre table.

At the table sat a broad-shouldered young man with his back toward us. In front of him, and on the other side of the table, stood a little girl, and I knew at once that this was Master Nappy's sister. She certainly was no beauty, as Nonnie had hinted, for her nose was too long and the rest of her face would have to grow up to it; but what eyes and hair, and what a sweet mouth!

Something under the table was amusing her, and when she presently threw back her head and burst into a girlish laugh, Master Nappy just held his breath to keep from joining in.

I saw what the little girl had, and what it was that made Master Nappy and the old nurse love her. She was so interested in others, and so unconscious of herself that she just seemed to live outside herself. Just



now it was the thing under the table that she was living for. She might have been alone in a desert with it, and presently the thing crawled into sight, coming up claw over claw. In my excitement, I forgot my training, and my master's stern command not to open my mouth in the presence of strangers, and I gave one of my loudest grunts—for it was a parrot that was before me, one of the lovely pearl-grey, powdered-looking, red-tailed African parrots from the Gold Coast.

In a second I was away back in my African home where thousands of these parrots wing their way at night time from the mountains to the magnificent forests where they sleep in the trees, and just as I was thinking of this far-away time, I was rudely recalled to Nova Scotia by Master Nappy pitching me into Nonnie's arms. He was away like a frightened deer into the darkness under the trees.

I gazed after him, for he was dearer to me than all the grey parrots in the world, but I knew better than to run after him, and clung whimperingly to good old Nonnie, who was hushing me as if I had been a baby.

When I at last looked up, the young man and the little girl had both come to the window and were gazing out.

"What does this mean, Nonnie?" asked the man, and he stared at me in bewilderment.

"It's a monkey, a monkey," shrieked the little girl, vaulting through the window like a boy, and stretching out her hands towards me. "A real live monkey! Nonnie, where did you get it—where did you get the lovely, darling angel thing?"

I went to the child somewhat unwillingly. She was my new owner and I must get used to her, but my heart was sore for my master.

Old Nonnie was plucking her by the sleeve. "Your brother brung it, missie. He's jus' left."

"For the nine-thirty train," said the little girl as quick as a flash. "I'll run after him," and she was about to dash out to the street when the old woman caught at her again, and waved her hand toward the back of the house.

She was signalling to her to take the short cut, and she was doing so in fear and trembling, lest the young man who was the head of the household should interfere, but he was wise and good and he knew that Nonnie meant well by his nephew. So, as I found out afterward, he never said a word after the child went, but sauntered up the back way to the station after her, for he knew she would be broken-hearted when she had to return without her brother.

"My monkey, my monkey," breathed the child as we scurried along, "you're a beloved link between poor Rachel and her brother," and holding me to her breast as carefully as if I had been some treasured doll, she ran steadily up a moonlit path that led through the garden and orchard and down to a hollow where we caught up to the murmuring brook foaming and bubbling over its nice brown stones.

What a runner the child was! She did not seem much out of breath, and she never paused until we had passed through a little wood where young trees stood thinly, and reached the gates of a small cemetery lying bathed in the moonlight on the slope of a hill. There she slowed down, and pausing between two graves banked high with flowers, said softly, "Mother, father, help me keep our boy. He's so slippery."

"Well, well," I thought, "what kind of a little girl is this that is not afraid of a graveyard by night?"



Even a big sailor would whistle if he went by this."

I guessed though that her parents were buried here, and that the graves would be no more to her than two soft beds, and I found out later that this was so, and also that a particular robin friend of hers called "Daisy" had a nest and young ones in a maple tree that stood beside the graves.

This remarkable child walked in a swift way through the cemetery, and reaching the board sidewalk outside the gates, put her head on one side and listened.

"A strange step," she said, "must be Nappy. We've got him, monkey dear," and poising herself in the shrubbery, she sprang at his neck.

She nearly frightened him to death, for his nerves were none of the strongest, and he dropped his suitcase and his hand went to his side.

I slipped to the sidewalk, and the child, in a perfect ecstasy, and with a regular strangle-hold of his neck, cried, "Oh! brother, brother."

I could hear him choking, and prudently ran to a little distance.

How annoyed he was. "You little tomboy," he said irritably. "Let me go. What do you mean by springing at me like a cat?"

"Angel brother," she gurgled, "beauty boy; oh! how sweet you look. You can't frighten your Rachel. How dare you run away from me?"

Master Nappy listened, found there was no one coming, then dropped down on a rustic seat by the cemetery gates.

"Sister," he said more kindly, "I was sorry not to see you," and he stared at her with his whole soul in



his eyes. Oh! how he loved her, but he would not tell her so.

"Hold up your head," she said unexpectedly. "Why do you pull your hat down over your face? You always act as if you were afraid to have me look at you. Oh! Nappy, stay with your sister a few days."

"Can't," he said, "I have pressing business."

"What is this business?" she said suspiciously, "that keeps you away from me all the time? I asked Auntie and Uncle and they won't tell me—Oh! Nappy, how perfectly glorious it is to have you," and she hugged his arm.

The child was overjoyed to see him, but she was only a child, and I could see by the way Master Nappy's eyes devoured every line of her face that she was far more dear to him than he was to her. What a pity he had to leave her, but I could very well understand that for any one in his line of business it would be impossible to travel with a child. It was bad enough to have a monkey.

He was fumbling in his pocket. "Girlie, I forgot to give this to Nonnie for you."

"I'll do without a present, if you'll stay with me," she said mournfully. "When a little girl has no father or mother living with her, and no sister and only one brother, I think it's pretty hard for them to be separated."

"Some day we'll live together," he said soothingly. "Now take this money, my dear, and buy something you like."

Her face clouded. "Auntie says I am never to take any money from you."

He scowled, and was going to say some angry thing, then he checked himself. "Tell Auntie I was purser on a steamer for six months and this is some of the

money I earned. Get her to buy you some new frocks. You look rather plain." And he shrugged his shoulders as he looked at her pink cotton. "Now, good-bye, girlie, I've got to catch my train."

She began to cry, and with a face full of some dreadful grief, he gathered her to him and comforted her. Some day he would come for her, and take her out in the world and Nonnie would keep house for them.

"Give me one look in your face before you go," she said in a strange, old-fashioned way—"just one look, brother. It is so long between the times you come."

Master Nappy took off his hat, and stood quite still in the moonlight, and though I am only a monkey, I could have shrieked with sympathy. It was terrible to see that look on the face of a boy who was scarcely a man—a kind of hopeless look, as if to say, "I would like to go your way, but I cannot, and I cannot take you to walk my way. We must live apart." His eyes just seemed to burn into that plain-looking but sweet, girlish face. She loved him, and he would not let her live with him. Then, as if he might never see her again, he kissed her very sadly, and saying, "Be a good girl, dearest, and do what your Aunt tells you," he walked slowly away.

Then I did a very naughty thing. My heart was sore too, and I did not try to bear up like these two human beings, but I just gave way to my feelings and crept along behind him. I was going to track him to the station, hoping that he would relent and take me with him, but he knew my tricks pretty well, and after a time he turned round suspiciously, and menacing me with his fist made me run back quickly to the place where Rachel lay sobbing on the grass.

Now I wanted to be a kind little monkey, so I stepped up to her and put my hand on her hair.

Oh! how delighted she was. She stopped crying, and caught me to her, and then we were just about to go comfortably to the house together, when a sudden voice said, "Rachel!"



THERE, coming out of the cemetery, was the young man—her Uncle. He stretched out a hand to his niece, and when she began to cry again, he said kindly, “Don’t grieve, my child. He will come back some day. The cords of love will draw him.” Then he began to talk to her about me, and child-like she soon forgot her trouble.

“Just wait till the other children see him,” said the young man. “I know he will cause a sensation.”

This delighted the little girl, and she began to walk faster.

We went back the same way that we had come, only to get inside the white house we went to the other side of it, and crossed a wide yard covered with tan-bark. Beyond the yard was a barn, and through its open screen doors I could hear the gentle breathing of a cow and a horse.

We entered the house through the kitchen door, and went on to a long dining-room where a number of children were studying round a table. Their mother sat at the head of the table sewing, and as she sewed she kept her eyes on the children. Oh! how many evenings later was I to see her sitting there so sweet and patient, but very firm, for if any child dared to let his or her mind wander, she spoke in a low voice, and if no attention was paid to her, she would lean over and gently tap the offender on the head with her silver thimble.

This evening, however, she let them throw discipline

to the winds, for at my entrance every child was up and shouting.

Rachel put me in the middle of the big Spanish mahogany table, and looking about me, I at first thought I would do some tricks.

Then I checked myself. I know what children are, and if I began to perform for them, they would keep me going all the time and tire me to death. So I simply stared at them, and I soon found out that I need not have worried about tricks. Everything I did was a trick to these country children.

I was very hot and itchy, for I never dared scratch myself when I was with my master, so I took up my tail and began to curry it with my fingers.

The children yelled with glee. I did not see anything so very funny about a monkey trying to keep himself clean, so I made a dreadful but good-natured face at them.

The Bedlam that arose when I did this was so great that the energetic young mother interposed, and threatened to send every child to bed if they did not lower their voices. Poor little souls—they did look crestfallen at this threat, but they soon forgot it, and were screaming more loudly than ever at my antics.

They set fruit and water before me, and I ate and drank, and they mimicked me, and fell into such a state of riotous excitement that one would have thought they were at a circus. A monkey seemed a real treat to them.

In the midst of their good time, something began to sing in a hoarse but perfectly distinct voice. That beautiful parrot I had seen earlier had come into the room, and was trying to outshine me.

I didn't care. I wished to see what she was like, and I turned suddenly to stone and stared at her.

She was waddling over the floor, and as we all turned to her she began to climb claw over claw up a stand in one of the windows of the dining-room, singing all the time one of the songs that Nonnie had brought up from her home away down South:

“Oh! shout, shout, de debbil is about,  
Oh, shut your door an’ keep him out,  
I don’t want to stay here no longer.

“For he is so much like a snaky in de grass,  
If you don’t mind he’ll get you at last,  
I don’t want to stay here no longer.”

The children just howled with delight, but I frowned, for I thought this was a very personal and rude little song.

“Don’t mind, darling,” said Rachel, caressing me, “our parrot does not know what she is saying.”

“Doesn’t she?” I reflected. “That is just where you human beings make a mistake about parrots. They are very clever creatures, and understand every word they utter.”

Then I regretted that I could not talk. I am much more intelligent than a parrot, and I would have enjoyed giving her a scolding in words as good as her own. However, I put in a bit of good work grunting and gesticulating, and soon I had them all laughing at the crestfallen Polly.

When she tried to begin singing again I ran up and down the table shaking my fist at her and jabbering unutterable things. She had to give in. I was cleverer than she was, and in her heart I soon found out she was as pleased to see me as I was to see her, only being of a jealous disposition she didn’t want me to find this out too soon.

“Shut up,” she signalled to me in our own bird



and beast language, which is usually soundless, "I'm your friend. I was just trying you out. My! but I'm glad to see someone who has some color. These people in this part of the world are so pallid compared with us of Africa."

Wasn't I delighted! I ran to her, I stroked her feathers which lay close and smooth, and did not stick out like porcupine quills as some parrots' feathers do. Her eyes were as clear as crystal, her body was beautifully plump, her breast-bone was not prominent, and her red tail was superb.

"You're a pearl-grey beauty," I said enthusiastically.

She made a little contented sound, and took my inquisitive fingers gently in her big horny beak. We were going to be friends, and I was very glad and thankful, though I must say I have had some pretty lively times with her since that day, for she has a really cranky disposition.

"Now for bed," I thought to myself, and I began to yawn, for I had had a very exciting day.

Rachel had got my name from her brother, and she said, "Jimmy Gold-Coast is tired."

"And so is everybody," said the young mistress of the house, "we are very late to-night," and she swept her flock upstairs. I did not get the children all straightened out until the morning, for as soon as we reached the large upper chambers of the house, I curled up in my box and went to sleep. There was an old coat of Master Nappy's folded at the bottom of the box, and I felt as if my head were on his dear arm.

"Let him alone, children," said the mother when they all came in to look at me and invite me to share their rooms. "He is homesick."

I gazed sleepily up at her. How did she know—

Oh! she had a good big mother heart, had that woman.

The last thing that fell on my ear as I dropped asleep was a croak from the parrot.

“I hope my mudder will feed dem lambs,  
I don’t want to stay here no longer.”

I wondered sleepily what the morrow would bring forth. Probably I should be bored to death in this country place. How little I knew what was going to happen on the morrow. Then I dropped off, and dreamed that I was on the Bay of Biscay in a fishing boat with my master, and a frightful storm had come up.

I WASN'T very much rested when I woke up, as nightmares had troubled me, but I roused myself cheerfully, for a monkey can always steal away somewhere to snatch a nap.

The parrot was perched on the edge of my box. "Come outside," she whispered, "it's a great day for parrots and monkeys."

She did not fly downstairs, but hopped, and I stepped along beside her trying to act like a gentleman monkey.

She led me out to the front veranda and climbed up among the red rosebuds. There was a shelf up there for her, and she told me that it was her favorite nook and she sat there by the hour watching the passers-by.

"If you are a good little monkey," she said patronizingly, "you may often sit beside me, but remember I got here first, and if ever I wish to turn you out, you must go."

I grinned, but did not promise to respect her rights; then she showed me her secret store of food. I was not hungry, for I had stuffed myself the night before, but to please her I nibbled at some biscuits and ate half a banana, a morsel of wedding cake someone had given her, and a trifle of assorted sweetmeats and some peanuts.

Then we settled down for a talk. The warm summer sun had come up and was beaming down pleasantly on our backs. A few early cows sauntered down the



village street—fine, contented-looking cows putting themselves out to pasture, the parrot told me, for they knew their way as well as the human being did. They had been milked at home, and sagged along as happy as they could be.

Once in a while a farmer jogged by on horseback, or in a buggy, but for long intervals there was not a soul in sight.

“Is no one up yet?” I asked.

“Oh, yes,” she replied. “Mrs. Sandys has been in the kitchen for some time, but she is moving about carefully, so the family can sleep, for they were up unusually late last night.”

“Doesn’t the lady make the black servant work?” I asked.

“Oh, yes, Nonnie works, but she is getting old, and Mrs. Sandys lets her rest a good deal.”

“That isn’t like the Gold Coast,” I said. “If I had to be a nigger, I’d like to be one here.”

“You mustn’t say ‘nigger’ here, and you mustn’t say ‘servant,’ ” remarked the parrot severely.

“Why not?” I asked in surprise.

“I dunno,” said Polly in her hoarse voice.

“So Sandys is the name of the people who live here,” I observed.

The parrot puffed herself out in delight. “Do you really know nothing about anybody or anything here?”

“I might as well tell you what I do know,” I said. “I know that I am a monkey, and I belong to a very young man called Napier Gordon MacGregor Mac-Hadra. It is a wonder that he takes a monkey with him, for he does not seem that kind of a young man, but he does, and one reason may be that a monkey is on the coat-of-arms of his family, and on their old tombs there was always the figure of one at the feet

of the sleeping chiefs. He is very fond of me, and I am heartbroken that he has left me, but some day he will come back and take me away with him and his sister and the nice black woman."

The parrot looked at me curiously. "Is that all you know about your master?"

"All that I tell the general public of the animal kingdom," I said loftily.

"Because," she said, "I can tell you about your master and his mother and his grandfather and his grandmother, and their parents and ancestors for hundreds of years."

I was silent for a minute. She had got ahead of me here. "Do you know anything about his father's family and the MacHadrass?" I asked.

"Everything," she said emphatically, "from their old castle on a rock in a country called Scotland, down to this boy, your master."

I did not know this parrot well yet, and somehow or other I had scruples about discussing my master with her, so I said, "Won't you tell me something about yourself?"

"Do you want to hear the history of my life?" she asked in delight.

"I should be charmed," I said politely, and she began.

"I was hatched on the Gold Coast, and negroes stole me from my mother's nest in a hole in a tree and sold me to a bird-dealer, who took me with other poor little frightened parrots to New York. He scarcely gave us any water to drink, because he thought it would be bad for us, and nearly all the young parrots died. Oh! how homesick we were. Imagine the change from our lovely home among the lianas and other climbing plants, with delicious palm

nuts and mangoes and avocats to eat, and the good care of parents to the dismal, dirty hold of a ship. To make matters worse, a sailor told the dealer that if he would slit our tongues we would make better talkers. The dealer tried it on one young parrot, who was my brother, and he died, and that made him see what foolishness it is to maim a bird. When we arrived in New York we were nearly dead, and I was sold for a very small sum and placed in a bird store."

"I've been in the port of New York," I said. "It is the distributing place for monkeys in this part of the world."

"For birds, too," said the parrot, "and when I recovered, an old lady from British Columbia bought me."

"Where is that place?" I asked.

"Away across the continent, but still in Canada, and it is a warmer country than this, for they play golf all the year round, and roses grow out of doors at Christmas time."

"Do roses grow here at Christmas time?" I inquired.

Polly cackled. "My friend, we go about in sleighs here, for the ground is covered with snow, and there are big fires and roasted apples, and fine skating and coasting, and, being a monkey, I suppose you won't like it."

I said nothing, for I was hoping to be away and with my master before the winter came, and the parrot being a long-winded bird and having few listeners, went on with such a rigmarole about "British Co-lum-bia," as she pronounced it, which was named by Queen "Vic-to-ria," that I soon wished she was in "Je-ri-cho."

I gathered that it was a very wonderful country, with immense forests and extensive sea coasts, and a



string of old women who had owned her, for she had been passed from one to another. The first old lady had died and left her to a friend who had died and left her to another friend, and so on. She hadn't had any adventures at all till one nice old lady had plucked up courage enough to travel to Nova Scotia, where she died and left Polly to her niece, Mrs. Sandys.

Later on, whenever I wished to make Polly angry, I used to laugh over these old ladies, and she would shriek at me and try to strike me with her powerful beak. I never thought it any harm, until one day I heard Mrs. Sandys reading to her children about the wicked boys and girls who made fun of an old man, and bears came out of a wood and ate them up. Then the truth worked itself into my monkey brain that if one ridicules old people, one is punished.

On this particular morning I was just asking Polly whether there weren't any young people in British Columbia, and she was telling me in an indignant way that there were plenty of them, when a clear call rang from Mrs. Sandys, and I put up a hand to check Polly.

"Children! Children!" the mother was calling, "have you said your prayers?"

She paused there, and must have received some kind of answer, for she went on, "and cleaned your teeth, and eaten your dulse?"

At this there were cries of, "Yes, mother! yes, mother!" Then a sound of feet trooping downstairs.

"Have you dulse here?" I asked with interest.

"Of course," said Polly. "Everybody eats it. We go over to the Bay and get it. There's lots drying in the attic."

"And would you believe," I said, "that in travelling I have been in countries where people do not know

how delicious seaweed is. My master loves it—Polly, I should be so glad to see the children eating.”

“Very well,” she said good-naturedly, “follow me,” and she scrambled down from the rose tree, and led the way to some side windows that looked into the dining-room.

“Mrs. Sandys does not like to have me inside while meals are going on,” she said. “We will sit on the window-sill.”

What a to-do there was when the children saw me! Everyone came and bowed and scraped before me as I sat there. One would have thought I was a little god in some eastern shrine.

I liked it, and sat grinning at them until their mother made them all go to the table. It was great fun to see them disposing of soup plates full of what English people call “porridge,” and Americans “cereal” or “mush.” They had thick cream on it, then everybody got poached eggs, fried potatoes, hot rolls and stewed pink rhubarb. What appetites those children had!

The father sat at the foot of the table and smiled at them, but did little talking. “Tell me about him, Polly,” I said. “Is that young man a fraud, or is he as good as he looks?”

“He’s better,” she said indignantly, “and he’s the very best doctor in Nova Scotia—no, in all Canada. Now tell me plainly, what do you think of him?”

She tried to speak calmly, but her voice trembled, and for some reason or other I saw that she worshipped this man. I may say that during the whole time I have known Polly, Dr. Sandys is the only person in her world that she has not criticized.

He was very tall and broad-shouldered, and had thick brown hair and a sunburnt face, but his eyes

were the most wonderful part of him. They were very full of light and very deep-set.

"Just like lovely beaming lanterns in caves," whispered Polly, "and when he is deeply moved they go in farther."

"Do you mean when he gets angry?" I asked.

"He doesn't get angry," said Polly; "he just suffers."

"I'd like to see him suffer," I said thoughtlessly.

Polly was so furious that she gave me a good bite, and I shrieked and sprang into the room right into the arms of the good young doctor.

How little he dreamed what my excitement was about, though I jabbered and pointed to Polly.

No one understood me but old Nonnie, who was coming into the room with more eggs. She narrowed her eyes, and gave me a peculiar look that convinced me she was one of those rare persons who partly understand animal talk.

Then she held out her arms to me, and springing from Dr. Sandys, I went to the kitchen with her. She had a fine neat room, for she was a good housekeeper, but I did not notice that then. I clung to her, and as she sat in her nice cushioned rocking-chair and swinging to and fro, murmured in my furry ear, "Poor baby—all alone jus' like Nonnie. White folkses don't undercomprehen' you. Poll parrot has a nassy temper. Me an' monkey is good," and she stroked me and fed me lumps of sugar.

She did not put me down till there were cries of, "Nonnie, where's my geography—Nonnie, did you see my history?"

"The chillens are in a hurry," said the good old woman softly; "you can come to Nonnie afterwards. Remember, she is always your frien'."



I looked around. Polly was standing on the ledge of the kitchen window croaking an apology, and as she had not broken the skin on my leg, as I was at first afraid she had done, I forgave her, and leaped out to the ledge beside her.

I easily forget things, and I was curious about this family, so I listened eagerly when she said, "The children are going to school, and the house will be as quiet as death until they all come shouting home this afternoon."

"Don't they come at noon?"

"No, it's too far. They take their lunches. See what toothsome things their mother and Nonnie are putting in those baskets. Did you ever see such dried-apple pie?—and look at those buttered rolls and cheese sandwiches!"

"I can't get the children straightened out," I said, "except Rachel. Won't you tell me which is which?"

"The biggest boy, the one with the red sweater on, and the long legs and arms sticking out every which way, is just Rachel's age—twelve, and is called Lament, which is an old family name. The next child is Mara, short for Martha. She is the little one with big dark eyes like saucers. She adores Rachel, and is always by her side, not talking much, but thinking a lot."

"Just like my master," I said.

"Your master is a real MacHadra," said Polly severely, "and not at all like the Sandys family."

"His mother was a sister of this nice mother," I said, but very meekly, for I remembered her sharp old beak.

"The mother part has been all educated out of him," said Polly peevishly, "but do stop interrupting

me. How can I tell you about these children if you keep monkeying in?"

I grinned and held my tongue, but remembered to remember as she went on.

"Next to Mara comes Ollie, short for Ollersett. He is the fat roly-poly boy, and he is good-nature itself except when you cross him. Then last, but not least, is Benjie, the baby, and the best boy in the world. Don't you think they are a pretty fine lot of children?"

"Remarkable," I said enthusiastically. "They all look so healthy."

"Why should they get ill?" asked Polly. "They have good parents, good drinking water, good food, good air. Their father is ashamed if one of them has to go to bed. It's a disgrace to him. What's a father for but to keep his little flock in first-rate condition?"

"Some fathers don't think that," I said.

"Proper fathers do," said Polly, then she began to squawk, "Good-bye, good-bye, children. Study hard and come home soon to your own Polly Shillaber."

"What are you calling yourself?" I asked.

"Just my name. I'm Polly Shillaber Sandys. Shillaber is an old family name."

"I like that," I said; "may I call you Polly Shillaber?"

"I should be delighted," she said with dignity. "Most persons forget it, and I like it, for plain Polly is so very common."

I was about to say something, but had to wait, for the children were on us like an avalanche. I was kissed and hugged till Polly Shillaber screamed jealously, "I'm a darling, a darling," and then she was petted too.

How those children begged to take me to school with them, but their mother just laughed and drove

them all down the street, first embracing them affectionately.

"Well," I said, breathing hard as I looked after them, "I wish I had their go and speed."

"You might have," said Polly, "if you didn't break the laws of health."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Will you promise not to get cross and run away if I tell you?"

"Certainly," I responded, "if you won't bite me again."

She fixed me with a glittering yellow eye and said, "I noticed you last night, and you ate too much. You were patting your stomach before you went to bed. Then this morning you ate too much again."

"Why did you offer so much to me?" I asked.

"Well, you are my guest in a way, but now having bitten you, I consider you a member of the family, and I warn you that you should put a rein on your appetite."

"And you should bridle your temper," I said saucily, then I edged off, for I was afraid I would get another nip.

However, Polly was not cranky all the time, and now she only chuckled. She stopped, however, when she saw a man driving down the street in a sulky. "There's Mr. Brown from the station," she said, "and he is taking a telegram from his pocket. I hope the children's grandfather is not ill. He's a pretty old man."



AT this instant Mrs. Sandys came out on the veranda, and she grew pale when she saw the telegram.

"How strange," I thought, "to be so worked up about a telegram. My master gets lots of them, but he never grows pale."

You see I forgot I was in another world from the one in which my dear master lived.

Mrs. Sandys took the telegram from the man, who waited, quite naturally, to hear what was in it.

Polly and I scurried round to the tanbark yard at the side of the house where Dr. Sandys was just leading a fine-looking piebald horse out from the stable to curry him in the sunshine.

His wife handed him the telegram and he read it, the horse staring over his shoulder in quite an interested way. Then Dr. Sandys gave his wife the yellow paper.

"Had accident," she read, "left arm broken. May I come to you?—Napier MacHadra."

"Oh! my poor sister's boy," she said, and tears came to her eyes.

Her husband looked at her, so did the man who had brought the telegram, and another young man who came out of the stable. I found out afterwards he was a neighbor's son called Henry, and he helped Dr. Sandys with the work about the place.

I felt quite calm and cool at first, and stared about me. Then a dreadful feeling came over me. Breaking his arm would put a stop to my master's business. He would be nearly crazy, and he must be hard up

for money, or he would not come to a place that he had always shunned.

"He's got to come here at last," said the parrot in my ear. "Poor boy! How sorry we are for him."

My feelings were all on edge, and I turned irritably to her. "What are you sorry about? My master is the best young man in the world."

Polly looked at me strangely. "You come round the corner of the house with me," she said, "and I'll tell you something."

"Wait a bit," I said. "I want to know what they are going to do."

"To do?" she repeated, "why, of course, they are going to tell the dear fellow to come here as quick as he can. Haven't they been trying to catch him for years?"

She was right. Dr. Sandys was writing the telegram begging Master Nappy to come as soon as he could.

"Oh! Polly Shillaber," I jabbered. "I am so glad. My dear, dear master. I can scarcely wait to see him. Oh! I am so happy, but—" and I recollected myself—"I hate to have him suffer."

"He won't suffer much," said Polly. "The Doctor sets lots of broken arms. Now you come here. I want to talk to you. Do you mind if I fly a bit? I'm very awkward when I walk, for my legs are so short, but I'm beautiful when I fly."

"Fly all you like," I said. "Don't you suppose I can keep up with you? There are monkeys so agile that they can catch birds on the wing."

"Not like you," she said rather disdainfully.

"I can bite as well as they can," I said, showing my strong white teeth just to overawe her, "and I can leap forcefully and rapidly, even though I don't

go forty feet, as the agile gibbons do when bounding from bough to bough."

"Oh, well! never mind your agile gibbons," she said, "but run me a race to the cemetery," and spreading her really lovely grey wings she went off flying in scalloping loops just like the wild black and yellow goldfinches in front of her.

I had put her on her mettle, and she beat me, but I wasn't long behind her. You see, I knew the way, for it was the same grassy path that I had taken with young Rachel the night before. However, it looked differently this morning with the sun upon it, and there were creatures about that had been asleep the night before, notably the hens. They had come out of the hen-house behind the barn and were picking their way daintily about the orchard, for hens do good work in keeping grubs from fruit trees, I soon found out.

They were all of the glossy reddish breed of the Rhode Island Reds. Their rooster shrieked to his hens as I went by to run for shelter as there was a strange brute about, but I shouted to him, "A friend, brother!" and he recalled them.

When I reached Polly she was perched on one of the stone cemetery gates. "Come up here beside me," she said; "it is most agreeably cool."

I swung myself up, and sat rubbing my limbs excitedly with my long fingers.

"Well! well!" said Polly, "this is a great occasion—just how great you do not know."

"Do you mean my master's coming?" I asked.

"Precisely," said the old parrot, for now that she was in the full light of the sun I could see that her beak was pretty horny, and her claws had seen their best days.

"Look there," she said, turning suddenly round.



I followed her gaze and saw that she was staring at the two flower-covered graves where the little girl had paused the night before.

"There lie the parents of your master," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "I know that."

"His mother was the sister of good Mrs. Sandys," said Polly, "and a beautiful young woman."

"What was she like inside?" I asked.

"Very gay and lively, and sweet. To make you understand her I shall have to cross the province and tell you about Mrs. Sandys' father."

I tried not to smile. This parrot certainly liked to talk. "All right," I remarked, "go ahead, I love creatures to tell me stories."

Polly drew a long breath. "Mrs. Sandys' father is a remarkable old man, and as I have told you, he lives across the province."

"What do you mean by province?" I asked.

"Nova Scotia, of course—well, old Mrs. Sandys  
——"

"Now, Polly," I interrupted, "if Mrs. Sandys' husband is a Sandys, how can her father be one, too?"

"Because the province is full of Sandyses," she said, "and the world is full of them—just like the parrots. There are five hundred different kinds of us. They are the greatest family that lives, and Mrs. Sandys married her fifth cousin once removed."

"Just like the monkey family," I said; "there are spider monkeys, and woolly monkeys, and squirrel monkeys, and howling monkeys, and——"

Here Polly gave me such a dreadful look that I had to stop. Then she went on. "Grandfather Sandys is a dear, and so is his wife. If you could see their old house standing at the top of a village street staring down at his sawmill, which is the biggest in the world.

Grandmother Sandys has a closet under the stairs. Tamarinds——”

“Not tamarinds,” I interrupted.

“Yes, real tamarinds, all gummy and nice, and they put them in a pitcher with cold water from the well over them, and such a drink as they make on a hot summer day.”

“I know, I know,” I gurgled; “I’ve drunk tamarind water many a time.”

“And in the closet are ginger cookies,” went on Polly, “the nice fat old-fashioned kind, and heaps of lumps of white sugar. When I was a young parrot the sugar used to come in cones from the West Indies and it was broken with a hatchet, but now it is in cubes. Then there are bottles of lime juice, and jars of guava jelly——”

“Oh! hush,” I said, “you make me homesick for foreign voyages and my master.”

She looked at me kindly, then she went on, “Grandfather Sandys builds ships and they go to the West Indies, and if any of the family are not well, they have a trip. When the ships come back they bring all these beautiful things to eat. Down by the store near the mill are great big hogsheads, and when all the molasses is out, the children crawl in and lick the sugar off the sides. They are a very sweet retreat on a hot day.”

“Sounds attractive,” I said. “I’d like to go there.”

“Wait till summer comes. Grandfather Sandys drives over and gets the family. He does not like the train. He says country roads are good enough for him; for he remembers when there were no railways in Nova Scotia. You see, his home is not like this fertile valley. His part of the South Shore has lots of fishing, and hunting, and shipbuilding, and high



rocky shores, but also very quiet bays with sand beaches where the children bathe."

"Just like the country about the little city we passed through in coming here," I said.

"Exactly; that is the city of Halifax you saw, and it is on the same coast as Grandfather's house. Now I'll tell you something about the family. When this Mrs. Sandys here, whose name is the old English one of Ales, was a young girl at home, a very fascinating stranger came travelling through the country bearing a letter of introduction to her father. Her father did not like him, but her sister Jenny did, and ran away with him and married him."

"Was the fascinating stranger Master Nappy's father?" I asked excitedly.

"Just so, and he took Miss Jenny to Europe. In a few years she came back without him. She never said a word against her husband, but I have heard people talk——" and Polly lowered her voice lest any of the birds sitting on near-by branches might listen and repeat gossip.

"Oh! dear," I said, "I suppose you are telling me that my beloved master had a father who was not just what he ought to be."

"That's it," said Polly, "and I don't like to say it, but everybody knows that some boys and girls have parents who are not as honorable as the good Sandyses. I just hate to hurt your feelings, poor little lonely monkey, but perhaps some day you can do something to help your master."

"When my master's mother died," I said, "why did she not give the little boy to her sister to bring up as well as the little girl?"

"She did," said Polly, "but your master ran away. He loved his father and was trying to find him. No-



body is wholly bad, and though your Master Nappy's father did his best to educate his boy, the boy imitated him. A lad's dearest school-book is his father's life. When the poor father came back here to lay himself down in this quiet grave, the mischief was done. The boy was like him, but I hope now he is caught that the good Dr. and Mrs. Sandys can change him."

"You must not bully my master," I said.

"Bully him," repeated Polly wonderingly; "no one wants to do that, but surely you would like to see him respectable and settling down in a nice place like this."

"What is it to be respectable?" I asked.

"For one thing, it is not to steal," said Polly severely. "You know your master is not honest."

"Depends upon your point of view," I said. "The world owes him a living."

"That's a naughty thing to say," remarked Polly. "The world owes everybody a living, but it must be an honest living. I have heard Dr. Sandys say that many a time."

"I don't believe you and I think alike," I said.

"We certainly don't," said Polly crossly, "if you stand up for your master. It seems to me that you are an amiable little monkey, but twisted in your morals."

"Monkeys often are," I said lightly, "and I'd rather be bad and amiable than good and cranky the way you are."

"You'll live to change that opinion," said Polly, "if you stay here long."

How I laughed at her, never dreaming that her prophecy would come true—then, feeling full of glee on account of the beautiful weather and the knowledge that my beloved boy would soon be within reach of

my little black hands, I began to caper about and get acquainted with my surroundings.

Polly watched me anxiously, and when she saw me tearing up the maple tree to look in the robin's nest, she remarked, "You wouldn't rob a bird's nest, would you?"

"Not unless I was starving," I replied. "I like pretty birds, and their songs amuse me."

"You're queer," said Polly; "you don't stop from doing anything because it would be wrong, but because it does not please you to do it. However, you are naturally kind-hearted, and that helps a lot, but remember one thing—the Sandyses are all devoted to birds, and if you were to hurt one you would be sent away."

"I won't hurt the birdies," I laughed, "and as for my master—he once knocked a man down on ship-board because he was teasing a canary."

"That's the right spirit," said Polly, "though I don't know what Dr. Sandys would say about knocking a man down. The birds are his especial care, and he was the one who started bringing the children up to this cemetery to make a bird sanctuary."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Summer and winter this is a place for birds," said Polly. "There are nesting-boxes on the trees, and little pools of water for them to bathe in, and food is often put out for them. Dr. Sandys says that if there were no birds in the world to eat the insect pests on the trees, all green things would die, and then all the people in the world would die too. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the birds. The children are taught this, and one reason they are so good to them all over this valley is because they know that

if it were not for the bird beaks, they would have to go out and search for the insects themselves."

"I never knew that before," I said. "How interesting."

"You see, monkey," said Polly, "if you sucked birds' eggs, then in the autumn you would have no nice fruit to eat."

I can never explain to anyone how queer this information sounded to me. I had never been taught to think of the future—all my teaching had been to grab what you could get, spend it, then steal some more.

"Polly," I said, "I like this talk, but I don't know whether I can live up to it."

"You must try, little monkey," she said, "and I will help you. I saw you put your head on one side just now to listen to the lovely song of that white-throat over there singing 'I love Canada, Canada, Canada!' Now if the bird were frightened of you, he would not sing, but would fly away. These trees are full of beautiful songsters, and later on in the morning, when they get their young ones fed, we shall have a wonderful concert. They see you are with me, and that assures them you are a friend."

Somehow or other this remark made me feel humble, and I said, "Polly, I believe it would be easy for me to behave except for these little black fingers. They just can't help stealing anything that takes their fancy."

"Don't I know that?" she said somewhat scornfully. "Didn't I see you hiding some of my sugar lumps behind the rose leaves?"

"Did you notice that?" I asked.

"Indeed I did. I am not as stupid as you think."



"Master Nappy would give me a great tongue-lashing if he knew I had been seen," I said.

"Oh! dear, dear," said Polly, "that is just where you and your master are all wrong. It isn't the being caught that counts, monkey; it's the doing the wrong thing."

"What a comical old bird you are," I said mockingly. "If you can change my master you will be pretty clever. There's no use in my changing without him."

"Perhaps if you turn honest you can help change him," said Polly; "animals often help human beings."

I laughed gleefully at the very idea of anyone thinking they could make over that peculiar lad who owned me.

Polly understood me and said solemnly, "If he doesn't reform, there's only one thing can happen to him."

"What is that?" I asked curiously, "go to the poor-house?"

"Go to prison," she said sadly.

"He's never been caught yet," I said proudly.

"He's sowing prison seed," said the good old bird. "He'll have to reap, little monkey, he'll have to reap the harvest."

I didn't understand her then, so I began to cut up tricks till I had her bursting with laughter.

She made me come away from the cemetery, for she said though Dr. Sandys had made it a very happy place, it was always quiet, and the children were never allowed to play games there.

"All right," I said, and I ran her a race to the house. Nice black Nonnie was in the kitchen perspiring over a pot full of doughnuts on the stove. This took me back to a certain ship's galley, and I told Polly an

interesting story about a cook who was an American negro and who made fried cakes that melted in your mouth.

Nonnie, seeing us, made two tiny doughnuts, and we sat on the kitchen window and ate them and watched what went on in the yard.

Dr. Sandys was out there helping Henry clean harness. They had all the leather on a table, for I soon found out that this family did as much of their work as possible out of doors. Farmers going by often dropped in and had a chat with them. I may as well say here that what impressed me more than anything else in this wonderful valley was that the people laughed so easily. I never in my short life had heard so much singing and jolly laughter as I heard during my first week in the village. Nobody hurried, but everybody kept going somewhere or doing something. Out in the world I had been used to a hurrying, driving life unless one was on shipboard, and everybody had an anxious air. Here faces were calm and interested, and anyone would stop and talk about any other one's affairs. It was certainly very friendly. What a joke it would be if I should turn into a quiet, home-loving monkey and never steal again. I did not like being found out. This was very serious, and these country birds were not as unobserving as I had thought they were. How would my master take them? Oh! how would he get on here? I could scarcely wait to find out.

I thought so hard that I did not hear Polly speaking to me, and finally she said, "You are dead tired. Come and I will show you a quiet nook where no child can find you."

POLLY SHILLABER conducted me to a place high up on that roomy veranda in front of the house. It was close to the sloping roof, and an aged Virginia creeper had twisted its big trunk in such a way that it formed a sort of cradle.

When I looked at this retreat a bit doubtfully, Polly croaked kindly, "I know what is the matter with you. I am forgetting that you are not a bird, and cannot perch as I do. You want something to lie on."

I warmly grunted my thanks, and told her of my times on shipboard when I would scamper up to the masthead and make a bed in the fold of a sail, or if the sails happened to be set, I would steal a sailor's shirt and curl up on it.

"Come with me," she said, and she led me to a hall closet.

On the way I saw a shawl of Mrs. Sandys', but she would not let me touch it. "Here is an old coat of one of the boys," she said; "he will not be wearing it this warm day."

It made an ideal bed, and I folded myself up and slept like a log of a monkey till half the day had passed. You see, I was worn out with my travels. When I woke up there was good old Polly watching me.

I winked my eyes and yawned, then grinned at her. "I believe you like me, bird," I said, "though you scold me."

"You are a perfect godsend to me," she said. "All the pet creatures about here belong to this part of the



world, and until you came I did not know how much I longed for some animal from foreign parts. You speak my language, but these Canadian creatures are cold when I speak of Asia and Africa, though they are polite enough to listen—by the way, what kind of a monkey are you?"

"I'm a Garnerian monkey," I said, "named for a scientist who went to Western Africa to study apes, monkeys, and lemurs. He discovered a new group in the guenon family."

"You certainly have a pretty face," said Polly, "with your human flesh tints. Are there many more like you?"

"Alas! no," I said. "After the death of the scientist, men hunted us, and we were thinned out. My mother was one of the few left—but it is a painful subject. Won't you tell me what the children have been doing while I have been asleep?"

"They came from school a little while ago," she said, "and brought every child in the village to see you, but they could not find you and went home. Now this family is having afternoon tea out on the back lawn."

"What a glorious family you are," I said. "You eat all the time. If I had thought about the matter, I should have guessed that you would be like Americans and not have afternoon tea."

"Oh! we are very English here," said Polly proudly. "This family all came from Wiltshire originally, but you had better not say anything against Americans. The Sandyses travelled from the Old Country by way of the United States of America, and there are lots of Sandyses in Boston and New York and even in San Francisco."

"I wasn't saying anything against Americans," I

hastened to tell this new friend of mine. "I merely remarked that they are not as fond of afternoon tea as English people are. I love Americans. They are so free with their money, and good losers, too—don't squeal as loud as Old Worlders."

"Now you are going to talk about stealing again, I do declare," said Polly. "Come along to the children. They have been screaming for you, but Mrs. Sandys guessed that you were sleeping, and would not let them hunt too long for you."

I gambolled after her, and she led me to a place that I had not seen before. It was a bit of level lawn down by the brook at the back of the house, and near a rose garden that reminded me of the lovely walled-in spots of England. In the middle of the lawn was a rustic table with small chairs about it. Dr. Sandys sat in one of the chairs, and the children were sitting on the grass, Mrs. Sandys was pouring the tea that was weak, for she put lots of cream in it and hot water.

What I liked best was a plate of rock cakes, but no child got a cake until a certain number of slices of bread and butter were eaten. Little Benjie, when we arrived, was saying with tears running down his red cheeks, "Mudder, mudder, Benjie has eated so much of dat ole bread dat he can't hold a cakie."

Rachel, balancing herself on one leg like a water-bird, was standing near her aunt, and eating and drinking so calmly that I guessed she had not heard the news of her brother's accident.

"She is to be told when she finishes her tea," whispered Polly in my ear, "otherwise she would make a scene. Did you ever see anyone eat so much bread and butter? She certainly has a famous appetite."

Rachel at this moment caught sight of me, and

precipitated herself upon me crying, "My own monkey-doodles, where have you been?"

"Don't squeeze him too hard," warned her aunt. "Now put him down beside me. I have something to tell you."

The mother's tone warned the children that something interesting was coming, and they stopped pawing me, looking toward her with round eyes. They all had brown eyes—indeed, the Sandyses were a brown lot—eyes, skin and hair.

"Girlie," said Mrs. Sandys kindly, "do you remember last summer when I forbade you to shake the greengage plum tree, that you used to sit under and hold out your apron for a ripe plum to fall in it?"

Rachel smiled all over her face. "Yes, Auntie, and one day a beauty fell down—the biggest on the tree."

"I have a plum for you now, a very big one," said her aunt. "Someone that you love very much is coming to see you."

"Grandfather Sandys," exclaimed Rachel.

"No, dear."

"Grandmother or one of the aunts?"

"No."

"Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Martha, cousin Jacob?" and she went over a long list of family names.

"No, dearest—whom do you love better than anyone in the world?"

"Not brother?" cried Rachel, and she stopped hopping up and down, and stood stock still with her beautiful but wide mouth wide open.

"Yes, your own brother; he will be here this evening before your bedtime."

"Oh! Rejoice, my heart, rejoice!" squealed the little girl, and she began to run round and round the lawn until she excited the other children so much that they



stopped eating, and getting up joined her in her queer foot-race.

The Sandyses were not graceful, but they were energetic, and the two parents surveyed them as approvingly as if they had been fairies.

Nonnie, coming out with a fresh supply of rock cakes, stood with the plate in her hand, and grinning from ear to ear. She had known all day about her Master Nappy.

Rachel at last shrieked out, "This calls for action, Auntie. May I take the children up to tell the gracious news to the Methodist minister's wife?"

Dr. Sandys' shoulders began to shake, and Mrs. Sandys sat back in her chair and laughed openly.

"May we go, Auntie-Mother?" cried Rachel. "Oh! say the good word."

Mrs. Sandys choked out a "Yes, dear," then Rachel at the head of her troop started out running and leaping up the lawn to the street.

When they were all out of sight, but not out of sound, the words came floating back to us:

"Oh! my brother, did you come for to help me?"

Oh! my brother, did you come for to help me?

Oh! give me your right hand."

Dr. Sandys gave a kind of happy groan. "That poor long-suffering woman."

"What does he mean?" I whispered to Polly.

"The Methodist minister's wife. Rachel loves her, and sometimes two or three times a day she sweeps up there with the children—come on, don't you want to follow her?"

"Indeed I do," I said. "I think Rachel is a dream."

"She's a nightmare, sometimes," grumbled Polly; "but you can't help liking the child—come on, hurry

after me," and she flew out to the street, and from tree to tree along the maples that bordered it.

It was a quiet street now in the late afternoon, a few buggies and wagons were passing up and down, and sometimes a man, woman or child strolled along the broad sidewalk under the trees. I sprang from branch to branch, while Polly checked her flight so she could keep beside me. We could hear Rachel hooting her joy-song away up ahead of us, and presently she darted up one of the garden paths to a pale yellow house at the end of a lane of lilacs.

Polly and I skirmished along a picket fence, and watched a white-haired lady with glasses on who came to the door and smiled upon Rachel and her cousins.

Rachel threw herself into her arms, and Polly chuckled, "Always sure of her welcome, like a little pet dog."

As Rachel told her wonderful news, the lady held up her fine head of white hair, and looked kindly at her; then her gaze wandered to Polly and to me, for we had come boldly up to the end of the picket fence.

"Why, what have we got here?" she asked, staring at me through her glasses.

Rachel turned round. "Oh! monkey, darling monkey, my brother's Jimmy Gold-Coast, come and see one of our best friends," and she held out her arms to me.

The Methodist minister's wife caressed me, but rather gingerly, until little Benjie observed sweetly, "Does I smell cookies bakin'?"

"Yes, my child," said the lady; "do come in and bring this curious small creature."

"I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines!" yelled Polly jealously. "I feed my horse on corn and beans!"

"Poor Polly," said this nice woman. "I must not

neglect old friends," and she took Polly on her arm while we all trooped out to her bright, clean kitchen.

I had the seat of honor in the high chair by the window where one could see all the passing in the street, and after I had stuffed myself with cookies, I said to Polly who was perched on the back of my chair, "How those children do eat."

"This is nothing to what they can do," she replied. "Sometimes it really seems as if they must be hollow. However, they will have to go home now. Here comes Millie."

"Who is Millie?" I asked.

She began to chuckle in her hoarse but very distinct way. "Millie is Millie. Wait till you see her."



A FAT white fox-terrier was sagging up the road, and on arriving at the parsonage, she turned in the gate and up by the stocks and sweet-williams to the front door.

We could hear her feet padding over the linoleum in the hall, and in an instant she entered the kitchen, and with a sweeping glance round it, went up to Rachel and took the hem of her dress in her teeth.

"That means, 'come home,' " said Polly, and sure enough Rachel was taking leave of her kind hostess whose name I found out was Mrs. Wiltshire.

I like dogs if they don't tease me, and I examined this one. "How is it I have not seen her before?" I asked.

"She was sick and out in the barn," said Polly. "She has a disease called 'Greeditis.' Hear her growl."

Mrs. Wiltshire was patting her, and to my surprise paid no attention to the dreadful noises coming from Millie's mouth.

"She's just full of growl," said Polly. "I never saw anything like her, but she never bites."

"I've known people like that," I said.

"So have I," said Polly, who never wished me to get ahead of her. "They're harmless though not agreeable—I think I'll go home on Lament's shoulder," and she flew to the boy's red sweater.

"And I'll go with that quiet little Mara," I said, and I made a leap past Rachel to her cousin's side.

Mara, who had big brown eyes with long lashes, blushed with pleasure, and took me on her arm while I watched Rachel closely. The little girl was disappointed. I was her monkey, and I was new, but after one flash of surprise, she beamed on the child, and showed her how to hold me nicely.

"This Rachel is a child who tries to do the square thing," I signalled to Polly, and Polly, who was in a good humor, began to sing shrilly:

"Oh! walk togedder, chillen,  
Don't yer get weary;  
Gwine to have a happy meetin',  
Don't yer get weary,  
Oh! pat yer foot, chillen,  
Dere's a great camp meetin' in de  
Promised Land."

Our walk down the street soon turned into a procession, for other children heard the singing and ran out from the houses. Nearly everybody was at supper, but that made no difference when it was found out that there was a monkey going by. Rachel did not dare to stop, for if she did, Millie seized her frock, and bracing herself on her white paws threatened to tear it.

"The dog has her orders from Mrs. Sandys," said Polly. "If Rachel delays when she is sent for, and her dress is torn, she is punished. The child is a great visitor—too friendly by far, when a parrot is weary and wants to get home."

The village children left us when we arrived at our own gate, and went jumping and playing back to their own homes and then our own particular lambs went to their supper table, and actually had the audacity to put in their red mouths a goodly supply of parsley omelet, young radishes, hot potatoes swimming in

melted butter, and saucers of preserved quince with cream.

Somehow or other, I was not hungry, and as I sat with Polly in our old place on the window ledge, I said: "Do they never eat meat?"

"Won't touch it," replied Polly. "They'd starve, I believe, before they would taste one of their own chickies. They used to eat hens that were not pets, until one day when Mrs. Wiltshire had Rachel in to Sunday dinner. The child was sitting at the table plying her knife and fork quite happily, when Mrs. Wiltshire happened to say something about Mrs. Sandys' kindness in sending her this nice fat chicken for dinner.

"'Did she send you one of our chickens?' asked Rachel, dropping her knife and fork.

"Mrs. Wiltshire said it had been a nice little Rhode Island Red, and Rachel cried out that it was her Susie—she had missed her the night before when she went to put her to bed, but at least she could give her burial. Not thinking of what she was doing, the child in her grief seized the platter in both hands, dashed out to the street and ran home as fast as she could, with gravy and bits of stuffing dropping down all over her dress.

"Mrs. Wiltshire, thinking the excitable child had gone crazy, hurried after her, and Mr. Wiltshire, more in the dark than his wife, hurried after them both.

"I was sitting here in the dining-room watching the family having their dinner, when Rachel and the Wiltshires came rushing in one after the other. You should have heard the jigamaree—every one trying to explain, and every one puzzled but Rachel. There sat Mrs. Sandys staring at poor Susie's remains, and wondering



how they came to be conveyed to her in this extraordinary manner.

"At last Rachel got them all to understand, and every young Sandys left the table and went to the garden where they had a fine funeral for Susie. The Wiltshires sat down and had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Sandys, and as these older people are great friends the thing worked out very well—and do you know these children put flowers on Susie's grave to this day!"

"Their hearts seem as big as their appetites," I said, "and that reminds me, you are not eating, Polly Shillaber."

"I'm not hungry," she said.

"I think you stuffed yourself with that big ginger cookie you ate," I said teasingly, for I had not forgotten that she had rebuked me for greediness.

"I think I did," she said confidentially, "and it was hard work, for I do not really like them."

"Then why do you eat them?" I asked.

"Because Mrs. Wiltshire puts a suspicion of Cayenne pepper in her cookies, and I know that is good for the red in my tail. Perhaps you have seen the handsome reddish-colored canaries that are color fed."

"Yes, I have, but I would not think that you would be so——"

"Vain," she went on irritably; "you might as well say it out."

"And your tail is really very bright now," I said.

"But I am getting old," said Polly, "and it would break my heart if I lost my color."

Most unfortunately I laughed here. Who would care what the color of this old parrot's tail was, and I was chuckling and jabbering agreeably when I felt a good blow on the side of my head.

Polly had struck me in a tender place near my ear, and being something like Rachel, I did not stop to think, and giving an angry grunt, I reached out and seized one of these same precious tail feathers in my hand.

Again I was unfortunate, for it came out. Polly looked at me in horror, then she gave chase. Being new in the place, I did not lead her outdoors, as I should have done, but into the room, and before I knew what I was doing I was gambolling over the supper table. I felt food and dishes giving way, but I did not stop to see the extent of the damage, for the avenger was on my track, and not until I got among the maple trees outside was I safe.

There I dodged Polly among the tree trunks and, I am sorry to say, that still being an unregenerate little monkey, I made faces at her, and mocked her till she was nearly crazy. Sticking the red feather in my mouth like a cigar while she yelled dreadful threats at me, I screamed in our own animal language, "Go to the bargain counter, and change your temper."

She harangued me in human language, as she wished the Sandys family to hear. "Bears who live in the vault come down from the mountain. They chase bad things. Polly will tell the bears. Poor Polly wants her feather."

I thought she was telling a story about the bears, but later on I found out that there were plenty of them on the mountain, and they did live in the deep ravines that the valley people called vaults.

"Polly wants her feather, poor Polly," she cried so often and so pitifully that at last I pitched the red thing at her, and she caught it and flew to her retreat on the veranda with it.

By this time, the whole family had come outside to



stare up among the tree branches at us, and Dr. Sandys appeared very thoughtful.

"I cannot have our dear old parrot bullied," he said.

I ran to him. I pointed after Polly Shillaber, then to my ear, and Nonnie, who had come behind him and was standing with her hands on her broad hips, chuckled and said, "Docta Sandys, dat parrot, she's plumb aggravatin'. I see her box dat monkey's ear. He got a better control of hisself dan Miss Polly has. You jus' let 'em alone. De smartes', he come on top."

"The smartest," repeated Dr. Sandys, "then you think the monkey will lead?"

"I jus' sure, Docta—monkeys dey come nex' us humans. Nobody knows what dey know," and she rolled her eyes horribly.

I was pleased with Nonnie, and running to her I drew off her cap and rubbed her nice kinky wool.

"You see dat, Docta," she said solemnly. "He underclews everythin' you say. You jus' let monkey alone," and taking me in her arms, and followed by the whole tribe of children she went into the kitchen and sitting down in her big cushioned rocking-chair, swayed to and fro and hugged me to her.

I just loved Nonnie, and as she sang, my fingers that are very restless and often get beyond me, began to fumble at her neck. I know something about black people, and I was sure that she must wear a charm. I was not surprised to find that there was a chain about her neck, and she laughed when my slender black fingers tickled her and then fished up the thing that was attached to the chain.

To my astonishment, it was not a bone nor a bit of snakeskin, but a picture. I easily picked open the case, and looking in, gave my biggest pleased grunt,



for the dark good-natured face staring at me was that of the negro cook on the good ship *Melrose*, who used to make the delicious fried cakes—but what was his picture doing on the neck of this black woman? They must be relatives, and I chattered and pointed to it, and when she did not understand I sprang down from her lap, and, still holding the picture, I put both hands behind my back and began to walk up and down the kitchen floor rolling in my gait like a sailor and going slightly lame.

Nonnie sprang to her feet, and cried out, "It's my brudder—— Oh! Lord, how happy I be. Dis little creetur' he know my brudder. Monkey, you're a witch thing. Tell me more, tell me more you undercome-standin' animal."

She flung her head toward the ceiling, and that reminded me of times when her brother's cooking for the day was done, and he used to come out on deck and throw his head back to look at the stars. So I did a lame trot walk, and still with my hands behind my back, tossed my head and stared at the naughty flies on the ceiling who had come through the screen door and were watching me, for even a house fly has more sense than human beings know.

Nonnie squealed so loudly at this, that Dr. and Mrs. Sandys came running to the kitchen and gazed at her in alarm.

I thought I might as well finish the picture, so I drew one hand across my pinkish forehead right over my left eye.

"Praise de Lord!" screamed Nonnie. "He send me news of my Timothy. He ain't dead and buried in de salty sea. He's alive an' sailin' to his Nonnie. He did fall in de hold of de ship and lame his leg; he did have a fuss wid another man an' mark his manly

brow—— Oh! monkey, monkey,” and sweeping me into her arms, she sat down in her big chair and began to sing in her deep quavering voice:

“Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah!  
Don’t ye view dat ship a-come a-sailing, Hallelujah!  
She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah!  
She is loaded with bright angels, Hallelujah!  
Oh! how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah!  
I know dem by deir mournin’, Hallelujah!”

Then, for negroes are great at making up their own songs, she began about her brother.

“He’s a-comin’ for to greet me, Hallelujah!  
I’ll be here rejoicin’, Hallelujah!  
Docta’ll be glad to see him, Hallelujah!  
Missa’ll be glad to see him, Hallelujah!  
Rachel’ll be glad to see him, Hallelujah!  
Lament’ll be glad to see him, Hallelujah!”

Then, fortunately, just as she was about to reel off the names of everyone in the family, there was a sound of wheels at the front door, and the station man was heard shouting, “Are you all dead here?”

In their excitement about Nonnie, the Sandys had forgotten to watch for my master, but now we all remembered, and didn’t we scamper to the front veranda.

Nonnie forgot her locket, so I clasped it round my own neck, but she took it away from me in a great hurry later on.

THERE he was—the beloved youth, his face looking very white in the gathering darkness.

With one leap I was over the wheel, and had both arms round his neck. He murmured, “Good boy, Jimmy,” in my ear, then carefully guarding his injured arm, he put me aside in his nice way, and stepping from the buggy, greeted his uncle and aunt with as much courtesy and calmness as if he were in the habit of seeing them every day.

Oh! how interested they were in him. Mrs. Sandys kissed him, and called him, “My dear boy,” and Dr. Sandys shook his hand warmly and told him he was very welcome.

The children kept back a bit, for Rachel was hanging on him and hugging his well arm, until he mildly suggested that it was rather a warm evening for much embracing.

She drew herself into the background then, but continued to stare at him as if he were a beautiful picture stepped down from the wall.

Nonnie, who had stopped to put on a fresh cap, hove in sight like a nice black ship, and gave her boy a lovely greeting, then she hurried to the kitchen to get him a good hot supper.

I was a monkey in an ecstasy, and leaped and sprang until something called to me faintly from the rose-bush, “Jimmy Gold-Coast, Jimmy Gold-Coast.”

“Oh! Polly,” I squealed, “Polly Shillaber, hurry down. My master has come. He’ll love your red



tail. He's a regular boy for the Orient. He adores heat and negroes and tropical fruit."

She came scrambling down, but paused when a few feet from me. "Are you over your bad temper?" she asked disagreeably.

"Pon my word, I forgot all about it," I said.

"You're just like Rachel," she said with a last cross squawk. "She fights you one minute and loves you the next. I have a memory, I have, and I'm more consistent."

"I'll begin all over again, if you like," I said mischievously, and I made a playful dash at her. "I'd love another red feather to play with."

"Stop, stop," she cried, turning to go up the rose-bush.

"I'm only joking, Polly Shillaber," I said. "Come on, I've no time for fighting now. Come in the dining-room and see my master."

"I've seen him many times before," she said coldly, "and I don't like him."

I was surprised. "I forgot about that," I said. "It seems to me that you have just come here like myself."

"Didn't I tell you that I know all about his ancestors?" she said.

"How old are you, Polly?" I asked.

"If a parrot looks much younger than she is, why should she tell her age?" she remarked.

"You're twenty years old," I said, for I know that parrots live to a great age.

"None of your business," she replied, but not disagreeably, and she scuttled along the hall after me to the dining-room where she flew to the mantelpiece and stared at Master Nappy without greeting him. I

wondered why she did not like him and guessed that she was jealous of any new creature or person that came to the house, for my master with all his faults was not one to hurt a bird.

The mantel was a good broad one, so I sat beside her and watched the family all sitting round the table. My master was eating tomato and lettuce salad that his aunt had cut up for him, and between mouthfuls he told of his accident. It seemed that when he arrived in the pretty little city he had slipped in stepping from the train, and had fallen and broken his arm. Then he fainted, and two fellow passengers had, as he thought, very kindly taken him to a hospital, until he discovered that on his way there they had stolen every cent of the good Canadian money that he had.

I was in misery. Oh! had they taken his diamonds—his precious diamonds? Slipping from the mantel, I crept up his leg, and putting a hand under his coat where it hung loosely from the arm in a sling, I felt his body belt.

The diamonds were gone, and I gave a low moan.

How kindly he looked down at me, for he knew very well what I was doing. "Good old Jimmy," he murmured, "faithful little chum. I lost my luck when I sent you away."

I stole back to the mantelpiece and sat mournfully beside Polly.

"He's beautiful polite outside, isn't he?" she said, "but all ugly inside."

"I don't like that word 'ugly,'" I said.

"I love it," she said, "and didn't I know this boy's father? He had to come to this place sometimes to save money, but he always hated it. He was pleasant in the house, but ugly in the orchard, where he would

walk up and down with his hands behind his back, and mutter, 'Any port in a storm.' "

"Polly," I said hesitatingly, "what did Master Nappy's father do?"

"You mean what was his business?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, Polly."

"Bad man—he stole things, never hurt anyone, but took all he could get. He was known all over the world, and was usually on top of the wave, but sometimes he'd get down, and then he'd make for this quiet valley haven. Occasionally he'd work. He could write books, but they did not sell very well. Do you know how he was made bad, Jimmy?"

"No," I said sadly, "my master never speaks of him."

Polly was delighted, for now she had a chance to tell me one of her long stories. I shall never forget how she wiped her beak a great many times on the edge of the mantelshelf, like a person licking his lips, then she started:

"Long years ago, your Master Nappy's father was a little boy in an old castle on the shores of a country called Scotland."

"I know that country," I said, "I've been in the port of Leith."

"Well, he was a very unhappy little boy, for he was the youngest of a large family, and his parents were poor and proud, and put all their money on the education of the eldest boy, who was to be head of the clan. This made young Napier, for his name was the same as your master's, very jealous. He hated his brother who, when his father died, became 'The MacHadra,' and was looked up to. Young



Napier had to go out into the world, and he could not do anything worth while, for he had not been educated. He was too old and too proud to learn anything, and he had no money, so he began to steal from other persons. He hated his way of living, and when he married and had a son of his own, he vowed that the boy should be educated, but as I have told you before, the child had got his stamp from him, and the Doctor and his wife say that a child gets this stamp in the first few years of its life, and it is very difficult to get it off."

I felt puzzled, and said, "If that is true, how is it that Rachel is so good?"

"Her mother started her training, but she has enough of her father in her to give these relatives a lot of trouble. They take more pains with her upbringing than with any two children of their own—listen now," and she cocked her head on one side.

By this time we were alone, for Polly had talked so long that the family had all left the dining-room.

There was a sound of crying from the near-by office that was across the hall from the dining-room.

Rachel was there with her aunt, all the others having gone on the veranda, and I heard the child's distressed voice, "Oh, Auntie—seems to me life's nothing but tumbling down and getting up again."

Mrs. Sandys' pleasant tones came in here. "That's it, girly, but won't you let Auntie help you get up gracefully?"

"Now what has that poor child done?" I asked Polly.

Polly looked flattered, for she loved me to appeal to her. "I am not sure, but I guess that it is on account of Mrs. Haycock."

"And who is Mrs. Haycock?"

"A funny old woman, who has a son that she thinks is perfection. Rachel heard her discussing this boy, and wishing that his mother would be a little less indulgent with him. With the best intentions in the world, the child went to the old woman, and told her what her aunt and uncle had said. Now you know, Monkey, that it is better to put your hand in the fire than to come between parents and their children. So old Mrs. Haycock ran to Mrs. Sandys and told on Rachel, and now Rachel has to go and apologize for tattling and embroidering."

"What's embroidering?" I inquired.

"Adding to what her relatives said. Rachel loves to make a good story."

"What a shame to make her suffer," I said indignantly. "She's only a child."

Polly cackled sarcastically, then she said, "Now, Jimmy Gold-Coast, just tell me plainly which of these two sets of creatures have made the best places for themselves in the world—a young man and his monkey who have the police after them all the time, or a good young doctor and his wife who are loved and respected by men and birds and beasts?"

I hung my head, and for a moment could think of nothing to say. However, I at last replied, "We don't care, Master and I. We have a good time. What does it matter if people don't like us?"

"Do you have a good time?" asked Polly pointedly. "Didn't you tell me this morning that you love this place because you fear nobody—that when you are out in the world you are always afraid of something happening, and are uneasy and restless, for you know that your master may at any moment be taken from you and shut up? Now didn't you?"

"What a memory you have," I said peevishly. "I shall have to be careful what I say to you."

"Oh! please don't do that," she said earnestly. "I like you, Jimmy Gold-Coast, and I have lived so long with the Sandyses that I feel like trying to do a little bit of good in the world. You are still a young monkey and you have a good heart. I do not think it would be hard for you to become really honest, and you could help your master, who is also young. Then remember, though I say a child gets stamped when it is young, everybody has a free will, and you can change if you are a hundred, if you really want to."

"How could I help Master Nappy?" I asked teasingly.

"How could you help him!" she exclaimed. "Why, in a dozen ways."

"Suppose he pointed to a lady's room, and told me to go in and steal a ring, and I refused, what would happen?"

"He would be ashamed of himself to think that a monkey had more what we call 'conscience' than he had."

I laughed till I nearly choked. "You don't know that lad, Polly Shillaber." Then, for I was tired of her preaching, and at that time saw little sense in it, I capered about the room, and teased her by menacing her tail. When she shrieked in dismay I took some lovely hand-springs out to my master and sat on his knee. He might be pretty bad, but he was good enough for me, and I was not going to change my way of living unless he changed his.

How little I dreamed that lovely summer evening as the family sat on the veranda and talked and



sipped cool drinks from high glasses, that a dreadful day was coming when I would have given even my poor little body to be killed to save my dear young owner from a sad time when he would be taken away from me and shut up in a dark cold place.

THE next morning began a long and lovely time of watching Master Nappy grow strong and well, for his aunt said he was all run down when he came to her. At first he slept nearly all the time, then he began to wake up and take notice of what was going on about him.

He seemed perfectly happy, and indeed he was, though he was so polite and reserved that strangers could not tell how he was feeling. I knew him pretty well, and I was sure that he was glad to be with his relatives while his arm was in this bad state. At first he had to take great care of it, and his uncle examined it anxiously, but it soon got better, though he did not take it out of the sling for some time. You see, it was rather a serious thing for my master to have anything the matter with his long slender fingers. What would he do without them? He would have to learn some other business, so he never left the house except to go for a short walk.

During all this time he got a great deal of amusement in watching the children, Rachel, of course, coming first.

It was fun to see them coming down the street in the morning. The little girls mostly wore sun-bonnets, and the boys had on hats with broad brims. All carried lunch baskets, and what good things their mothers used to put in them! Some of the tiny children paused at our corner to cut willow switches from the trees down in the hollow by the brook, for

they were apt to meet flocks of big fat geese waddling down the station road.

These geese were most amusing, and the ganders leading the flocks would hiss and spread their wings, and charge the children just like generals at the head of an army. Some of the children ran, and others switched them, but very gently, for every child in the village belonged to the Band of Mercy, and by their vow were pledged never to hurt any living thing.

Mara one day had a trying adventure with a cross old gander, for she went to school in a little apron trimmed with red, that irritated him deeply and made him chase her round and round the school-house for a long time, until the frightened child discovered the wide-open door and ran in. The children were all fascinated by my master, and when they passed by the veranda they would wave their hands to him, and he would smile and salute them cheerfully and give me his handkerchief to wave at them.

One day I was allowed to go to school, and what a hero I was! The teacher took me up in front, and I sat on her desk and flourished my hands and feet and then did my tricks, for I had found out by this time that these village children were kind and would not impose on me.

I could dance quite nicely, and turn wonderful somersaults, and do a number of other things that I cannot describe, for I never knew myself what I would do next. Being a monkey, I had funny tricks in my brain all the time, and I just made up as I went along. That first day I gave a geography lesson that I think was rather cute.

I had seen the Doctor down at the house leading his children up to the wall maps in his office to show



them where places were that anyone mentioned, so I pretended that I was the Doctor, and I took the teacher's pointer and put its tip on all the brightest red and blue spots on the big map.

It was really amusing how many of the names that the children called out were those of places that I had visited, and I got excited and gave such joyful grunts and squeals and made the children so riotous, that at last the teacher said, "Rachel, your monkey is a darling, but I must request that you take him home. If he stays he will be running the school, and I do not wish to lose my position."

I tore down the street ahead of Rachel, and when she saw me entering the front door, she went back to school.

My master was in the kitchen with Nonnie that day. He loved to sit back in her rocking-chair and watch her cooking. Often the good old soul stood up too long, because she did not want to turn him out of her chair. Sometimes he sat beside his aunt, and watched her sewing, but she was so lively and jumped up so often that he preferred the slower-going Nonnie. Then Nonnie never preached to him, and Mrs. Sandys did, just a little bit. She was very strong and fine-looking, and resembled a white woman on a pillar in the hall who had both arms gone and very little clothing on. Nonnie called it the "statoo," and hated to dust it, but it had a beautiful head, and I often heard the Doctor call his wife the "Goddess" when they were all alone.

Polly Shillaber did not like my master for a long time, and it was very amusing to me to see how he overcame her dislike. No one could really resist him when he made up his mind to please, and he just resolved to conquer the stubborn old parrot. I knew

him so well that I could follow the workings of his mind, and at last he hit upon a thing that I might have thought of myself.

Right at the back of Polly's head was a spot that she often wished she could reach with her beak, but of course she could not. She could clean it with her claw, but that was not so satisfactory. One day Master Nappy induced her to stop her threatening and lower her head, and at that instant his clever fingers were busy with that soft grey spot, and Polly was so delighted that she gurgled a few lines of her favorite song:

“Sweet turtle-dove, she sing-a so sweet,  
Muddy de water so deep,  
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin'.”

He had to scratch her many times a day after that, till sometimes he got tired and told her to be off to her turtle dove.

His petting made her turn round in her talk about him, and one day she said to me quite crossly, “Don't you ever breathe a word against your master to me again.”

“Why, Polly,” I said, “I never did.”

“Yes, you did,” she replied; “but he's a changed boy. You must have more charity with these young things. Just listen to the Methodist minister—he says the hope of the world is in the boys and girls.”

I concealed my amusement, and followed Polly's new bent. “I've noticed that about Mr. Wiltshire,” I said. “He comes along the street and sees grass too high or rubbish lying about, and stops a boy and says, ‘How about a clean-up?’ and that boy goes off and tells other boys, and then the sidewalks are cleaned finely.”

“All the men here put half the work on the young

ones," said Polly. "Some of them are getting old and tired. That's why the boys never go away from this village. They're all their fathers' partners. It began a long time ago when Mr. Wiltshire came here. Two old farmers had a quarrel about a boundary fence, and they wanted their children to quarrel, too. The children couldn't learn to hate each other, but the fathers kept on teaching them, till one evening Mr. Wiltshire leaned on the fence, and said with a roguish look in his eye, 'I wish the fence was in the river.'

"The boys and girls just leaped at it, and tore it up and threw the stakes on the water, and the quarrel went floating down to the Basin of Minas.

"The next morning, when the two old men went out to look at the fence, there wasn't any fence to look at, and the neighbors joked them so much that they were ashamed and gave up their quarrel."

"I don't know much about the villages round-about," I said, "but comparing this one with places I have visited in other parts of the world, it seems very jolly."

"It's because they sing so much," said Polly. "That makes their hearts happy. Then they always have some amusement going on for the young people in the evening. Just as soon as their work is done, they are at liberty to drive about and visit each other and they have singing-schools and clubs and games of all kinds, some for summer and some for winter. These Sandys children are too young yet to go out at night, but when you have been here longer and visit about the country you will see what a really fine time everybody has. Mr. Wiltshire says old people should not give up play. They should frolic a bit with the



young folk—there's the Doctor going for a drive. Go and beg to be taken."

"No, thank you," I said; "I don't want to leave my master—but Polly, look! What is the doctor doing to those dogs?"

Polly stared at the two smooth English greyhounds with long tapering necks that had just come into the yard, literally cleaving the air till they dropped like two stones on the tanbark.

"The Doctor is reading the messages on their collars," she said. "They are patient dogs."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"They report the progress of patients. The Doctor sends them up to the two mountains, and they bring news to him. You see, when one leaves here, Jimmy, there are just four ways to go. You can drive up the Valley or down the Valley, or up on the North Mountain, or up the South Mountain. That slightly pig-jawed dog panting so violently is called 'Messenger,' and he runs up to a farm-house on the North Mountain where persons leave messages for the Doctor. The dog with ears lying close to his head is 'Winged Heel.' He goes to the South Mountain."

"And why is that pigeon so much interested in the dogs?" I asked, as a glistening blue homer came down from the stable loft to hover over the panting dogs.

"The pigeons are the dogs' rivals. In bad cases the Doctor leaves them with his patients, and they bring word if there is a sudden emergency."

"Oh! Polly," I said, "how that pigeon takes me back to voyages with my master, when steamers carried these homing birds out to sea. Once we had to take one all the way to Spain because the weather was too foggy to let it fly back to England."

"The Doctor loves his dogs and pigeons," said Polly. "See how Mother Machree lights on his shoulder and pecks at his cheek. She has an aluminum ring on, and her number is forty-three. Many a life has Mother Machree saved. A grateful lumberman came and built that wonderful roomy pigeon loft for the Doctor after his child got well. Mother Machree was the pigeon on duty up on the North Mountain where the child's croup got suddenly worse. Didn't she scurry down here with the news that the child was choking to death, and didn't the Doctor fling himself on Dancer's back and dash up the road toward the mountain. Some of the animals said that Mother Machree was in a hurry to get back to her squabs, but she told me she has a mother's heart and she knew she was helping a human baby. Of course she thought of her squabs, too, but she put the human being first. I tell you, Monkey, it would pay the human folk to study birds and animals a little more. If they cultivate us, we show them how clever we are."

"I agree with you," I said; "but tell me why is that other blue homer rookety-cahooing to Mother Machree?"

"It's her mate Batty. He's not very sound in the head, but he knows when five o'clock comes, and that it's his night out."

"Do male pigeons never sit on the squabs at night?" I asked.

"Catch them," said Polly. "They sit from nine to five, then mother pidgie comes on."

"Why does not the Doctor use a telephone?" I asked. "That would be better than dogs and pigeons."

"He does," said Polly. "Haven't you seen it in his office? In far-away places on the mountains the

people haven't telephones. The farmers in the Valley all have them."

"And why doesn't he use a motor-car?" I went on.

"He is going to get one, but he has been used to horses all his life, and cannot bear to buy a machine. He'll have to come to it, though, for all the other doctors have them."

At this instant my master came out of the house and stood in the doorway looking at his uncle, who was buckling the last strap of Dancer's harness.

"Want to come for a drive, boy?" asked the Doctor.

My master hesitated until he felt a hand on his shoulder, and there was his aunt. "If you will go, Nappy, I will go, too," she said. "It won't hurt your arm."

Without a word, the Doctor unfastened the traces from his buggy and rolling it in the barn brought out the double-seated carriage. When I saw Master Nappy getting in the back seat with his aunt, I sprang to his side, and off we went on my first drive down the Valley.

It was just as beautiful as Polly had said. When we left this village of Downton there was a long bit of road with farms each side in which were carried on mixed farming operations—that is, a little of everything, and interesting farms they were. Orchards and gardens, and hay land and meadows by the river, and wood lots and enormous fields where rye, and wheat, and barley and oats and buckwheat were growing briskly.

I snuggled down beside my master. Oh! how happy I was to be driving through this sweet-scented air, for although the apple blossoms were falling, there were plenty of wild flowers growing in the grass by



the roadside. Every little while were long strips of cool forest where the farmers had not yet cleared the land.

We drove through several villages until the sun began going down when the Doctor entered the yard of a farm-house where many tall locust trees stood in the driveway and hung their long white blossoms down in a perfect shower as if there were a wedding going on inside. Alas! it was not a wedding, but a very sad case of sickness.

How the farmer and his wife brightened up when they saw the Doctor! I knew that he was their very best friend by the way they took his hand.

Mrs. Sandys and my master did not go in the house, but sat out in the carriage, and after a while the farmer's wife came out and talked in the most touching way about the doctor. She said he had saved her boy's life and though he was still seriously ill, he was in a fair way to get better, thanks to the promptness of the doctor in coming to them in the middle of the night.

Master Nappy asked what the matter was, and the woman told him that her son, who was a sailor and had gone all over the world, had had a peculiar accident. One night he had dreamed that his mother was calling him, and in jumping out of bed he had caught his foot in the bedclothes and had fallen on his head and cut it severely. He had lost much blood, but Dr. Sandys had sewed the wound up so cleverly and had stayed with the young man night and day so devotedly that now they were sure he would recover.

This good-hearted woman begged us to stay to supper, but the Doctor shook his head, and said that the house must be kept quiet, and then as she looked longingly at me, he said that the monkey would call on the patient later and would amuse him with some of his tricks.

The woman gave me a shrewd glance and said: "The little beast has a look in the tail of his eye as if he understood what you are saying."

The Doctor smiled at her and said, "A clever man who has been writing on the minds and manners of wild animals, says that the chimpanzee is the most intelligent of all animals below man. His mind approaches most closely to that of man, and it carries him farthest upward toward the human level. He can learn more by training, and learn more easily, than any other animal."

I was so pleased when the Doctor said this, for a chimpanzee is a big brother in the monkey family, that I got up on my hind legs and patted his shoulder.

"But I thought," said the woman, "that the dog is the most intelligent animal."

"This same writer says that the dog is in closest touch with the mind, the feeling and the impulses of man, and understands best his facial expression, but in the final estimate of intelligence he ranks far below the chimpanzee."

"My stars and garters!" said the woman, "that's news to me—good-bye, Monkey, come again. I want my boy to make your acquaintance," and she waved her hand as we drove away.

We stopped at the very next farm for supper, and I was glad, for I was very hungry. What a welcome we got! When the farmer's family saw us driving in they all surrounded us, for the horn was just blowing and the men were coming from the barnyard to the back door. That visit was typical of many visits I paid to farm-houses with the Sandys family.

We were always ushered into the spare bedroom with its fresh white curtains and snowy bedspread, to lay aside our wraps, for it was often cool in driving,



and I wore my little grey jacket with the fur collar. Then we went to the table, and what meals we used to have! Such loaves of home-made bread, and cakes and pies, and always hot rolls and huge dishes of jam, two kinds of which were often put into one saucer. We had also fruit cake, rich and black, like the cake in Scotland, and with white icing on it. Oh! how I loved to pick it off, but if Mrs. Sandys was with us she would not let me have much of it. Then we had pitchers of milk and cream, or "jugs" as I used to say in those days before I became a Canadian monkey, and hot meat and mealy potatoes, and jellies with whipped cream and custard. They lived royally, those farmers and their families, and they ate long and heartily with appetites sharpened by their day's work.

After supper and the clearing away of the dishes, came usually a long talk in the parlor between the farmer's wife and Mrs. Sandys about members of the family at home and abroad. On many mantelpieces were quaint bits of bronze and little Buddhas that I recognized as coming from foreign lands, and I soon found out that Nova Scotians are a seagoing people, for no part of the province is more than thirty miles from the salt water.

If there was no very sick patient in the house, and I looked out the window when Mrs. Sandys was talking, I could see the tall grey-coated Doctor sauntering about the farm with his host who, with arm outstretched, would be pointing to different parts of the horizon telling about his crops, or with bent head and his hands behind his back would be pouring his troubles into the Doctor's sympathetic ear.

Our drives were not always in the valley, for sometimes we went up on the mountains. There I found a



wilder country and a cooler climate, with huge pastures for sheep and cattle, several fox-farms, great tracts of forest and the deep ravines where lived the bears that Polly had threatened me with. I used to look down into these dark, damp hollows when we were going up the steep mountain roads and wonder what would happen if our good Dancer should let us back down. However, he was very sure-footed, and the Doctor was an excellent driver.

From the North Mountain one drove down to the Bay of Fundy, and when the children were with us they went in bathing. The hardy little creatures did not mind the cold water, but I shrieked with dismay one day when I waded in, and Master Nappy had to wrap me in his coat to warm me. I liked the mountains north and south, with their quaint homes and ancient forests, but I loved the charming valley, especially on the way home when the sun went down and the stars came out. What lessons we had when the children were along! They would stare in the bushes where tiny glow-worms were flitting about, and tell their father that these glow-worms, according to Nonnie, were frantic children looking with little lanterns for their lost brothers. After he heard Nonnie's fairy stories about birds and beasts and stars he would give the children the proper information, and it was wonderful how much they learned with regard to the world about them and the queer patterns of things that the stars made in the sky.

I used to see Dancer working his ears back and forth, for he listened, too. He was driven slowly enough for him to enjoy himself, and not have to think all the time how tired he was.

He was extremely intelligent, and had been a racing horse before Dr. Sandys rescued him. He had had a

cruel owner who used to tie his poor tongue down to his jaw before races so that he would be suffering and go faster. The excuse the man made was that his tongue might get in his throat and choke him, but Dr. Sandys said that the Lord knew how to make a horse better than a man did, and if a man made a horse go so fast that his tongue choked him, he was driving him faster than the horse's Creator intended him to go. The magistrate at first gave a decision against Dr. Sandys, but the persevering doctor carried it to a higher court and got the man convicted. Dancer said he wished he could have addressed the magistrate. He would have told him how horses hate racing.

I told him that this surprised me, for I had heard my master and his friends say that horses enjoyed racing.

"You had better ask the opinion of some thoroughbreds on the subject," said Dancer scornfully. "How would you like to tear along so fast that your heart feels as if it were bursting? I wish horses could write books."

I well remember the day Dancer said this to me. We had just come from a long drive up the South Mountain, and I had become so attracted by this picturesque country that I had begun to wish my master might decide to stay here all his life. His arm was out of the sling, and he was helping his uncle in the office, and with what pride did that good man look at him when he gave him messages that had been left for him from patients.

When I left Dancer and went into the house I got a slight shock, for there was Polly perched on the back of a chair in the doorway with a very severe look on her face.

"You think you are having a rather fine time here, don't you?" she said.

"Indeed I do," I replied; "but Polly, I haven't seen as much of you lately as I used to. You always seem sleepy, and crouching behind that mantel over the fire-place in the hall."

"I've been watching you," she said solemnly. "Come along with me now. I want to have a talk with you."

I followed her with some anxiety, for I had been carrying on some business of my own that I have not written about in the last chapter.

She led me to a russet apple tree outside the Doctor's office window, and climbing up the trunk, sat herself on one of the branches, and made me sit in front of her.



"JIMMY GOLD-COAST," said the old parrot solemnly, "you good-hearted monkey with a past. Will you never be able to live up to the present?"

"What do you mean?" I asked nervously.

"I mean that in spite of all my preaching to you, I find you are backsliding."

"What's that funny thing, Polly?"

"Slipping down hill. You began when your master returned."

I drew myself up. "Polly Shillaber, everybody in this village praises me. I really feel spoiled."

"You won't feel that way much longer," she said. "Don't you notice a difference in the way people treat you the last week or two?"

I thought hard. I had noticed a difference now that she spoke of it. Formerly I had had the run of the houses. Now nobody left me alone when I was visiting. I was petted as much as ever, but I was watched.

"Poor Jimmy," said Polly; "you're a miserable little thief."

"What!" I screamed at her. "You're crazy."

She began to sharpen her beak on the apple-tree trunk, and I knew a lecture was coming. "Jimmy, dear," she said, "don't for a minute think I don't like you. I am speaking for your good."

"All right," I said sulkily; "go on. You've been sneaking, I see."

"Not sneaking—just supervising. You know that

fire-place in the hall has a mirror opposite it where the coats hang?"

"Oh! yes," I sighed. "I know," and I thought of the big hall with the doors opening off it, and the mirror at one end and the fire-place at the other. What a convenient place for a spy, and how much had she seen, and how much did she know?"

"Poor little creature," she said. "You certainly have loving ways. When Master Nappy came, your little monkey cup of pleasure was full to the brim. There was only one bitter drop in it, for you told me yourself that it was a great worry to you to think that your beloved master had no money to go out into the world again."

"Yes, I told you that," I said. "I remember it quite well."

"And then your active brain began to work at the question of providing money for him."

I bobbed my head, for I did not feel like speaking, or rather conveying a thought to her, for as I have said before, animal and bird conversations are usually carried on without words. I cannot tell you how we do it, any more than I can tell you how Master Nappy understands his friends when they are in a room and do not speak to him. He has a thought, and his friends have a thought, and they act upon it, very often to the great surprise of someone who is not in this mind business.

Polly went on, and I bowed my head in shame.

"Jimmy, when you found your master was penniless and senseless, for he is not half so clever as you think he is——"

"Polly," I said, "I'm pretty good-tempered, as you know, and you may abuse me all you like, but if you

say a word against that boy, away goes another red feather."

"Very good," she said. "I stand a corrected parrot. I did wrong to irritate you. Now, when you began to plan to get some money for him, you naturally thought of his own money that you told me he had given to his sister."

"It was his," I said; "he had a right to it."

"But he had given it away, silly. It was his no longer."

"It was honest money," I said. "He did earn it."

She swayed back and forth for a few minutes in her funny parrot way. "How you confuse things, Jimmy. If you give a thing away, it isn't yours. It's the other person's. Now, don't argue! You crawled to Mrs. Sandys' bedroom, for you knew Rachel had given her the roll of bills. You found them tucked away in the drawer of her writing desk—for no one locks up anything in this village—or rather, they never used to—but they will begin now. I watched you from my hiding-place in the mantel. You put the money in the pocket of the coat hanging across the chair in your master's room. I saw you push it well down with your tiny black fingers, and oh! how pleased you were! Then you were surprised that he said nothing to you about it. My dear! he never got it, for I, Polly Shilla-ber, with my honest beak took out that money and carried it back to the place from which you had stolen it!"

"You miserable old thief," I cried, and I threatened her tail. "I'll get even with you for this."

"Stop a bit, Jimmy," she said, wheeling round and keeping her head towards me, "till I tell you why I did this, and you will see that I am a better friend to Master Nappy than you are. The village dress-maker was coming that evening with some new frocks



for Rachel, and Mrs. Sandys would have gone to get that money to pay her. If she had found that it had vanished, I could just see her dropping down on a chair and burying her face in her hands to cry bitterly."

"Now why should she have done that?" I asked peevishly. "You have too much imagination, Polly Shillaber."

"She would have blamed her nephew, and she would have wept with shame to think that her sister's son would make such a poor return for her hospitality, showing by it that he was still bad at heart."

"Her sister's son can look out for himself," I said sullenly.

"Well, we will leave him now and come back to you," said Polly. "You knew that he would need even more money than that, so your clever little mind began to work on a new plan. You saw how trusting these village people are. Many of them had not been out in the world as you and I have been, and there was plenty of money about to be had for the taking. I saw you slip down to the shoemaker's. I looked from a tree by the window and watched you taking down his old broken tea-pot from the closet shelf. You were cute enough not to take all his nice bills. You put some back."

"Of all the shameful spying," I ejaculated. "I'd rather be a thief than a hateful ferret like you."

"You can't anger me," said Polly properly. "I'm a reformer, and where would monkey society be but for the policeman?"

The old parrot's air as she said this was so deliciously important that I, being of a cheerful disposition, burst into a fit of laughter, but the more I laughed, the more solemn she got.

"Your levity is a dreadful thing to me," she said at last, "for it shows that this affair of stealing is still a thing of light matter to you."

"Never mind that," I said, wiping my eyes on a handful of apple leaves, "do go on—what else have you seen?"

"I saw you go to the grocer's, and when his back was turned you crept to the cash-box and snatched a whole handful of bills."

"True enough," I said. "I got a pretty good haul that day, for there was a visit to the Methodist minister's, where I discovered a whole bagful of ten-cent pieces."

"Not the Sunday School money!" gasped Polly, in horror. "Not the silver pieces for the heathen!"

"Exactly," I said teasingly. "Silver pieces for the heathen, my master. That's home mission work, Polly."

The good old parrot was in such a state of affliction that she could not speak, and I, not knowing whether it was on account of having missed this spree of mine, or on account of the crime of taking church money, waited for her to give me a clue.

"Jimmy," she said at last, "Would you like to go and live in a Zoo?"

"Those places where poor animals are confined for life?" I exclaimed. "No, thank you, I'd kill myself first."

"Then you must reform," she said so very seriously that I knew she was feeling deeply. "If you go on stealing as you have begun, the good Sandys will have to get rid of you."

This worried me a bit, and I said, "Perhaps I had better steal no more."

"You had better return the stolen money," she said.

"How can I? It belongs to Master Nappy now, and he has locked it up. You wouldn't have me steal from him, would you?"

Polly scratched her head and looked so worried that I helped her scratch it, too. "Poor old Poll," I said. "I am a sad worry to you. I'll try to be good. I don't want to go to a Zoo. I have heard such frightful stories about them."

"There you are again off on a wrong track," she said patiently. "Fear of punishment is going to make you reform. You should be sorry in your monkey heart—just a little more to the right, Jimmy. Scratch down toward the middle of my back."

"I wish I could scratch back my reputation," I said. "Everybody will be down on me now."

"The penalty of wrongdoing, Jimmy, but you can begin from this very minute to be a better monkey, and I will do all I can to help you. Alas, though, you have involved your master in your downfall!"

"My master!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Why all the people in this village know what kind of a man his father was. They were sorry for him, and they have been watching Master Nappy. If he keeps that money you have stolen for him, they will wish him to leave the village."

"You don't mean to say that everybody is blaming him?" I cried, and in my excitement I pulled out one of her feathers, which made her pretty cross, till she discovered it was only a tiny grey one.

"Certainly it has. Your thefts have brought up all the old scandal about the older man."



"Then he must give the money back," I said. "This will never do. They might arrest him."

"They won't do that," said Polly, "but they certainly will lock up their money."

"Then it doesn't matter," I said; "things are all right again."

Polly stared at me hopelessly, and I went on: "As I understand the matter, the village people are all on to my stealing, but the Sandys family don't know about it yet. If I can get my master to let me have that money, I'll run and put it all back. He'll be sorry, too, for he grinned happily when I handed it to him. It's an awful thing, Polly, to be in a city with no money in your pocket. Master and I have gone hungry several times."

"You needn't try to work on my sympathy," said Polly coldly. "You are what I call impossible, though I suppose it is wrong for me to give up hope. I think it would be good for you to hear one of Nonnie's sermons."

"Nonnie!" I exclaimed. "Can she preach like the good Methodist minister?"

"Better," said Polly seriously. "I'll take you to hear her some day. She's so worried about your master that she goes up to the pasture nearly every afternoon when her work is done."

"Does she know about my stealing?" I asked.

"All about it," said Polly, "but I don't know how."

"Black people are cleverer than white ones in some ways," I said. "On the Gold Coast, if a native is hurt in the interior, the black people know it at once, but the white people know nothing till the runners come or the telegraph tells them."

"You tire me, Jimmy, with your badness," said

Polly. "I'm going away to rest. I'll let you know when Nonnie goes up to the pasture."

"Thank you, Polly," I said humbly. "I'm sorry I'm so bad. It's hard to be good when you're a monkey."

"Your master isn't a monkey," she said severely. Then before I could hit her she flew away.

I stayed some time in the apple tree thinking about Nonnie. The dear old soul did really and truly love Master Nappy, and now that I thought about it, she had seemed worried lately. I should enjoy hearing her preach. Indeed, I liked all the preachings in the village. There was the small Catholic church with the cross on the steeple and the pretty things inside, and the Methodist church where the white pigeons lived in the tower, and the Baptist church where the Sandys family went, and where Polly and I often sneaked down and peeped in the window, and the Anglican church whose clergyman loved birds and beasts and often preached about them. I loved the singing in these churches and the kind faces of the people who came driving in from miles around. They came on Sundays, and weekdays, too, and often left their hay standing, even if it looked like rain. They certainly were a fine class, these farmers of the Valley. Now what would Nonnie have to say to the animals about behaving themselves, I wondered; and, still wondering, I slipped to the street and had lunch with the shoemaker, who was a jolly old Irishman and who had not found out my theft, I knew by the way he treated me.

POLLY'S conversation worried me, and I was uneasy all that day, and at night had such a frightful nightmare that Master Nappy threw his shoes across the bedroom at me.

However, my uneasiness that day was nothing to what I felt after I had listened to Nonnie's sermon, which took place the next afternoon.

The old woman had finished her work, and instead of going up to her room to lie down, she went out into the yard.

"Come on," Polly whispered to me, "she's making for the back pasture."

I shall never forget that beautiful day. The sun was warm, but not too warm, and flooded the tan-bark yard with a glowing color. The pigeons were strutting about, though nearly every other creature was having a bit of a rest. Birds often have a nap in the middle of the day, and there was scarcely one to be seen, though occasionally one heard a sleepy whisper from the leafy branches.

Those dear wild birds appreciated the protection of the Sandys' house, and their nests were thick about it. Dr. Sandys had not even a potato bug in sight, and never had to spend a cent for nasty chemical poisons, which are bad for the noses of dogs and monkeys.

The children had not come home from school, and the Doctor had gone to see a patient in the village. That gave a holiday to Dancer, the horse, and he was standing in the yard watching friend horses going



by. Mrs. Sandys was in a hammock on the veranda reading a book, and my master dozed near her on a sofa.

"Follow me," said Polly importantly, and she kept her eye on Nonnie, who was going up to the hen-house. The hens all got up from their dust wallows when they saw her, for she went up to the box of hemp seed and filled her apron pockets full. They adored this rich seed, and would have followed her to the end of the world for it.

"Now the procession will form," said Polly, and Nonnie coming out of the hen-house, looked over her shoulder and called, "Come on, Dancer, and have a walk to de pasture wid me."

The piebald horse came sauntering along, and Polly and I skirmished from tree to tree, I suppressing my laughter as I saw every hen not on duty on a nest, and every rooster and baby chicken following Nonnie as she went up the path that led back of the barn to the corn-field and the pasture in the burntland.

Clumpus, the cat, whom I have forgotten to mention before, joined us in the orchard. He was a big black-and-white fellow, very clumsy on his feet, as they had been frozen when a thoughtless woman to whom he belonged left him out of doors one night when the thermometer was below zero.

His walk was most ungraceful on account of his swollen feet, so he did not associate much with other cats, but kept mostly with the hens, who liked to have him about, and took their chickens right up to him. They remembered that once when a hen was killed in the street he slept with her chickens till they grew old enough to look out for themselves.

After Clumpus came Winged Heel and Messenger, and many wild birds, as we went along, began to wake

up and follow on, for they knew what it meant when Nonnie's apron pockets had that full look. The crows and the grackles kept in the background, for Nonnie threw stones at them when they bothered the little birds.

The old colored woman soon began to sing:

"Oh! de ole sheep done know de road;  
De ole sheep done know de road,  
De young lambs mus' find de way."

"It's a pretty fine thing for her to come up here," whispered Polly to me, "all on account of your master."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Wait and you'll see," and she would say no more, but flew along from one tree to another as long as they lasted, then took to the ground.

We were in the burntland now, where a fire had been allowed to run among the big trees and little trees. It had been done some time ago, and new green stuff had sprung up around the blackened stumps of large forest trees. These stumps had queer shapes, and some of them looked like huge, ungainly persons and animals.

"Nonnie has them all named," Polly told me. "That awful stump there with the bunch of fern for hair, is Brother Trixby, who used to be a great sinner till his wife died, when he became a saint. The little dumpish brown stump is Miss Pettipocket, who is a zealous worker among the children. In fact, all the stumps have names, and you may hear Nonnie addressing them if she gets through with the animals. They are her favorite subjects just now. Here is a sheltered place to hide, behind these alders."

"Why don't we go right out?" I asked. "I hate this hiding business. It reminds me of your spying on me."



"Because," said Polly earnestly, "it is for your master. Nonnie has a high opinion of monkeys. She may not speak so freely before you."

"You're jealous of me," I said. "Come on, I'm going to take a front seat," and I led the way to the biggest stump of all, which was directly in front of a rock shaped like a table, where Nonnie had taken her stand.

"Dat's right, little monkey," said Nonnie coolly. "I see'd you a-follerin' on. Set right down, an' Polly, too. Now, frien's, we'll begin dis meetin' wid liftin' up our voices in a nice cheerful song."

I looked around me. The horse, who was the biggest creature present, had taken up his station at one side of Nonnie's rock and stood lazily swinging his tail to keep the flies off. Bessy the cow, who had been farther back in the pasture, was coming ploughing through brakes up to her knees to get with the other creatures that she liked so well. The birds were perched, some on stump-tops and some on the tiny saplings that had sprung up after the fire had taken place. The dogs lay at Nonnie's feet, and the hens were in a bunch behind the dogs.

Nonnie's face was beaming as she looked around on us all, and with great fervor she started singing one of her favorite songs, "Milk-white Horses Ober in Jordan."

No one could join in with her, but Polly whistled quite comfortable and happily a hoarse little accompaniment to the tune. When Nonnie got us to the last verse, "Healin' water ober in Jordan," her old face became sorrowful, and she burst out with, "Oh! animals! shall us all be ober in Jordan? Only de good animals shall ride up in de chariot an' eat de milk an' honey. No pickin', stealin' little monkey fingers can





"OH! ANIMALS! SHALL US ALL BE OBER IN JORDAN?"

go ober Jordan; but critters, dear critters, Nonnie's forgettin' her textie, which is 'Sheep an' Lambs.'

"Now de fust head is 'Sheep,' an' de second is 'Lamb,' an' let us wrastle wid de fust part fust. Black sheep, white sheep, grey sheep an' sheep of all colors, listen to poor ole Nonnie. My heart is jus' bustin' wid sympathy for sheep. I'se an ole sheep myself, an' I goes round de world wid a heartache in my bosom for de odder sheep. How we suffers for de lambs. Dey is so stubborn. Dey go round on deir little wobbly legs, an' dey won't listen to de counsels of de sheep. Dey sucks deir mudder's milk, yet dey won't listen to deir mudder's advice. Look out for de wolves—no, dear critters, dere ain't no wolves in Novy Scoshy. Nonnie'll make dem bears. Well, de young lambs say dere ain't no bears, an' dey run in de dangerous places, an' deir young foots slip an' den dose little brazen lambs blame de sheep an' say, 'You ain't brought us up right.'

"De ole sheep's always a-talkin', but de young lambs don't hear till de danger gets dem by de leg. Listen when you're young, dear critters. Don't put off de day of thinkin' till it's too late. Dere's lots of ole sheep would lay down deir lives for de lambs, but de good Lord won't let 'em. As a lamb makes his bed, he lies on it."

Here poor old Nonnie paused, and wiped the perspiration, which was streaming down her forehead. Up here it was very warm, for we had a belt of fine timber about us. "Nonnie loves it because it's quiet," whispered Polly in my ear. "She can scream all she wishes. How do you like her preaching?"

"She's a bit personal," I said, "but I fancy her style suits you."

"Right down to the ground," said Polly, preening



herself; "but hush! she is starting out again. I guess she's mad with the hens."

She was, and began, "Stop yer shovin', you unmannerly Reds. Dere ain't no fillin' up de crops of some greedy graspers. Not a single seed of hemp will you have unless you waits de conclusion of Nonnie's discourse. De time is ripe for works of grace, an' sinners is a-stumblin'. Dere's an old black sheep I know what is worryin' somethin' fierce over her young lamb. She's an ole no-account sheep—she ain't never had no little lamb of her own; she'll never have no lamb 'cause she's too ole, but she loves a white lamb what was laid in her bosom so many years ago. He was a lamb dat was a real lamb, an' he had de cute little fingers dat curled round de bars of poor ole Nonnie's heart. She's a-grievin' an' a frettin' about dat lamb, 'cause he ain't a-livin' in good ole Novy Scoshy.

"Oh, critters! love dat lamb, be kind to dat lamb, an' mebbe he'll come back to us, an' we will do him good. He's a lamb, what is as cute as a pet fox, but he ain't as cute as he thinks, 'cause all de ole sheep in dis vilage dey onderstands him, an' dey's sorry for him. Dear critters, your sin does find you out—you, Dancer, wid your smooth face, I see you a-liftin' de kivver of de oat bin when you thought no one was a-lookin'."

The handsome horse drooped his head and was about to saunter away when Nonnie shouted, "Stay where you be. You'se in good company. Ain't I a-goin' to argufy wid dese hens about de slow-up in de egg business. Is dis de time to fool de kind Sandys wid de price of eggs goin' up? I know you, Rooster Red-Face, an' if you ain't a-goin' to rule dose hens a mite better dis warm weather, you'se a-goin' to be neck-high in trouble."



The rooster at this got up on a stump and crowed angrily.

"Look at dat!" cried Nonnie. "A stubborn heart an' a proud temper. You've got to come a-down off'n your stump, Mr. Rooster, or into de pot you goes."

The rooster descended from his perch pretty quick, and grovelled in the ferns before Nonnie, for all the roosters in the neighborhood were dreadfully afraid of having their heads cut off.

Nonnie, mollified by his submission, went on with her talk. "Oh! my little pet lamb! Is dese critters submissible to reason, an' is you a-goin' to be lost? Don't go out into de black world, but stay wid Nonnie an' your own folks. Dat Doctor, he's so proud 'cause you can go in his office an' wid your fingers, which is long and slender like lilies, you can put up de medicine for de sick folk. Nex' to healin' de souls of men is de healin' of de bodies, an' often de two things is run so close togedder dat you can't tell 'em apart.

"Now, dear hearers, de sun is a-westerin', an' Nonnie has to go home an' get de supper. If you all is edified by dis talk of poor ole Nonnie's, just' come a-scramblin' forward an' shake hands wid her, an' God bless you all an' give you happy lives an' quick deaths, an' I'se a-forgettin' de las' head of my sermon, but I guess, like some of de white ministers' heads, it's jus' as well left off."

Every animal present pressed round Nonnie, and all got something to eat. She had in her pocket lumps of sugar for the horse, some sweet clover for the cow, the hemp for the hens, a bit of candy for the dogs, and nuts for Polly and me, though how she knew we were coming we didn't know, and then—and then a dreadful thing happened.

RIGHT up out of a deep bed of brakes behind Nonnie's stone pulpit started my master. He must have been lying there hidden, and clever as Nonnie was, and clever as Polly and I were, we had not known it.

His face was white with rage, and he addressed Nonnie sternly, "What do you mean by that lamb rubbish?"

Nonnie never said a word, but her big black eyes rolled helplessly.

"How much do these people here know about me?" he went on in a quiet but very furious voice.

Nonnie made a gesture that took in the whole pasture.

"They know everything?" he asked, and she nodded her poor old head, while tears poured down her cheeks.

Master Nappy put his hand in his pocket and flung at her feet a lot of paper money that I had taken such pains to collect. Then he wheeled round and made for the house, so blind with fury that he staggered as he walked.

The animals all slunk away, and Nonnie sank in a heap on the ground, and buried her face in her hands. I saw no more of anyone, for my concern was with my master, and I tracked him as he went toward the house, taking good care, however, not to get too near him.

He went in the back door and slipped stealthily up to his room. I crept by way of the trees to a maple

outside his window, where he caught sight of me and shook his fist in my direction. "You got me into this mess—you——" and he called me his choicest bad names. Then he ordered me to come to him, but I knew better than to obey.

He was packing his trunk and suit-case, and presently, creeping from the room to find out what everybody was doing, he found the way clear to the Doctor's office. His aunt was leaning over the front gate laughing and chatting with a neighbor, the children were on the sidewalk, and no one was looking his way. He stepped through the window and ran up the back way to the station, I, of course, following him at a distance.

I saw him hurry to the waiting-room, and knew he would catch a train that I heard blowing in the distance, and then I began to realize what was happening, and wended my way drearily home.

The Doctor was reading to the children on the lawn at the back of the house. He often did this between afternoon tea-time and supper-time. To-day, strange to say, it was the story of a saintly old priest who lived hundreds of years ago and who was very fond of animals. He used to preach sermons to the birds and tell them that they should sing praises to their Creator, and he tamed a savage wolf who was killing children, and he even addressed thoughtful fishes who swam to the water's edge to listen.

"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that thou were here again!" said the Doctor, and closed the book.

Like a monkey in a dream I looked about me and found that Polly had come to sit on the maple branch beside me.

"Cheer up," she said, "all is not lost."



"My heart is broken, Polly Shillaber," I said. "I have driven my master away. Oh! how I wish I had never stolen that money!"

"He taught you to steal," said Polly gently, and just here I must say that, though Polly is by nature pretty cranky in peaceful times, when real trouble comes she is a jewel.

My tongue, usually so ready, could find nothing to say here, and she went on. "Sometimes the thing that drives you away is the thing that brings you back."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Did you notice that he flung the money on the ground? A year ago he would have laughed at the village folk and taken it with him. Returning the money leaves the way open for his own return."

"They might arrest him, Polly Shillaber," I said.

She shook her grey head, and her lovely yellow eyes looked straight into mine. "Never in this village."

"Why not, Polly?"

"Because everybody knows everybody here, and his mother was a great favorite."

"But in the meantime, Polly, he is desperate. I am afraid he will do some very bad thing."

"Come and see Nonnie," said Polly softly. "She is nearly crazy."

I followed her sadly to Nonnie's room in the attic. The poor old soul had come home and gone right to bed, and Mrs. Sandys, thinking she was sleeping, had not disturbed her. She lay on her bed, neither speaking nor moving, and when Polly lighted on her shoulder she never looked at her.

"You try her," whispered Polly to me, and I crept up to the bedspread and put a clammy hand on her forehead.

Nonnie shut her eyes and murmured, "Baby fingers—Nonnie's lamb."

"Smooth her forehead," suggested Polly, and I drew off the old woman's white cap and stroked her hair as well as I could, for her wool was pretty kinky.

Presently there was a scream from below. Rachel had come upstairs to wash and dress for supper, and had discovered her brother's trunk standing in the middle of the floor all ready to be taken to the station.

Polly and I scuttled down. The whole family was there, Dr. and Mrs. Sandys looking alarmed, and the children behaving in a stormy way, for Master Nappy had been a great favorite with them.

Rachel was inconsolable, and her aunt put her to bed; and then it occurred to her that Nonnie might have something to do with her nephew's abrupt departure, so she went upstairs.

The dear old woman could not speak; she just moved her head feebly, and Mrs. Sandys called her husband, who, after feeling her pulse, gave her a powder.

I felt like a murderer, and Polly had all she could do to comfort me. She made me go to the veranda and showed me some nice tit-bits she had hidden away from me. They were all at my disposal now, but I could not touch them.

"Polly," I said, "my heart is sick, and my stomach is sick."

"Then go to bed," she said; "but whose bed? That is the question. You don't want to sleep in your master's room?"

"I feel as if I never wanted to go in that room again," I said, and I began crawling sadly upstairs on my hands and feet. The hands part of me led me to Nonnie, and I crept in bed beside her, for though

it was a warm day, my trouble had made me cold all over.

I seemed to do her good, for she revived a little and muttered:

“Take up de young lambs,  
Tote 'em in your bosom,  
An' let de ole sheep go.”

“Good night,” said Polly to me. “The best thing you can do is to go to sleep.”

“Is Nonnie very ill?” I asked anxiously.

“No, I heard the Doctor say that she is only overcome by the shock of the boy's departure. She has been this way before.”

I lay in bed thinking harder than I ever had before thought in my monkey life. Polly had been good enough not to say a word of reproach to me, but I knew her opinion. I had been sowing since I came to the village, and now I was beginning my reaping. I had lost my own reputation, driven my master away, made Nonnie ill, and Rachel very unhappy, and spoiled the good work of the Sandyses in trying to reform their beloved nephew.

I could fancy what it was like downstairs. Usually in the evening, when lessons were over, the children gathered round Master Nappy, and he told them wonderful stories of foreign places, being careful to say nothing that would shock them. While he spoke he never lost a chance to give them lessons in polite behavior, and they seemed to think more of his advice than they did of what their parents told them.

Lament was his especial charge, and he made him get up whenever his mother came into the room, and pull down the curtain for her or put it up, or do anything she wished.



"A true gentleman always waits on women," he said to the boy.

Then he advised the children not to scream, and as his own voice was always pitched low, they took pains to imitate him—oh! what should we all do without that darling boy!—and I shivered and shook and chattered my teeth till something happened to comfort me.

Hour after hour went by, and I could not sleep. At last, in the middle of the night, I heard quiet steps, and there stood Dr. and Mrs. Sandys in dressing-gowns and with a lighted lamp.

Dr. Sandys put the lamp on a table and looked at Nonnie, who was now sleeping calmly. "Ales," he said, "Nonnie hasn't been away from home for a long time."

"No, Harlowen," she said, calling him by his old family name that had been used by the family in England hundreds of years ago. "I wish she could have a trip just now."

The Doctor smiled. "I had a letter from Brother Dick to-day. He said he would come up here and take charge of my practice for a fortnight if I wished a holiday."

Mrs. Sandys was pretty quick-witted. "And you would take Nonnie and me somewhere?"

"Exactly! We'd take the double-seated carriage, drive around the shore road to grandfather's, and ask his advice. He's a wonderful old man, Ales, and we shall not have him for many years."

"Just the thing," whispered Mrs. Sandys happily; "and how glad I shall be to see my beloved mother. Which of the children shall we take?"

"Rachel, of course. She will have no heart for study after this blow."

"Harlowen, you are the best man in the world," said Mrs. Sandys in a very loving way, and she squeezed

the sleeve of his purple dressing-gown in which he stood, looking just like a king.

Soon they went away, and I crept under the bed-clothes, resolving in my monkey mind that I would be one of this party, and I was.

The next morning, when Dr. Sandys went round the neighborhood, to hire two horses, for he had to leave Dancer for Dr. Dick, I went with him. I saw he was the leader of the expedition, and indeed, my dear friend Polly, to whom I whispered my hopes, said, "The Doctor is the boss of this family. Keep near him if you want anything."

I tried to please him in every way. I picked little specks off his coat, I offered him an all-day sucker that a nice man down at the post-office gave me, and that I had licked only once when his back was turned. I was careful to eat neatly, and not snatch, and I scratched myself just as little as possible. Yet hour after hour, as I trotted round after him, he took little notice of me, except to smile kindly once in a while.

We were to start the next day, and as no mention had been made of me, I was rather despondent, but when I went to climb the stairs to Nonnie's room that night, he burst into a great laugh, and said, "You may go, Slyboots."

I sprang back to him, and running up his trousers' leg, stroked his nice sleek brown hair till he flung up his head and said, "Go and comfort Nonnie."

Nonnie didn't hold up her head till she actually got in the back seat of the carriage the next morning. Then she began to take notice. She smoothed approvingly the smart new dust-coat that had been bought in the village dry goods store for her, and pushed farther back on her head the shiny black sun hat that was really an old one of Mrs. Sandys done over, but no



one would ever know it. I was curled up on her lap and Rachel, smiling now, was seated beside her.

Nonnie had her master's monkey and his dear sister—what more could she want outside of himself? So she smiled, too, and waved good-bye to the children, who were all out in the yard to see us start.

The village nurse, who was young and frisky, and liked a good time, and yet who would be careful of the children, stood with them all around her. They were to have picnics every day after school, and now they skipped about us, except Benjie, and I saw the mother's eye go to him.

His lip was trembling, and finally he blurted out, "Benjie is mudder's baby."

He was jealous of Rachel—the darling boy—and Mrs. Sandys sprang right out of the carriage. "Harlowen, I cannot leave my baby."

"And I can't leave mine," said the young man with a jolly laugh, "so bring him along. There's plenty of room."

Mrs. Sandys, though a good-sized woman, was as light on her feet as a cat, and in ten minutes she had run into the house, packed a bag with Benjie's things, and was out again and into the front seat of the carriage with her baby between her and her husband.

"I'se got a dirty face," said Benjie, "I know I has, 'cause I'se been a-eatin' of the good candy you guv me to be a good boy an' stay home. Mus' Benny throw it away?"

"No, darling," said his mother, hugging him to her. "We're going on a holiday. Never mind about your face."

Now we were really off, and the neighbors and the children waved good-bye as we rolled out to the street. Some of the homing pigeons followed us a

little way, but none of them went far from their happy home.

One faithful follower we had—the fat dog Millie, who tugged along beside us over the white road. I shall never forget the sight of that fox terrier on our trip. She used to run so close to the wheels that there was always a layer of dust on her eyelashes. Dr. Sandys often invited her into the carriage, and sometimes she got in, but usually she ran.

“To reduce my flesh,” she said gravely to me when I asked her why she did not drive with us. “I am too fat, and when one is too fat, one dies young. I have a pleasant life with the agreeable Sandys children, and I wish to live.”

She did not growl much at me now, for I had found out what was the matter with her. One day when I was playing with her and stroking her throat, I found a lump, and she said it made her nervous, and so she growled to keep persons away from her.

“A doctor’s dog should not have anything the matter with her,” I said, and she replied that Dr. Sandys knew all about it, for he was a man who kept a strict look-out for the health of all his animals. He had already operated on her throat, and there was no infection there, but it made her nervous.

“There is always a reason for animals being cross,” she said, “just as there is always a reason for human beings acting disagreeably.”

I felt badly to think that Polly had disappeared just about the time that we were to start. She was the only member of the family absent, for even the hens and the cow and the horse had been in the yard. I knew that she was keenly interested in our trip, for she had chattered all the day before about it. However, Miss Polly had a longer head than I thought

she had, and I shall soon tell why she did not shriek out a farewell to us.

We drove all the morning along a smooth road that led down the Valley past fertile farms where raspberries and blackberries were being picked for the city markets. The delicious red strawberries and the black and red cherries were gone by this time, but there were plenty of other fruits and vegetables, and loads of young apples, pears and plums were ripening on the trees in the big orchards.

There was a string of villages all down the Valley, each one with a character of its own, and in between the villages in most places large trees bordered the roadside, so that driving was a pleasure.

"This is the proper way to travel," I heard Mrs. Sandys say to her husband. "How much better it is than tearing along in an automobile or in a train. Dear me! there is another of those motors coming. How often we have to turn out!"

"We have to put up with them," said her husband, "since they mean progress. Now suppose we stop here at Uncle Tobias Sandys' for dinner."

What a magnificent stock farm we rolled into! I was fascinated by the horses and dogs, but they had nothing so wonderful in the way of animal life as something that emerged from under our back seat with an apologetic little squawk.

We were all convulsed with amusement. There was Miss Polly, very hot from her confinement, but very cheerful and sure that she would be received with pleasure.

Rachel hugged her. "You precious rogue—but you shall have a nice time. Did the old family pet want a holiday?"



"Polly wants a cracker and a drink," and the parrot ran out her funny tongue.

I walked right up to her. "Look here, Polly Shillaber," I said, "I don't understand you."

"What do you mean?" she asked in a guilty way.

"You know what I mean, you old humbug. Why did you tell me that I must curry favor with the Doctor in order to get an invitation to come on this drive?"

"Because I wished to give you pleasure," she replied.

"I did the honest thing," I went on, "and you have been sneaky, and what astonishes me is that while I am always being blamed for doing the under-hand thing, you are praised for doing it."

"I am only a bird," she said, "and the good Sandyses know it."

"And I am only a monkey," I said. "Now what is the difference between us?"

She hung her pretty grey head and bit at the gravel with her beak, for we were standing right on the drive while the Tobias Sandys family greeted our family.

"Come up on this wall," she said at last, "for I see you want to argue this thing out, and we might get trodden on here by some of those beautiful thoroughbreds that are coming in."

"Come away from the horses," I said, "and talk about yourself."

She cackled feebly. "You have got me in a regular hole in a tree, Jimmy Gold-Coast, and I shall have to apologize. At first I did counsel you to take the honest course and beg for an invitation, but when you got it, I began to think how lonely I should be without you, and I thought I should like to come, too. I did

not dare to wheedle, for I felt the Doctor would say that he had enough live-stock with you and Millie, who always goes to grandfather's, so I really had to play a little trick on everybody."

The old thing was so sweet and cajoling that I had to forgive her, but I said earnestly, "I am really trying to be a better monkey, Polly, and I am seeking information. Do all good birds and animals sometimes slip up and do bad things?"

"I fear they do," said Polly gravely, "but that mustn't stop you from trying to do better next time."

"Does Mrs. Sandys ever do anything naughty?" I asked.

Polly thought a minute, then she said, "Not very often, though sometimes she doesn't tell her husband why she wishes him to do certain things."

"That's no harm," I said; "all women do that."

"That's all I did to-day," said Polly. "I just hid the truth under the seat."

"Polly," I said, "I believe that when we look at others, our eyes are straight, and when they look at ourselves they are crossed. I know I am a naughty monkey, but I don't believe I am as naughty as you think I am."

"My head aches, Jimmy Gold-Coast," she said patiently, "and your talk confuses me. Let's go to that Virginia creeper by the window. The smell of asparagus and butter sauce coming from the dining-room is perfectly fascinating."

We certainly had a good dinner that day. Everybody in the Valley dined at noon. At night we had supper with other relatives, but I must not stop to describe our life for the next few days, but just say that it was a succession of visits to hospitable homes, where everybody knew everybody, as Polly had said,

and everybody visited everybody. I recognized many of our hosts as having driven their carriages into the Sandys' back yard and put their horses into the barn, and afterwards gone to the spare room, where they stayed as long as they liked.

All this part of the Valley was English-speaking, but after two days we came to a long blue bay where everyone spoke French. There were many villages like beads on a string along the shores of this Baie Sainte Marie, and I gazed at them in delight from the back seat, where Polly and I usually sat on Nonnie's capacious lap. She had her feet on a footstool, and did not wriggle as Rachel did.

We stopped for the night in a place called Petit Ruisseau, and Dr. and Mrs. Sandys talked to the people in French, but Rachel, who timidly tried a few words on them, could not make them understand.

I loved the pretty shy children and the quaint women with the black handkerchiefs on their heads. They reminded me of little journeys I had taken in France with my beloved master.

"Why do the old ones cry when they talk?" I asked Polly, and she said they were recalling a sad time long ago when the English turned their forefathers out of their homes in the beautiful Evangeline country. After their children struggled back they looked in the windows of these old homes and saw the English and Americans enjoying them, and they had to come to this fishing country, where the land was not so good."

"But everybody is happy now," Polly wound up, "and all races live peaceably together in Canada."

"In Nova Scotia, you mean, don't you?" I asked.

"No, I mean Canada. This is a great big country divided into provinces, and Nova Scotia is only one



of them—the best, of course, and the most romantic, but still only one. Haven't you heard the children sing 'O! Canada'?"

"Yes, I have," I said, "and 'God Save the King.' I suppose that is because England rules over you."

"England does not rule over us," she said stubbornly. "We're a Dominion, and England and her Dominions belong to the British Empire."

"But you all stick together when there is trouble, don't you?" I asked.

"Certainly! England is the big mother parrot, and her Dominions are like the young parrots. When the kites come we all flock together and drive away the mischievous birds. By the way, Jimmy Gold-Coast, why do you speak of yourself and your master as being English?"

"Well, we have lived mostly in London."

"And you were born on the Gold Coast, and he was born in Nova Scotia—you're both Canadians."

How I laughed at the funny old bird, and told her that as Nova Scotia was so beautiful, I thought I would choose Canada for my country.

So we joked and chatted as we drove along, and everyone tried to forget the shadow that was hanging over us. Poor old Nonnie scarcely opened her mouth. She just sat and thought all day long, and once I heard her mutter, "Ole black thing mus' learn to hold her tongue."

Everybody was very nice to her in the places where we stopped, and at the French inn they gave her one of the best rooms in the house. She did not eat with the family, though, and in one house where a place was set for her beside the Sandyses at the table, she drew back and said, "My great-grandfadder was a king in Africa—I eats alone."

Then how she laughed, and everybody joined her. Polly said to me, "If Nonnie were well educated, she could associate with anyone. I've heard her say, 'I can't talk like white folkses, an' wherefore should I sup wid dem? Dey're oneasy and I'm oneasy.'"

Would that I had time to tell of the adventures we had, and the interesting places we passed through when we left the French country, but I must hurry on with my story, for I have left my master in a very bad frame of mind, and with precious little money in his pocket. I must just say, though, that I was struck by the number of schools everywhere, and Polly told me that Nova Scotians as a class care more for education than money. Of course, the school-houses were closed just now, as it was holiday time, but I had often prowled round the one in Downton, and I knew just what the children did.

I liked best when their fresh young voices came floating out the windows as they repeated all together the names of the counties in their province—I can hear now, though many years have elapsed, the sing-song tones:

"Antigonish, Pictou, Cumberland, Colchester,  
Hants, Kings, Annapolis, Digby,  
Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queens, Lunenburg,  
Halifax, Guysborough, Richmond, Cape Breton,  
Inverness and Victoria."

They always pronounced Victoria with a long accent on the last A, and brought the letter out with a funny drawl that made me press my hand over my mouth to keep from snickering, for if the teacher had seen me at the window, she would have driven me away.

I must not forget to tell of Millie's escapade, which took place near a fine little manufacturing place called Yarmouth, where one took the boat for Boston.

As we were driving past the villas on the outskirts of Yarmouth, all of us happy and comfortable, little Benjie in between his parents, and Polly and I on the back seat with Nonnie and Rachel, a sudden gloom fell over the animal part of the company. I snuggled under Nonnie's coat, and Polly crawled down to the bottom of the carriage.

Mrs. Sandys turned round, and Nonnie said, "De critters smell somethin'."

Mrs. Sandys looked over the wheel at Millie, who had left the road and was trotting under the carriage. "It's a circus," she said. "I read in the paper that one was coming here, and there are the tents."

Polly gave a horrid squawk. "Millie's a good dog. Go hide yourself, doggie." Then she held her tongue, and did not speak again till we had driven through the flourishing town.

The big tents were up in a field, and as the Doctor averted his head from them, for all the Sandys hated to hear of performing animals, I peeped from under Nonnie's coat at Millie, and saw that she had come from under the carriage, and was running along a foot-path.

Presently she darted aside into a thicket of flowering shrubs, and we did not see her until we had left the town far behind us.

Mrs. Sandys was worried, but Nonnie said, "You let dat dog alone. She know dis road like a human."



She got some business of her own. She jine de band later on."

So she did join the band, for as the Doctor sat on the front seat looking back on the road by which we had come, Millie appeared in sight, and going very slowly.

I started from Nonnie's lap at the dirty, bedraggled dog that Millie was escorting. He was in a dreadful state, and had been struck by something over one eye, which was closed and bleeding.

Dr. Sandys handed the reins to his wife and sprang out of the carriage.

"Someone has been abusing this dog," he said, as he washed the wound in one of the tiny streams that run like pretty ribbons across Nova Scotian roads.

The dog was terribly frightened and nervous, and kept shuddering and looking back toward the town.

The Doctor took out his black bag, put something in the dog's eye, then wrapped him in one of the carriage rugs and lifted him in beside Nonnie.

How the human beings talked and speculated about that dog, but Polly and I had his history in a jiffy. I dropped down beside him, and stroking him gently to give him courage, told him what a good home he had fallen into, and Polly said, "Talk, dog, and tell us who you are, where you come from, and whether you want to stay with us."

"I am a circus dog," said the poor little fellow, "and have been performing for five years, but I have been so cruelly treated that I am broken down and can't remember my parts. My trainer kicked me out to-day, and told me to go drown myself, and I was just sitting looking at a stream by the roadside and wishing that I could end my misery, when this

good fat dog here came running up to me, and told me to keep a stiff upper lip and come along with her. So here I am."

"And here you'll stay," cackled Polly, "unless the good Sandys family finds a home for you."

"If I could just have one day without a beating!" sighed the poor little dog. "I'm sore all over."

"You won't get beaten here," said Polly. "People who don't beat each other don't beat their animals. Cheer up! here's Millie begging to be taken in. She'll lick your sores, and there's healing in her tongue."

Dr. Sandys reined in the two horses, and Millie was lifted in beside her new friend, and did lick his sores until her tongue got tired. Then she lay gazing happily at the sleeping Shaker, as Rachel named the new-comer.

Hipper and Hopper were the two stout horses who drew us along, and Polly and I had a good deal of fun with them, for they were utterly without humor. There are horses like that, but not many. I tried to get acquainted with them that very night, and asked them where they came from.

"We belong to Widow Mary Ann Willard of Willowdale Farm," said Hopper.

"She that was Mary Ann Duckworth," said Hipper.

"What do you mean by, 'She that was'?" I asked.

That puzzled me, and the two horses glanced at each other as if to say, "What an idiot that monkey is." However, Polly helped me out, and explained that Mrs. Willard had been a Miss Duckworth before she was married.

"Where were you born?" I next asked the horses.

"Born on Willowdale Farm," said Hopper; "raised on Willowdale Farm, and live on Willowdale Farm."

"Have you travelled at all?" I inquired.

"Never travelled," said Hipper; "never wish to. From the barn to the pasture, and up the mountains, and up and down the Valley is all we want."

"You're travelling now," I said.

"Yes, and we don't like it," said Hopper. "A strange stall every night. I wish your master had left us with our widow."

"I think it's fun to travel," I said.

They never uttered a word. They didn't care a rap about me.

I tried them with the new dog. "Wasn't it kind in Millie to rescue that terrified animal?" I asked.

They were silent until I badgered them for an answer, when Hipper said, "'Don't bother yourself with what goes on outside your blinders' is our motto."

"What about that saucy horse-fly that's teasing you?" I inquired.

"I wish I could catch him," said Hopper, stamping viciously. "I'd make mincemeat of him."

"Would you like me to attend to him?" I said.

They both looked eagerly at me, and I leaped up, made a horrible face at the fly, and sweeping my fingers through the air, nearly caught him. The fly was frightened to death, and darted away to pastures new.

"Now, gentlemen," I remarked, "have you anything to say to me?"

"Thank you," they both uttered politely, and Polly, who was sitting on a near-by manger nearly killing herself laughing, said, "Come away, there are some folks like that. Just hear them munching away and muttering that the oats are not half so good as the Widow Willard's——. What do they care for you



and me and the Gold Coast? Their world is bounded by the Willowdale fence. If they'd been trained without blinders, they might be different."

These horses amused me, and I went to bed chuckling over their funny solemn ways.

The next day and the next we drove through Shelburne County with its jagged shore line, for Nova Scotia, though a small province, has a thousand miles of coast, and each little bay seems prettier than the one before it. Finally we came to the beautiful Liverpool Bay in Queen's County.

Here a good-sized river came sweeping down to the Atlantic past the interesting-looking town on its banks, where rows of stately old mansions stood facing the water. We did not stop here, but drove for several miles until we arrived in the village of Rossignol.

"Why is it called Rossignol?" asked Rachel.

"One Frenchman who was drowned here gave his name to this place which was settled by a shipload of Boston folk," said Dr. Sandys. "This village is more New England than New England, and is quite different from the Valley which is mixed English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh, with a sprinkling of Americans."

The village spread itself out in a leisurely way on both sides of the river, and the houses, though fairly near together, were not crowded, but had long farms and gardens extending back of them. I could see that the land here was not so fertile nor so free from stones as in the Annapolis Valley. Huge rocks, often fern-covered and very picturesque, stood right in the middle of hay fields. I also noticed that they were later here with their haying than in the Valley. Men were out in the fields, and the wagons, loaded with the fragrant grass, were moving in and out among

the rocks, leaving a warm delicious odor floating behind them.

When we got to the middle of the village where the air was full of the most pleasant buzzing and humming of saw-mills, the Doctor pulled up Hopper and Hipper before a big cream-colored house standing at the top of a cross street that faced a long bridge over the river. That was Grandfather's house, and there stood the old man himself in the high porch with the wooden seats each side of it. Enormous locust trees drooped their branches over his head. The blossoms were gone, but beside the veranda steps were bunches of syringa which were in full bloom. The air was heavy with their perfume, and on Grandfather's right hand stood Grandmother, a dear old lady whose hair was as white as the syringas.

"Looks like a golden wedding," said Mrs. Sandys, as she observed the crowd of aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews who stood behind the grandparents. How they ran down the steps when they saw us, and what an exclaiming and embracing went on!

I ran for my life from the children, and whispered to Polly who flew after me, "Show me that closet you told me about, will you?"

She took me to the closet under the stairs, and fortunately some of the children had left the door open.

"Naughty Polly Shillaber," I said, turning to her and speaking indistinctly, for my mouth was full, "you didn't tell me half the glories of this closet. I never saw such cake and preserved fruit in my life."

I stuffed myself, but Polly would not take a thing, for she said she must really watch herself now that I was so sharp about watching her.

"Don't you really want some of these goodies?" I



asked, as I crammed some more crystallized figs in my cheek pouches.

"Yes, I do," she said. "I'm hungry."

"I'm beginning to see," I cried. "I'm beginning to see. I'm backsliding, for I'm stealing, but you are going ahead. You're not doing the thing you want to do because you know it's wrong. To-morrow I shall begin being an honest monkey."

"To-morrow," she said thoughtfully. "Oh! Jimmy Gold-Coast, to-morrow is a good day, but to-day is a heap better," and didn't I have proof of this, for at that moment the lively Aunt Mercy, who kept house for the grandparents, came bustling along, and seeing what I was doing ran to get the key of the closet.

All that day there was a joyful hubbub going on, for the old house swarmed with relatives coming and going. They were mostly a lean, dark lot, very lively and sprightly in their ways, and none of them were very fat.

"The type of New Englanders of two or three generations ago," said the Doctor to Rachel, but she did not hear him. She was too much taken up with her cousins whom she had not seen since the summer before.

Polly was chuckling, "Jimmy Gold-Coast, you'll find that these water ducks are not so much given to farming as the Valley folk. They travel a lot, and go mostly to Boston where they all have relatives—look at those young ones out on the river. You wouldn't see that sight on our quiet Valley river."

Above the dam the wide river was covered with logs for the near-by saw-mills, and some of the Sandys' children were out on those logs. I saw that Rachel was among them. They skipped about like young goats, and the rough logs twisted and turned as if



they were trying to plunge the lively boys and girls in the dark brown water of the Liverpool.

I shuddered and said: "Suppose one fell down, Polly Shillaber——. Suppose Rachel's foot slipped?"

"She might drown, and then again she mightn't," said Polly coolly. "Don't fret about her, she can swim like a fish, and her boy cousins wouldn't let a visitor drown. They're very well brought up. Last summer two of those younger children you see out there were seated in a motor-boat tied up at a sea wall down at the mouth of the river, when a horse took fright and plunged into the river, carrying with him a heavy wagon. The wagon on going over the wall fell into the motor-boat, and turned it bottom side up. The children, instead of screaming in fright, watched the cart coming, dived into the water an instant before it struck the boat, and swam to safety toward their father, who had plunged into the water to help them.

"What became of the horse?" I asked.

"He was as level-headed as the children, being a Sandys' horse," said Polly proudly, "and swam after them to the shore."

I was extremely interested in these cousins, and watched them from day to day. The programme for the Rossignol children was about the same as in the Valley, namely, that they had to help the parents, and every morning after breakfast some task was set each child.

At Cousin John William's next door, the girls washed the breakfast dishes, swept the floors, tidied the broad verandas that went all round the house upstairs and down, while the boys of the family raked the yard, weeded the flower beds, swept off the broad sidewalk, ran errands for the mother to the village stores and then cut kindling.

This kindling cutting amused me greatly, for there was no end to it. All about the village were immense forests, so they had a never-ending supply of wood. The men sawed the big logs, but the boys had to chop up the thin pieces, and they made huge piles of it out in the yards or in the enormous wood-houses that stretched behind each house.

A favorite amusement of Cousin Christopher's next door was to stack up his kindling in neat piles, then dare any child to knock them down. Rachel was exceedingly bold about this, and would give a pile a push with her foot, then speed away up to the barn, spring over the low fence that kept the cattle out of the hay field, and run over this field up to the meadow, her cousin after her yelling like an Indian and threatening what he would do to her if he caught her.

He never did, for the only day that he got at all near she threw herself into the lovely deep, dark brook that wound through the meadow, swam over to Moose Hill, sneaked home a back way, and was in dry clothes and looking as innocent as a lamb before he got back.

Rachel's task every morning was to keep up her Latin, and she was shut up in her bedroom, which was a dear little room off her aunt's. In the big closet of this little room were queer things that her seafaring uncles had brought from the West Indies, and also two suits of uniform that Grandfather used to wear when he was in the militia. Every time Rachel felt lazy about studying, she would explore the closet and sometimes dress up in the old uniforms. She looked very comical in the heavy cloth garments with their touches of gold and red, and saluting herself in the glass she would laugh so hard that tears would roll down her cheeks.



I was always with her. She said that I was a help in studying this strange language, for she knew monkeys must have invented it. Then if she heard anyone coming to the room when she was in uniform, I was of assistance to her in stripping it off and hiding it. Once she made me ill and herself, too, for discovering a little bottle in the closet with some strong-smelling stuff in it, she used to put drops on lumps of sugar and eat them and give them to me, till one day that her aunt smelt my breath and explained to her what paregoric was. Rachel felt terribly, and said that she would never again taste anything in a strange bottle until she had showed it to a grown person.

If the other children finished their tasks before she did, they came and yelled under her window and then she put her fingers in her ears and set to work to get her studying done. Every other day Grandmother called her to do her stint, which was a long seam on a sheet. How Rachel hated it! Her hands got hot and sticky, and her thimble rolled to the floor, and the sweet old Grandmother was inclined to let her off, and did so unless Aunt Ales came along. She was very particular with her young niece, and properly so, Polly Shillaber said, for the grandparents were apt to be too easy with Rachel on account of her being an orphan.

Grandmother often took Rachel by the hand and slipped up to the orchard with her. Apples were very precious here, for they did not grow as abundantly as in the Valley, and Grandfather was guarding his sweet apple trees. He had forbidden the boys to knock any off the trees. They could only pick up those that fell on the ground, but Grandmother kept a long stick hidden in the grass, and she used to strike off apples for Rachel and put them in a little basket that the



Indians made and hide them in her wardrobe. Oh! she was a kind old grandmother and Aunt Ales said it was a good thing that Rachel did not live here all the time for the grandparents would spoil her.

I found that here in this village, as in the Valley, there were a great many societies and clubs and organized sport for children and grown people, but the children when not out with play leaders had a good deal of fun among themselves.

OUR Sandys children were steeped in stories of adventure of all nations. Sometimes they were Canadians who were fighting Indians or the French, or even Americans when they had tried to raid Canada in old times, but usually they were Greeks and Romans.

Many a time have I taken part in the travels of a peculiar man called Æneas. Sometimes I was his poor old father whom he had a passion for carrying on his back. Sometimes I was a very queer lady called Dido, who seemed to fancy him more than he fancied her, and who finally burnt herself on a heap of wood. I was chosen for this part on account of my ability to jump off that funeral pyre after the match was lighted, in spite of my long-trained dress.

I was always a Trojan, because Rachel did not like the Greeks. I didn't care for these Greek and Trojan things, and always hid myself if I had fair warning, for what with the antics I had to go through with as Dido and the dreadful smells and smoke from burning Troy, the game was too fierce for me.

I am happy to say that a day came when the Greek and Trojan games were forbidden by no less a person than Grandfather himself. The children fooled him, and, like most people, he did not like to be fooled.

One night he was sound asleep when dear old Grandmother woke him by pinching his arm softly and saying, "Malachi, I hate to disturb you, but I fear for my roses."

"What's that? What's that?" asked Grandfather sleepily, for we knew just what he said and she said, as he told the story all over the village the next day.

"I fear that Cousin John William's cow will get my roses," repeated Grandmother.

"Where is she? Where is she?" asked Grandfather, stumbling out of bed and feeling for some clothes, for he was blinder at night than in the daytime.

"Out in the yard, Malachi, and she's feeding toward the garden. She may reach her head over the fence."

"Bother John William and his cow," said Grandfather, but he got up and tottered out-of-doors, Grandmother calling after him, "Be careful, Malachi; don't fall."

The old man felt his way along the side of the house, and sure enough there was a ghastly white cow apparently on her way to his wife's garden.

"Get out of here," said Grandfather softly, trying to remember the sleepers in the near-by houses.

The cow wouldn't stir, and Grandfather, going up, gave her some good whacks with his cane, but still she wouldn't move, and then he raised his foot and gave her a push that almost sent him over himself.

She went gliding down the gentle incline to the street in such a queer way that it roused Grandfather's suspicions, and hurrying after her, he passed his hand over her white body.

She wasn't a cow at all. She was a horse, and she had a window in her which was suddenly opened, and to his amazement, Grandfather was addressed indignantly by two of his Greek grandchildren, who, thinking he was a Trojan, were just about to open up an attack on him when they discovered who he was and scrambled from their place of refuge.



Grandfather spluttered so much that he roused us all, and I sprang from bed, and Nonnie rolled out, and we both put our heads out the window in time to hear Grandfather's roar, "You'll surprise the Trojans in the morning, will you! Well, I'll surprise the Greeks to-night! I fear you with your gifts—get that beast out of my yard this instant. You have nearly frightened your Grandmother to death."

The two Greek children went behind their horse and pushed it out the gate and down the hill with such vigor that they lost control of it, and it went gliding to the bank and into the water, where it probably frightened many Trojan fishes as it went floating out to sea.

Grandfather had the whole set of warriors lined up before him the next morning, and finding that there had been some pretty hot fighting going on, especially between Rachel, who was Æneas, and her cousin Dan, who was Achilles, he said, "You children stop playing in dead languages and keep to living ones, or I'll wallop you."

There were many jokes through the village about the children's horse, and Rachel said thoughtfully, "We'll be Scots and English. That will please Grandfather, for his sister married a man who came from Inverness. Come on, all ye ex-Trojans, and be sworn in as MacHadrass," and she went through with some quaint ceremonies that made them blood brothers and sisters of her, the only member of her clan in the place, singing meanwhile the spirited song:

"A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lowland laws he held in scorn;  
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman."

For days they practiced the wild cry of the family: "Who threatens a MacHadra threatens the clan"; then she led her shouting band up and down the streets and into the fields in search of the treacherous clan Gregor, which had long continued in "blood, slaughter, theft and robbery," against these model MacHadrass.

Poor Rachel! She did not know then of the forays against society of her own father and brother.

Her mountain fastnesses were the rocks of the pasture, and her trusty claymore a barrel stave, and she gave such good clouts with it that a boy cousin, whom she caught one day in a fair field of battle, exclaimed as he rubbed himself ruefully, "If Grandfather got a crack from that claymore, he'd send us back to Greeks and Trojans."

Of all their games, I liked best the running ones, and I always sped along by Rachel's side. These games were the favorites for rainy days, but sometimes, if it poured too hard, Mrs. Sandys made me stay in the house. I was a pretty healthy little monkey by this time, for good food, good air and plenty of exercise had taken away from me my former rather delicate appearance.

If I was kept in, I watched the children from the windows, for one could go all around the house and survey the country from every side. What they liked best when it rained was permission to get as wet as possible, and they always began the day's performance by running to all the hogsheads that stood at the corners of wood-sheds and back kitchens to catch nice soft rain-water, and jumping up and down in them as hard as they could. Then they flocked to the river, and getting out boats and canoes, practiced rescue work, upsetting themselves and gallantly aiding each other to reach the shore, singing meanwhile their



Canadian boat songs. To wind up, they usually manipulated their birch-bark canoes through some non-dangerous rapids, and then tore to the house in response to the calls from the big conch shells that their fathers brought from the West Indies, and their mothers blew for them to come and change their clothes.

If it was a hopelessly rainy day, they played all manner of games in the long wood-sheds at the backs of the houses.

I did not understand why the people in this village by the river had such enormous out-buildings, till Polly told me it was on account of their boats and canoes and supplies for their ships and saw-mills. All the big things were stored in the sheds, but in the attics of these seafaring people were mines of treasures that reminded me of some lines my master often repeated about the

"Beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea."

The children played in the attics by the hour, and sometimes Grandmother gave them a tea-party in hers, and while they gobbled up her dainties, she told them the old but ever-interesting story of their Grandfather's shipyard.

It seems that years and years before any of them were born, Grandfather had fitted out a lovely ship that was to go sailing away to the West Indies with a cargo of salt cod and Canadian produce of all kinds, and that was to come back laden with "sugar and spice and all things nice" for the Nova Scotians.

Unfortunately, when the beautiful ship got outside Liverpool light, she struck a sunken rock and went to pieces. A part of her cargo was rescued and carried to



Grandfather's shipyard, which was half-way between Liverpool and Rossignol. In this shipyard was a long storehouse, and in one end of it lived a caretaker and his wife. Grandmother said that one day when she was a young married woman she saw her husband come into the house and get his gun, and when she asked him what he was going to do with it, he said he was going to protect his property, for someone was trying to burn down his storehouse in the shipyard.

Grandmother said she would like to go with him, and after some coaxing, he allowed her to drive down the river with him. She said it was ten o'clock in the evening when they arrived, and in the shipyard were a number of wagons, for others had heard about the mysterious happenings and had come to see if they could understand what they meant.

The children always opened their eyes very wide when Grandmother came to this part, for although they had heard the story many times, they liked the old familiar thrill.

"And so, my dears," Grandmother would say, "when the clock struck twelve, and we were all sitting quietly in the caretaker's little parlor, Grandfather with his gun across his knee, such a clatter began. The caretaker's wife, who was a comely creature, rose and clasped to her breast her tiny babe, who was awaked by the awesome bangings and rollings upstairs in the loft, as if many ships were at sea and in distress. Even the shingles on the roof seemed to be clapping their hands, and just on the eve of my fainting, a miraculous ball of fire leaped from goodness knew where, and rolling wildly to and fro in the yard, burnt itself out."

"And what did Grandfather do?" the children always asked breathlessly.

"He rushed to the loft with the other men and led the search for hidden miscreants, but there were none there. By the time they arrived it was as calm as a summer day up in the long attic, and though they plunged behind sails and rigging and ships' fitting of all kinds, they found nothing, and so they came down again, and I revived and we drove home. Night after night the curious happenings took place, till the whole country-side was aroused and crowds of persons drove in to witness and try to solve the vexing puzzle."

"And what was the end of the story?" the children always asked, though they knew it quite well.

"The end was that a young sailor confessed he had been practicing black art just to amuse himself, but the fretted baby died, and he was sorry for his sin and soon died himself. That shows we should not do forbidden things," and Grandmother went on to preach the children a nice little sermon.

"And have you ever seen his ghost?" they would all say together.

Grandmother always shut her mouth primly at this, then after a while opened it to remark severely, "Your Grandfather does not believe in ghosts, my dears," and she would drink a cup of weak tea with them and then go downstairs to her arm-chair by one of the dining-room windows, where she sat nearly all the time knitting socks for her grandchildren.

From this window she could see what went on in the yard, and also catch glimpses of the villagers going by on the sidewalks. She wore a woollen wrap called a *sontag*, and the side of it toward the window was faded a light blue. I shall never forget the sight of her long, pale face, so sweet and kind, and the happy smile she gave the members of the family as they passed through the room or sat down to talk to her.

Such a beautiful old age, and I thought of the many unhappy old people I had seen out in the world, some of them beating their breasts and wishing for death.

Polly adored these attic talks of Grandmother's, for she told the children many tales of early days in the province, and the first time I went up she watched me narrowly and was bitterly disappointed when I was not overawed by Grandmother's ghost story.

"That's nothing to what I've seen in the East," I said, and I went on to tell her of wonders like fakirs throwing ropes in the air and boys climbing up them and having their heads cut off and stuck on again, and men swallowing fire, and walking barefoot on naked swords, and drawing gold out of the earth, and many other things, until she shook herself irritably and said she did not believe a word of what I said.

"You'd better go to church with Grandfather on Sunday and learn to speak the truth," she said; then she repeated in a disagreeable way some lines by an English poet:

"This is a tale of terror,  
Told when the twilight fails,  
And the monkeys walk together,  
Holding each other's tails."



WHEN Sunday came, I thought the children would sober down, and they did after they had their chicken fight.

The mothers got all the young Sandyses ready for church, and then went to prepare themselves.

The children came running from the different houses, and gathered out behind Grandfather's woodshed. Even little Benjie was there, and fought like a good fellow.

Polly had assured me that I would see some fun, and had conducted me up in Grandmother's pet pear tree, for the old lady loved pears better than any other fruit, and Grandfather had them growing all over the place.

This one was particularly luxuriant, and Polly and I sat among the young green pears ripening so nicely, and looked down on the children gathering below.

They made not a sound, contrary to their custom on weekdays, but the boys and girls, folding their arms, hopped up to each other and began to give some quite good blows with their elbows.

"Why don't they fight as on weekdays?" I asked Polly.

"They'd spoil their clothes. They have to be careful as it is, not to rip their sleeves, in which case they would have to stay at home from church and miss the fun with dear old Grandfather. There he comes. Now the chicken fighting will stop."

Sure enough, each young Sandys, breathing heavily,

but quite composed in manners, ran to Grandfather and accompanied him to Grandmother's garden.

He was all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, and looked very black and important. He wore on his head what he called "his best beaver," and it had quite a nap on it.

"Why does he put on such big gloves?" I asked Polly; "the fingers are much too long for him."

"No one knows," she said; "he always buys them a few sizes too large. Now watch him pick his posy. Is it to be peppermint or tansy? It's tansy this morning. See how the children hang over him."

"What makes them do it?" I asked.

"They want to sit near him in church. He has an old-fashioned box pew, and ranges as many children in front of him as he can. They can't see the preacher, but they watch Grandfather, and when his poor old eyes can't notice that the tansy has dropped from his fingers, he goes on smelling the glove tips and thinks it is still there."

"But that doesn't sound respectful," I said, "and these children are always kind to the old people."

"They don't laugh at him. They love him, and he keeps them awake; then when the sermon is half through, Grandmother stealthily feels in her long pocket and fishes out fat Spanish raisins and passes them down the line of children. I tell you, those raisins are worth going to church for. In the afternoon the children have their own service, and they enjoy that, for there is plenty of singing, but the old people take them in the morning as they want to bring the little things up in the way they should go. Poor old Grandfather, have you noticed that his eyes are almost shut? Dear me, I remember the times when those eyes were clear and wide open."

"Polly, how old are you?" I asked, for I never miss a chance to find out her age.

"I feel a thousand when you ask so many questions," she said, and flew away, so there was no chance of my getting any more information out of her that time.

I went and frolicked with Millie and her dog friend Shaker, who had grown quite contented and happy even in the short week we had been here.

I remember that day well, for something happened the same night that cut short our visit and made us go home in a hurry. However, to go back to the dogs—as we were running round the garden paths, taking good care not to step on the flower beds, Mrs. Sandys came walking slowly from the house holding on her father's arm.

She was telling him how Nonnie was grieving about his grandson Nappy, and how terribly afraid she was that he would do some wild thing.

The old man dropped on a stone bench, and said briefly, "Send her to me."

Mrs. Sandys went back to the house, and soon Nonnie appeared, twisting her apron in her fingers, and looking rather disturbed at the prospect of a talk with the determined old man.

I sprang up into a young acacia tree and peeped down at them. If I shut my eyes now, I can see Grandfather sitting on that bench with Nonnie standing before him hanging her head like a schoolgirl.

"Girl!" he said sternly, "I want you to put a stop to this nonsense. My daughter says you are making the whole house unhappy."

"Yes, sir," said Nonnie submissively.

"We brought you up here in this house," said Grandfather more kindly, "my wife and I. We had



many a trouble. Did you ever see us dull because things were not going our way?"

"No, sir," she said.

"Now cheer up," he went on, "the Lord reigns, and He is taking His own way in dealing with our boy. He does not ask advice of us feeble creatures in running this universe. Now have I your word that you will be cheerful and cease worrying my daughter?"

"Yes, sir," said Nonnie, and the interview was over, but when she went away, I, peeking down from the acacia tree, heard the old man mutter, "Good girl, Nonnie—seems just the other day we picked her up on that dusty Florida road."

His talk did Nonnie good, for that night when she went to bed she did not sing in a dreary voice such songs as "Dust an' Ashes Fly Over My Grave" and "I Heard a Lumbering in de Sky," but took to "Good News, de Chariot's Comin'" and "My Lord Delibered Daniel," which were much pleasanter for me, as I was always her room-mate.

That was a great night for Nonnie and me, and I little dreamed what was in store for us when I went as usual with her up the back stairs.

After her little sing-song, she went to sleep and slept unusually well, for during the afternoon she had taken a long walk up to the meadows with me and had picked a bunch of delicate marsh flowers for Grandmother, who always had a bouquet on the window sill by her rocking-chair.

I burrowed under the bed-clothes beside her, for the air from the river was cool at night, when suddenly something woke me up. We were right over the kitchen. The rest of the family slept in the large rooms in the front of the house which faced the river.

I wondered what the thing was that had waked me,

for Nonnie was not stirring, and there was not a sound in the house, that is, not a sound from any human being. Millie was out in the hall walking softly, and beside her was her friend Shaker.

"Anything wrong?" I asked, sitting up in bed.

"Not yet," said Millie, "but something is going to be."

I said nothing but just listened. I knew very well that we animals have something—I do not know what to call it—that warns us when anything out of the common is going to happen.

"Let's go and see Polly," I said, stealing out of bed, and feeling very pleased that Millie had at last come to feel that a monkey is the natural leader of dogs. I led them to the room where Mrs. Sandys slept in a great high four-poster with steps up to it, while her husband was out on a cot on the front veranda. Polly was on the mantelpiece just where she could look out at the bed of the man she idolized.

"Hey! Poll," I whispered, "what's in the air? You are the eldest of us creatures and ought to know."

Polly, who was wide awake, shivered and whispered, "I don't know, but I feel just as I do when the sailor ghost from Grandfather's ship-yard walks."

"Rachel's getting up," said Millie suddenly. "Hist! animals, get under the bed."

We all hid, but watched the little girl get slowly out of her bed, and walk in a dazed way to the glass door that stood wide open to the veranda.

Just at that instant old Nonnie came creeping in, fully dressed and looking scared but very quiet. She stared at the child as she stood by the door, but did not go to her.

Presently Rachel began to speak in a low voice. "Oh! the light—the beautiful light."

Nonnie slowly dropped to her knees, and joined her hands, but still said nothing.

Rachel went on, "Auntie dear, do wake up. Oh! it is so wonderful," and as she spoke, she went to her aunt's side and gently put a hand on her cheek.

Mrs. Sandys gave a happy sigh, turned in her bed, and whispered, "Oh! I am so sleepy—who is it? You, Rachel, dear? What is the matter?"

She did not say, "Has anything frightened you?" for fear was a word rarely used before the children, unless it was fear of wrongdoing. They were taught never to be afraid of anything living, and old Nonnie used to say, "If dose Sandys young ones met a lion in de road, dey'd say, 'Missa Lion, what you want?'"

Well, just now Mrs. Sandys roused herself, and sitting up, took Rachel's hand. "What are you staring at, dear?" she asked. "Is there someone on the veranda?"

"No, no," whispered Rachel in the same awed voice. "It is on the water. Such a beautiful thing, Auntie—a great pillar of light, not a pillar of salt like the one Lot's wife was turned into, but a pillar of light. Don't you see it?"

"Where, dear?" asked Mrs. Sandys, straining her eyes.

Now the strange thing was that we animals could see plainly the tall, wavering, wonderful sort of electric pillar out on the water, and while Rachel was trying to make her aunt see it we enjoyed to the full the extraordinary thing. Never in cities, where electricity is so abundant, have I seen anything approaching it for softness and beauty. Polly saw it, too, and her lovely yellow eyes widened till they looked twice as big as usual.

Nobody uttered a word, though, and I may say that



during my short life up to this time, I had in travelling with my master seen some strange and rather dreadful things, but the most remarkable of them had been carried on very quietly, and I had made up my monkey mind that the biggest occurrences in the world take place without shouting.

So on this night, which was to prove one of the most eventful ones in my dear master's career, everything was as quiet as death. There stood the little girl in her long white night-dress pointing her slender hand out toward the river, and the good aunt trying to see what Rachel wanted her to see, while the Doctor slept on and knew nothing of what was happening.

Presently Mrs. Sandys turned to Nonnie, who was still on her knees. "Nonnie," she said, "do you see what Rachel sees?"

Old Nonnie lifted her head and we all saw that tears were running down her cheeks. "Yes, Missa," she said. "Nonnie sees it. It's de light of de clan."

Mrs. Sandys frowned a little. "I have heard of this light," she said patiently, "but I hoped it was a fable."

"It ain't no fable, Missa," said Nonnie solemnly. "It's de death light, an' it always shines to de nearest folk of de new head of de clan."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Sandys in a low voice, for she seemed anxious not to wake her husband.

"Nonnie means dat de ole head he's dead, an' Mr. Nappy's de head of his Highlan' clan. Praise God—mebbe now he's goin' to be de light of his family."

Mrs. Sandys looked quite disturbed, and going out to the veranda she put a hand on her husband's shoulder.

Nothing ever surprised that man, for he was so used to being waked up in the night, so he roused himself,

and stifling a yawn, gave us all a piercing glance and said: "Quite a family gathering. Who is ill?"

"Harlowen," said Mrs. Sandys, "look right out there on the river above the dam. Do you see anything unusual?"

"A few more ripples than ordinary. Sky overcast—has the appearance of being a good day for salmon to-morrow."

"Is the light still there?" asked Mrs. Sandys in a low voice, turning to her niece.

"Still there," repeated the little girl, "and more beautiful and wavy than ever."

The Doctor seemed to prick up his ears, reached out a hand and took paper and pencil from a table, then sending Nonnie out of the room questioned Rachel exactly.

When she had told him just how the light appeared to her, he said in a quiet way that she had better go back to bed, and nodded to his wife to keep near her. Then he went out in the hall, and asked Nonnie the same questions he had asked Rachel.

Nonnie was crying all the time, but very quietly, for fear of annoying the Doctor and Mrs. Sandys, who did not altogether like this pillar of light affair. When they sent her away to her room, Millie and I and Shaker came out from under the bed and looked up at the Doctor.

He laughed under his breath. "Upon my word, Ales, if it weren't so fanciful, I'd say that these animals want to be examined, too. Jimmy Gold-Coast, what do you know of the light on the water?"

Now I had never heard my master speak of this light, but I am a monkey that believes in ghosts and spirits, and I put one hand on my chest and staring up at this good friend of mine I waved the other hand

solemnly toward the river, grunted in my most animated way, and nodded toward the big table lamp that his wife had lighted when she got out of bed.

The Doctor seemed surprised. "Ales, that monkey is trying to tell me that he saw something out on the river that resembled a lamp."

"Seems like it," said Mrs. Sandys in a puzzled way.

Now the light on the water that had by this time faded out, had not been like a lamp, but a pillar, and I began to measure with my hands high up in the air.

The Doctor shook his head and muttered:

" 'I'll look no more,  
(Lest my brain turn.)' "

"Get to bed, the whole caboodle of you," and laughingly he drove Millie and me and Shaker out of the room and went back to his cot.

He was soon asleep, his wife was asleep, but the good old Nonnie never closed an eye. First of all she had a time of rejoicing. She had not dared let herself go before the white people, but when we got back to her room, she shut the door and the windows, and let out her voice a bit in one of her nice Down South songs:

"He's gwine to jine de great 'sociation,  
He's gwine to jine de great 'sociation,  
Den his little soul's gwine to shine."

Grandmother and Grandfather who slept under us were both deaf, so there was no danger of her disturbing them. After a while she pulled herself up. "I'se a-rejoicin' over de death of a fellow mortal. De good Lord forgive," and she sank on her knees by the bed, and began to pray so softly that I fell asleep.



WHEN I woke up, Nonnie was sitting in her big chair by the window rocking back and forth as hard as she could, and chuckling, "Wake up weenie tontie Jimmy. Dis is a blessed mornin'. Nonnie feels like she'd been at a party. She ain't got no need of dressin'. 'Cause she ain't undressed. Come on downstairs. I smells de spicy coffee."

I hopped out of bed, gave myself a lick and a promise of a toilet, and followed her down the back stairs.

Mrs. Sandys, looking very thoughtful, was preparing the breakfast. She had a woman who came later in the day to help her with the children's washing, but nearly all the people in the neighborhood did their own work. She did not say a word about the pillar of light, and Nonnie was too discreet to refer to it.

When Rachel came downstairs, Nonnie stared at her, but the child after one knowing look at her, acted just as usual, and with the rest of the family trooped into the second-best parlor where Grandfather sat with a big book of prayers in his hand. No one could touch a bite in the house until he had his little religious service.

When they went to the table, Rachel started her breakfast with a bowl of the delicious cornmeal that her ancestors used to eat in New England. The child first covered it with a sweet brown sugar, then drowned it in thick yellow cream. All the children here ate plenty of this meal which was made into many kinds of puddings and cakes.

She wound up with a plate full of speckled trout and hot potatoes, and a glass of milk, so I saw that the occurrences of the night had not affected her appetite.

When she finished her breakfast she asked her aunt what she should do.

"Please wash the breakfast dishes," said Mrs. Sandys, and Rachel got a tray and piled the cups and saucers and plates neatly and took them to the back kitchen which looked on the porch.

While she was washing them, Nonnie and I sat on a bench by the door, which was the chosen spot for callers when any of the family happened to be working in the kitchen.

Polly came flying along, screeching "Good morning," and we both cuddled up against Nonnie, who was always warm and comfy no matter how cool the day. We never had hot weather by this river. It was pleasant and warm for human beings, but I often had to get my little jacket and wear it mornings and evenings.

As Rachel was working, her uncle came along. He had been in the garden, and had one of Grandmother's white roses in the corner of his mouth.

"How much better than a pipe," gurgled Polly. "That man never does anything bad."

However, just now he did something I did not approve of, for taking the rose from between his lips he gave Rachel a peculiar glance, and remarked, "There's no need to say anything about what you thought you saw last night, Girlie."

I was indignant. There had been a light, and we had all seen it but this good Doctor and his wife.

Then I listened eagerly to hear what Rachel would say, and so did Nonnie. To our relief, she did what a child often does when a situation becomes embar-

rassing. She burst out laughing, and taking her hands out of the dishwater, dried them on the roller towel.

"And Uncle Harlowen, there's no need for you to say anything about what you didn't see last night."

He laughed, he could not help it, and Polly and I could feel Nonnie's big body shaking like a bowl of jelly.

"Come on out to the garden with me, Girlie," said the Doctor. "I'm going to dig the potatoes for dinner."

I went along, too, for I loved to ramble up and down the gravel paths, and watch the growing plants and pull up tender carrots to eat. It was a fine old garden and had everything in it in the way of vegetables that would grow in this climate. The Doctor dug the potatoes from their nice sandy hills, and pulled some young beets for greens and then we went back to the kitchen. Rachel washed the potatoes and put them in a pan where young Aunt Mercy would find them all ready for one of the iron pots that swung over the blaze in the fire-place, for though every other house in the village had a cooking-stove, Grandfather would not allow one in his house.

Soon a troop of young Sandyses and their friends came running from the east and the west to seek Rachel out for games. They were going to play shop, which meant that they set out all manner of things on long tables in the wood-sheds, and traded with each other for them.

"No shops for me this morning," she said. "I promised to play with Benjie and the tiny tots."

The older children were disappointed, for she was their game leader; however, they knew better than to coax her, and soon swept away.



When Benjie appeared with a following of diminutive Sandyses, she led them to the mud-pie place up by the horse troughs at the barn. For about an hour she made very neat-looking pies with plenty of fresh sawdust for icing, which were presented to Grandmother's ducks on the little pond back of the barn. Then the children clamored for real pies, and she told them to collect blacking boxes.

All the men in Rossignol wore high boots on week days, though they dressed up on Sundays and holidays. These boots were of leather and the men wore them because they were so much in the woods and the water. Some of the men greased them, and some brushed them. They used a great quantity of blacking, which came in shiny boxes having a picture of a young grinning negro on the cover staring at himself in a highly polished boot-leg that shone like a mirror.

To shine these boots, the men would put a little water in the boxes, or if none were near, would spit neatly in the middle just to start things going. When the boxes were empty, the children collected them, washed and scoured them, and kept them for baking day, which was Wednesday. The women made pies, and cake, and bread, which in some houses, as in Grandmother's, were put on long-handled shovels and run into a deep oven by the fire-place in the front kitchen. The children always begged some dough and whatever fruit was going, or else they used dried currants, and they did make some very tasty pies which their mothers baked in the long ovens along with the big pies.

After these blacking-box pies were done, some children ate them, but they were mostly given to us animals, and mighty nice they were.

Old Nonnie came along when Rachel was making

her pies, and bending over a rough table that Grandfather had had put up for the children, Nonnie re-tied her hair ribbon, and smoothed it, then she went to the house, and singing softly to herself, tidied Rachel's chest of drawers, and taking out of her closet some clothes that did not really need washing she went to the back porch and put them in soak.

I was amused with the soap she used. It was what the women called "soft soap," and they made it themselves. It was brown and looked like glue, but it was very powerful. Mrs. Sandys did not do these old-fashioned things, but Grandmother did. She even made her candles in long moulds, for Grandfather was so old-fashioned that he would use nothing but candles himself, though he let Aunt Mercy have a few lamps for guests.

The old man looked very strangely at Rachel quite often that day, though no one could tell by the expression of his face what he was thinking about.

"He knows de whole thing," I heard Nonnie mutter. "Nothin' don't happen here widout someone runnin' to tell de wise ole man."

However, she did not dare to speak to him about the pillar of light, and he went round as usual with his eyes half shut. His face was as brown as leather, for he scarcely went into the house except to sleep. When his children remonstrated with him, he said, "I've lived outdoors, and I'll die outdoors," and all day long he tramped up and down the street, stopping everyone he met to talk to them, and transacting quite a bit of business meanwhile.

He was a great drinker in a good way. When a young man, he had brought from the West Indies very strong liquors and wines, and the queerly shaped empty decanters still stood on the old Spanish



mahogany sideboard, but now he drank ginger and pepper tea, and tamarind water and lime juice, and Grandmother, who allowed no other person to mix his drinks, always kept pretty little foreign-looking bowls of his favorite beverages in a row on the pantry shelf. If he didn't fancy one, he could take another.

He said one reason he was so well was that he drank so much and ate so little. He used to occupy himself at the table in watching his grandchildren eating, and what amused me very much, though Polly had told me about it in Downton, was that none of the tiny children were allowed to sit down at meal time.

They stood round the table, their little heads just appearing above it, and if they did not eat nicely, Grandfather would say, "Out, sir," or "Out, miss," and they would have to trot to the kitchen and stand round a funny little table that had about twenty legs.

How the children loved him in spite of his stern ways. He always had peppermint drops or what he called "sugar barleys" in his coat pockets, and every child that he met on the street got one of these candies. Sometimes he gave them pennies, or what he called "sixpences," which were ten-cent pieces. He never said dollars and cents, for he remembered the days when they had pounds, shillings and pence in Nova Scotia.

Night-times he was very tired, and lay on a big sofa in the kitchen with any visiting dogs behind him. There was always a roaring fire in the big open fireplace, unless the night was very warm, and I can tell you that behind Grandfather's back was a fine retreat, and Polly and I always got there first.

This kitchen was not the one where the work was done. That was the outside or back kitchen. This one was like a sitting-room, though all the cooking



was done in it. Sometimes at night there would be a little cake in the small bake-oven that sat before the fire, or the children would be roasting apples or popping corn. I had never before seen a sitting-room where cooking could be done, and I thought it was delightful, for the preparation of food is certainly a most interesting thing to men as well as animals. You get the smell of it as well as the taste, though Polly says that there are some silly people who object to a suggestion of food before it is put before them.

"Then they never know the delights of mouth-watering," said Millie, who was listening to her when she told me this.

All that morning I kept near Rachel or Nonnie. Rachel was thoughtful, but did not say much. Nonnie being black gave rein to her feelings, and several times went up in the orchard and rejoiced about our master.

It was a wonderful thing for him to be The MacHadra, for now everybody would look up to him, and he would certainly give up his roving life and settle down with his sister.

"And 'way off in Scotlan', dey don't know dat boy's been so frisky," she said over and over again, and I thought, "Poor old Nonnie—what about Scotland Yard in London where they have even his fingerprints?"

You see, Nonnie and I really believed his uncle had died, but Rachel and the other white people did not know what to think.

Well, the morning passed as usual and nothing happened, though Nonnie kept one eye on the road by the river up which the telegraph boy always came when he had anything for Grandfather.

After dinner, during which Grandfather gave everything on his plate to Benjie, he said he was going for fish.

Polly began to chuckle, and I asked her what made her merry.

"I'm not merry," she said in her contrary way. "I'm sorry for poor old Grandfather. When the children get on his nerves, he goes away by himself down the Bay, and comes home with the buggy full of the most delicious fish you ever ate."

"Better than the lovely pink salmon in this river?" I asked.

"Not better, but different. He gets deep-sea fish. It's nice for a change. Come watch the dear old man set out. It's as good as a play."

I followed her to the front of the house where the whole family was gathered looking rather scared. One of the uncles had harnessed the old half-blind horse Bide-A-Wee to Grandfather's buggy, and with a low "Do be careful, father," he put the reins in Grandfather's hand after he had mounted the seat.

Away drove the old man, looking neither to the right nor the left, and keeping exactly in the middle of the road.

"He'll go that way all the five miles to Beach Meadows," said Polly in my ear. "The automobiles come along and honk, and Grandfather pays no attention, and sometimes doesn't see them. Fortunately all the people in the county know him, but the family is dreadfully afraid that some day some stranger will kill him."

Hearing someone murmuring something I turned round and there was Dr. Sandys with an admiring smile on his face and saying:

"Four-square to opposition."

Then seeing I was watching him, he said, "I suppose you, with all your acquirements, psychic and otherwise, know just what that means?"

I clung to him, I jabbered, for I loved this man with the deep-set eyes, and he could not understand a word of what I meant, but old Nonnie coming along, translated for me.

"Docta," she said, "don't you see dat little fellow's tryin' to tell you dat he's got everythin' but de speech. He has de feelin's, but he can't 'spress dem. Can't you do somethin' to loosen his tongue?"

The Doctor was going to say something, but at this moment a boy came spinning along on his wheel. He had a telegram in his hand, and boy-like, for the first time he had come up the other side of the river, and so had missed Grandfather.

Dr. Sandys took the telegram, and laid it on Grandfather's desk. It would have to wait till he came home. No one would dare to open it in his absence, not even Grandmother.

When the old man drove into the yard after supper time with his load of fish, the telegram was handed to him, but to the disappointment of all the family peeping out of the windows, he got out his glasses, read it, and without a word put it in his pocket.

Surely it was not the telegram we expected, for if it had been, he would have only been too glad to tell us about it.

After supper it rained, and everybody gathered in the big kitchen, hoping from time to time that Grandfather would say something, but he never opened his mouth.

"Can you hear him groaning?" said Polly to me as we sat behind his back on the sofa.

"Yes," I said. "He's in trouble. I wonder what it is?"

"I wish I could read," said Polly. "I had a chance to see those words on the yellow paper, for I flew to his shoulder as soon as he came home."



"Were they about my master?" I whispered.

"I think so," said Polly, "for he muttered something about 'that boy.' "

"But it isn't the good news about being head of the clan?" I whispered.

"It can't be," said Polly. "Grandfather is a good man, but he wouldn't groan over the death of an uncle who has been unkind and neglectful to a nephew. We've got to wait a while to find out about it. The old man has reasons for his silence."

We did have to wait till the middle of the night to discover what was in that telegram, and in another that came later on.

About one o'clock there was such a thunderstorm that Nonnie could not sleep. I woke up when one roar shook the old house, and saw that she was out of bed and sitting in a chair looking at the lightning playing on the river and making the houses opposite lighter than day.

Presently she threw up the window, and thrust her old black head out into a downpour of rain. She made me nervous, and I got up and went to pull at her bed-gown.

"Dere's someone gallopin' up de road," she said. "I can hear de horse's foots on de bridge. It's a man, an' he's handin' somethin' through Grandfadder's bed-room window—my soul an' body, it's another telegram! Nonnie's goin' down. Where's my bath robe, an' run under de bed, monkey, an' get my slippers."

I FOLLOWED her as she went heavily downstairs, through the big kitchen and to the dining-room off which Grandmother and Grandfather, in spite of all the good-sized rooms upstairs, slept in one tiny one.

Trembling all over at the bold thing she was about to do, Nonnie knocked at the door, and said in a quavering voice, "It's Nonnie, is there anythin' she can do for you all?"

She had to knock two or three times to make the old people hear, but at last Grandfather threw open the door.

His face was working strangely, and without a word he handed her the paper in his hand.

She motioned it away. "Nonnie ain't got her glasses, sir."

"The MacHadra is dead," said Grandfather. "He and his son were out yachting and were lost in a storm. A firm of Inverness solicitors wishes me to communicate with my grandson, your master. He is the head of his clan now, and a rich man."

Old Nonnie threw up her hands with a suppressed "Praise God!" Then something told her all was not well, and she looked beyond Grandfather at something.

Peeping from behind her bath-robe, I saw that poor old Grandmother was sitting up in bed, her face a picture of woe, and paler than the white night-cap tied under her chin.

"Show her the other telegram, Malachi," said

Grandmother. "She loves the boy. She ought to know."

Grandfather, who seemed dazed, handed her another piece of paper, and when she once more waved it from her, he read in a low, shaking voice. "*Halifax, young man arrested to-day. Suspect he is your grandson. See yesterday's papers for details of bank robbery. Friends will do all to help you. Emery Thorndike.*"

Nonnie sank into a chair like a stone, and stared at the newspapers spread over the dining-room table. Grandfather had been there alone in the night reading of the misdeeds of his grandson.

I trembled like a leaf. I remembered hearing some of the uncles talking that afternoon about the clever trick of a young stranger in the little city of Halifax, who entered a bank while everybody was looking at a passing circus procession, and almost got away with a bag of gold. Nonnie had heard them, too, and now she knew that the news was true.

"It is Napier," said Grandfather, and his old voice shook. "I have been sending messages to the city this evening. Get up and go to bed. It is the will of God. Good night," and he went into his room and shut the door.

Nonnie never moved. She sat with her head on her hands and the wind began to blow the rain in through an open window, and her feet got wet, but still she did not stir. I shivered with the cold and, clinging to her, I whimpered and pulled at her robe. Then she roused herself and, turning to me a queer chalky-black sort of face, she gathered me to her. "My baby's baby shall not get sick. Nonnie will take care of him. Oh, Lord, have mercy on me," and she wearily climbed the staircase to our room.

There had not been a sound from Grandfather's



room all this time, and I admired the two old people who took their sorrow so quietly. As for me, I was nearly frozen, and if Nonnie hadn't cuddled me all night, and kept me warm, I think I should have died.

My grief when my master went away from Downton was nothing to this. I understood just how he had committed the robbery. He had had to do something to get money and now he would be put in prison. He knew what that would be, and I knew, too, for had I not often heard him and his friends talking in low voices about those of their number who had been caught by the long outstretched arm of the law that they affected to despise, and that yet somehow or other always caught up to them.

Oh! that soft body. He hated scratchy clothes. Fine linen and silk were all he could stand next his skin. They would put dreadful garments on him. Oh! how he would suffer, and I rocked myself in misery.

Nonnie held me tightly to her, and comforted me, and when morning came, and I did not want to get up, she said, "Jimmy Gold-Coast, ain't you heard dat ole man up an' wid his gutterin' candle a-walkin' de house? If *he* can keep a-moverin' along, a young monkey can. Get up out of dat bed an' clean your face wid Nonnie's wash-rag," and she dipped it in water and handed it to me.

I had heard Grandfather moving about, and also had heard a voice begging him to be careful of the candle, for everyone was afraid that with his habit of prowling he would set fire to the house.

"If only he will not burn it up when we have company," giggling Aunt Mercy used to say. She lived with her parents and kept house for them very nicely, but she tried to rule them a little bit, and often had

small conflicts with them, in which the old people, I am happy to say, usually came out on top.

I felt better after I had washed my face, and ran downstairs. Grandmother's voice was floating out of her room. "No, Malachi, I shall not stay in bed. If you can get up, I can."

"You stay in bed, Melinda, and you eat two eggs," I heard Grandfather say, and Grandmother did stay in bed, and ate her eggs like a lady. I knew, for I went in and sat on the foot of this same bed with its patch-work quilt, and made cheerful faces just to encourage so good a grandmother, and she saved me some nice little tit-bits, and even let me steal a couple of sweet apples from her wardrobe when Grandfather was not looking.

Nonnie was in great distress about Rachel. She did not want the child to hear a word of the sad news about her brother, but she did want her to know that the pillar of light had prophesied truly, so after breakfast she took a basket to Rachel, and handed her a pair of scissors.

"Missie, dear," she said, "will you get Nonnie some roses for Grandmudder's room?"

Rachel ran away to the garden, and Nonnie followed her.

"Lammie," she said, catching up to her by the sundial, and putting her arm round her, "Your brudder's head of his clan fast enough. Grandfadder heard de word las' night."

Rachel was about to squeal with delight, but Nonnie put a finger on her lips. "Not a word, chile. I dunno as I ought to have tole you. Don't let on."

Rachel went away dancing, and Nonnie picked the roses herself, and went back to the house.

Everything went on as usual that morning, and

I saw that Grandfather had told the dreadful news to no one but Nonnie. At noon I heard him ask one of the grandchildren to go up to Uncle Lemuel's and ask him and his wife to come down that afternoon.

It wasn't for afternoon tea. Grandfather would not have such a thing in his house. He said that three good meals a day were enough for anyone.

I sought out Polly, and thought it no harm to tell her what had happened in the night. "Polly, dear," I said, "I feel as if I could never hold up my head again."

She did her best to comfort me, and even made me smile. "You'd better hold up your head," she said, "if you don't want some more sulphur and molasses. You've had one dose already, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said. "Mrs. Sandys saw me looking mopish, and she got the bottle of the children's spring medicine and made me take a spoonful. I don't like it."

"The children do," said Polly. "They stand in a row and swallow it down like ice-cream—— Now, Jimmy, you've got to stop worrying about your master. You are all pulled down just from one night of it. Brace up, this dose of prison medicine may be the sulphur and molasses he needs to purify his bad blood."

"But the disgrace," I said, "the horrible disgrace. He can never face his friends again."

"Which friends?" asked Polly sharply.

"His old friends."

"Do you mean the ones that got him into this trouble?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I said hesitatingly.

"Were they friends or enemies?"

"Enemies," I said. "I see what you are driving at, Polly Shillaber."



"His old friends are here and in the Valley," said Polly. "They are the ones who idolized his mother—the sweet Miss Jenny—who ran like a dear little fox to any house where there was trouble. You see if they won't stand by her son——. My goodness! what is the matter with that funny Rachel?"

"She's having running turns this morning," I said, trying to smile. "There's one person who is happy."

The child was tearing round the house and woodshed and the barn in long, sweeping circles, with Millie and all her cousins' dogs after her, and even poor little Shaker tagging on behind.

"Have a run, too," said Polly, "it will do you good. Come on, and I will fly after you."

I did as she advised, and felt so much better that I took quite a hearty dinner.

After dinner Nonnie went to lie down, and I attached myself to Rachel, who was so worn out with her exertions of the morning that she stole one of her boy cousins' books about cannibal islanders, went to the closet and filled her pocket with lumps of sugar and handfuls of raisins, and sneaked through Grandmother's garden to the back window of the very best parlor and crept inside.

I trembled as I stole after her. She had done three wrong things, for her cousin Sam would likely shake her for taking a story that he was devouring, and she had no business to go to the closet without permission, and the children were strictly forbidden to enter the best parlor unless accompanied by a grown person.

She didn't care—that is, not yet. She threw a kiss to her mother's picture on the wall, took one of Grandmother's handsome Japanese cushions and tossed it on the floor, curled herself up on it behind a screen that stood near a teakwood table, then she tucked in

my tail and legs as I crouched beside her so that no one would see us if the door was opened.

In return for this, I brushed the flies off her, and for a while she read comfortably, but finally the book slipped from her hands and she fell asleep.

I joined her for a while in a nice little nap, but woke up and peeked through a crack in the screen, when the door opened and Grandfather came in leading quite a procession of sons and daughters with their wives and husbands.

The old man, chewing hard and leaning heavily on his cane, doddered straight toward us, and I trembled, but instead of looking behind the screen, he seated himself on a chair in front of it.

All the women sat down, but the men had to stand, for Grandfather had such a big family that there were not enough chairs to go round.

"Children," said the old man suddenly, "I have summoned you here from your various housen"—he always said "housen," and I thought it had a lovely old-fashioned sound—"to talk about my grandson Napier. His uncle and cousin have died, and he is head of his clan and possessed of a good fortune."

Such a joyful rustle and murmur began to run round the room. These good relatives were delighted that at last a good thing had happened to their nephew, but they did not become too enthusiastic, for I knew from Polly that they were always consumed with anxiety about him.

Grandfather, straining his weak old eyes to note the effect of his words on them, went on, "And now he is in the city prison in Halifax, charged with, and guilty of, breaking into a bank."

No one said a word. The silence was painful, and Grandfather, with a shaking hand, pulled a lovely

old silver potpourri jar toward him, and lifting the cover, smelled hard of the fragrance of dead and gone rose leaves.

"You all remember Jenny," he said at last, "little Jenny who never disobeyed me in her life except when she married the father of this young man."

My heart ached, and I almost sprang from my hiding-place. Oh! why did he call my Nappy a young man? Was he going to give him up?

Not he—I did not know Grandfather. "Children," he went on simply, "I lay the matter before you. I used to be captain of the ship, but this affair has made me feel that I am getting to be an old man," and he put his grizzled head on his hands, and almost broke down.

Nobody said a word for a minute, then eldest son David, who had been standing with folded arms, stepped forward, "Father, you have done well to call the family together. Can we not have an expression of opinion from each one? But first tell us what you think yourself. You have thought the matter over through the night and we have just heard it."

Grandfather straightened himself in his chair. "I think," he said, "that someone must go to Halifax and live near the boy during at least the first year of his imprisonment, for, of course, he will be sent to the penitentiary."

Second son Jacob asked, "Who is looking after him now beside your lawyer?"

"My old friends," said Grandfather, "Judge Thorn-dike, Dr. Dunscombe and Shafto Heyman. No one else knows whom he is. He gave an assumed name, and a false address. The judge recognized him from his likeness to his father."

"What about these falsehoods?" asked Uncle



Gylls, who was the wag of the family, though now he looked sober enough. "Are you willing for that to go on?"

"No," roared Grandfather so loudly that he woke Rachel up. "He has got to tell the truth from now out. No more lies and subterfuges. They are all smoke from the pit."

"Father," said Aunt Matilda timidly, "I can go to Halifax for a year after I get my boys ready for college."

"Who will take care of your mother-in-law?" asked Grandfather. "No, your duty is to the old lady."

"If you can wait a while," said Uncle Lemuel, "till I get the books in order at the pulp mill, I will go."

"And you on the brink of failure," said Grandfather. "No, stay at home and look after your business."

At this they all became very solemn, and I remembered what Nonnie, who was a great person to talk to herself, had been grumbling about in her bedroom two or three nights before.

It seemed that some speculators had induced Grandfather and his sons to start a bank, that had failed, and they were having all they could do to keep their heads above water.

"Father," said son Jacob, "I, as you know, planned to sail for Demerara in a fortnight. I can get someone to take my place. There are other sea captains beside myself."

"What about your crew?" thundered Grandfather. "They signed up with you. Keep to your agreements, boy."

Uncle Jacob, whose head was as white as snow, smiled sheepishly, and in a gratified way. He would always be a little boy to his father.

By this time I was getting anxious about Rachel. She had been sleeping like one drugged, and it took her a long time to wake up. However, now she had "full possession of her faculties," as Grandfather used to say, and stretching herself, as she was about to rise, when she became aware of the voices, and rather meanly pushed me away from the crack in the screen and looked through.

Then she shook like an aspen leaf. Suppose she were caught.

"I am going to sell this house," Grandfather was saying in a stout-hearted voice. "Grandmother and I will go to the city to be near the boy. There is the cottage of Uncle Ben Knollys' up Moose Hill. We can live in that when we come back."

At this, there were quite loud exclamations of distress from the family, but they were all put a stop to when a calm voice said from one of the open windows, "I will go. Send me, sir."

Everybody turned in astonishment to the brave old black face framed in the white window curtains. Nonnie hadn't been invited to the family council, so she just listened at the window like a faithful old dog, and barked when the time came.

"Nonnie!" said the women all together quite as if they had been practising. The men said nothing, but they were all struck with the reasonableness of her proposal, and every one nodded approval.

Who had cared for the boy in his first baby days? To whom had he gone with his childish troubles when every one else was against him? Who always forgave him and never scolded him? Who admired him for running away to his father, instead of blaming him? Who had most influence with him?—No one but the old black woman. And whom did he love the

most? His Aunt Ales, who had been so devoted to him, and a mother to his sister?—No, it was Nonnie once, and Nonnie twice, and Nonnie all the time, and each one knew it, and the old black woman stood triumphant. She would be sent.

“And I’ll go, too,” squealed a sudden voice, and Rachel ran out from behind the screen, and like the little witch that she was, threw her arms about her Grandfather’s neck. “I don’t know where Nonnie’s going, but I suppose it’s somewhere with brother. and I must go, too. Oh! is he going to take us to foreign lands? Am I to see Paris, and London, and Italy, and the site of ruined Troy, where dear, pious Æneas lived and suffered? Oh! how joyful—and you must all come and see us. You will, won’t you, for of course we will settle down in Castle MacHadra when our travelling is over, and shan’t we have a nice time? Half the time you’ll visit me, and half the time I’ll visit you, for a Nova Scotian I was born and a Nova Scotian I will die, and I’m going to put up a great, big monument of some kind to dear father and mother over in Scotland, for the people there don’t know how precious they were.”

Grandfather sat back in his chair, and stared at us two eavesdroppers, and for once he did not know what to say.



RACHEL withdrew her arms from her grandfather's neck and faced her audience. "What's the matter with you all?" she asked. "You look so sad, and Aunt Annie is crying. Why is it? Have I said something wrong? Oh, I'm so sorry I came in the best parlor without leave, but I was tired and I wanted to get away from the other children and think over the good news about Nappy."

"How much do you know about your brother?" asked Grandfather in a harsh voice, and his poor, bleared eyes sent a reproachful glance in the direction of the window.

"I know that he is lord of the MacHadra Castle," said the child proudly, and she threw up her brown head, so strangely like her brother's, for during the last few weeks her dear nose had really seemed to stop growing and get in line with the rest of her face.

"And I know that now he is going to settle down and stop travelling, and he will do a lot of good, remember that"; and as she faced them her voice shook, for with all their care, her relatives had not been able to keep from her various slighting remarks about her brother.

"Grandfather," she screamed suddenly, "there is some dreadful trouble in this room. I feel it. Tell me, is Nappy dead?"

The old man held her at arm's length and tried to stand up, but he fell back. He was very shaky on his feet after all this excitement.

She seized his hands in a fierce grasp, and with her lovely eyes big with horror, just whispered, "Is he dead?"

"No, no, child," said Grandfather irritably, though his voice was as soft as a woman's. "He is not dead. He is well, but unhappy."

Her face glowed. "Unhappy—when he is head of his clan? Oh, Grandfather, do you mean it?"

"Very unhappy," said Grandfather; "and now, child, in the presence of your near relatives, who love you and will always stand by you whatever happens, I must tell you that your brother, who, remember, is still one of the family, is in disgrace—deep, terrible disgrace."

Rachel seemed to grow smaller and shrink to a child half her size. "Grandfather, have they found him out?" she asked in a terror-stricken voice.

Grandfather nodded. "He is in prison, my child."

Rachel's hand flew to her little breast, and she clutched at her clothes as if she could not breathe. "Will they hang him?" she muttered; "will they hang my Nappy?"

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Grandfather in his astonishment. "What does the child mean? Hang my grandson—what are you thinking about? She's crazy," and he peered down into her eyes as if he feared that the shock had really affected her mind.

"Didn't he murder anyone?" cried Rachel.

"Murder! Good London! girl, what are you talking about? Your brother is a thief, an expert thief, and we are all mortally ashamed of him; but he wouldn't hurt a fly. Think how he has toted round the world that dumb brute there," and he pointed to me.

I grunted amiably and waved a hand at the old man, for I was flattered at being drawn into this family discussion, and though I had been called a brute, it had been done in a kind way.

No one looked at me, for Rachel had sprung from her grandfather and was flying round the room, nearly choking her aunts and uncles in fond embraces.

"Oh! you naughty old dears! Why didn't you tell me this before? I have suffered agonies. You have all looked such strange things at me. You have had such silences when Nappy's name was mentioned. I thought at least he had killed someone. Oh, I am so glad that he is only a thief! I suppose they have to put him in prison for a while; but think of the penitent burglar in New York who was converted and saved hundreds of souls! Think of the cannibals who ate the good missionaries and then wept with shame and spent the rest of their lives in doing good!"

I am only a monkey, but I saw that there was a strange situation in the room, and the grown people did not quite know how to take Rachel's change of front. Her Aunt Ales drew her down beside her—and just here I may say that all through this discussion I had been profoundly surprised that Dr. and Mrs. Sandys had not said a word. They, who had done more than anyone for the dear dead sister and her husband and children, had not made one offer. They were all right inside, for I had noted their glowing faces and the nice way they exchanged glances without speaking.

Now Mrs. Sandys whispered to Rachel, then nodded to Nonnie, and the little girl who had rather leave a room by a window than through a door, took one flying leap, went out to the garden and walked away with her faithful nurse.



I stayed with Grandfather and his family, for I knew there was more to come, and going over to Mrs. Sandys, I crawled on her lap. Caressing me with one hand as if I had been a little Benjie the second, she handed me to her husband and got up.

"Father," she said, "I have something very important to say to you and the others, and I waited to give my brothers and sisters the opportunity to make the generous offers I was sure they would make. I knew Jenny was listening to us," and she pointed to the painting on the wall, where the young woman in the poke bonnet smiled down sweetly at them; "and now let me read you a letter she put in my hands the day she died."

A kind of trembling rustle went through the room, and then there was profound silence. An impudent bee came buzzing in from the garden, but got such a box on the ears when he came near me, as I sat proudly on Dr. Sandys' knee, that he went out faster than he came in.

"I will read first what is on the envelope," said Mrs. Sandys. "*'This letter is for my family in case any serious crisis arises in the lives of my two children. It is not to be opened unless this crisis arrives. —Jenny MacHadra.'*"

"I have never considered that any great crisis had arisen until now," said Mrs. Sandys. "Napier slipped so naturally into the life his father had led that there was no chance to interfere, but now I think you will all acknowledge that the time has come to learn what Sister Jenny has to say. Father, would you like to read it?" and she went up to his chair and offered the letter to him.

The old man motioned it away, and standing beside him, she began in a quiet, cheerful voice:

“ ‘Dear Father and Mother, and Brothers and Sisters—you who have always been so good to your often trying Jenny—I wish I had the pen of a ready writer so that I could express to you the deep thoughts that flood my mind now that I know my span of life is nearly ended. I feel that I am to go to-day. To-morrow’s golden sunshine will not be for me, but if it is permitted to departed spirits to come back, how often shall I hover over my beloved family; and if there is any good thing that Sister Jenny can do for you, be sure that blessings will be strewn along your path in life.

“ ‘I am writing you about my beloved children—bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. How can I tell you the strange thoughts I have about them! Look into your own hearts, you who are parents, and you will understand. I am conscious of the fact that I have, through my own action, introduced into the good old sober family strain some new and wayward elements. I see traces of this already in my children. What developments may take place after I am gone I do not know, but I beg of you all, if some of these nameless terrors of mine take form, stand by the children of your sister Jenny as if they were your own.

“ ‘This seems a strange thing to ask of you, but something tells me that if my children are in danger or distress, and you befriend them, there will be a resultant blessing to your own souls. Dear family, Sister Jenny is going, not out into the dark, for I know in whom I have believed; but my heart is wild because I cannot take with me these two precious mortals who are part of me. Watch over them, dear family, comfort and help them during their lives, be they long or short, but for life only; for when their closing hours come, then their mother’s arms will be



*stretched wide open to receive them—and oh! that this triumphant moment were now! but I must leave them, and I am afraid. Oh, dear David and Jacob, and Lemuel, and Gylls, and Matilda, and Ales and Mercy, stand by my little ones! and as you do for them, may God do for you and yours; and with oceans of love, and until we meet again, always your devoted Jenny.’ ”*

Everybody was crying when Mrs. Sandys finished this letter and put it back in its envelope. Poor old Grandfather's head hung down on his chest, and he was holding his big red handkerchief to his eyes, when suddenly brushing away her tears, Mrs. Sandys pointed to the painting and cried, "Look!"

The western sun was sending in through the window where Nonnie had been standing a whole flood of golden rays that bathed Sister Jenny's picture in a lovely light and made her smile more beautiful than ever.

The family at once became more cheerful, and Mrs. Sandys said joyfully, "She does not wish us to grieve, and now you all know that I am the one to look after Jenny's boy, and my husband is heartily with me in this. I am sure that he has some well-formed plan in his mind. What is it, Harlowen?"

The Doctor got up, and holding me under his arm as if I had been a parcel, said in his nice modest way, "I wish to take my family to the city for a year. Some hospital practice will do me good."

Grandfather, who was particularly fond of the Downton children, asked harshly, "What about the prison shame that will hang over your children as long as they live?"

"The Lord will take care of my children," said the Doctor, "and Brother Dick will take my practice, I



am sure. My parents will probably enjoy a winter in Downton keeping house for him."

"Your father told me he was going to take your mother to Florida for the winter," said Grandfather.

"Probably they will be persuaded to change their minds," said the Doctor mildly. "They are Sandyses, though the connection is distant."

Every one smiled, for it was a saying in the family that when Grandfather wished a thing done, it was done; but when Harlowen wished it done, it was done twice.

After the Doctor's little speech, the meeting apparently broke up, but there was an after one. When Grandfather, refusing the offer of Uncle Jacob's arm, went stumbling down the hall to tell Grandmother what had happened, the family closed in again and began talking over his assertion that he would sell his house.

"It's unthinkable," said Uncle Lemuel. "We've got to raise the money to secure the old place till he dies. I don't know how we'll do it, but it's got to be done. I've just paid out my last dollar. I've got nothing but my stick left," and he thumped the carpet with it.

"You ought to be thankful you've got that," said Uncle Gylls, who always would have his joke. "I haven't even a cane. I'm going to mortgage my house. It's a fashionable thing to do. I'd like to try it."

The upshot of it was that in a very few minutes this businesslike family had arranged to keep Grandfather in his house till the end of his days, and then they all composed their faces and went out of the room.

Everybody forgot about me, and I was quietly

lifting the cover of the potpourri jar when someone called "Jimmy Gold-Coast," and made me drop it.

I looked up, and there to my joy was my good friend Polly just coming out from behind the stuffed bird of paradise on the mantel.

"You think you're rather smart," she said, "but you never saw me slipping in behind the family and hiding behind this old bird's tail. I say, Monkey, this is dreadful news for the animals and birds. If our Downton Sandyses go to the city, the children will want to take half their menagerie, and the half that's left behind will rage like the heathen."

"Oh, Polly!" I said, "I never thought about that. I'm just silly with happiness to think I shall be near my master."

"He may kill himself before we get there," said Polly gloomily.

"Hush! Hush!" I shrieked at her. "He isn't that kind of a boy."

"No, I don't think he is," she said more cheerfully. "We'll hope, as these good humans do, that this dreadful prison experience will make a man of him; and I bet you, Jimmy, that we'll not finish our visit here, but start for home right away."

Polly was right; and that very night Mrs. Sandys came up into Nonnie's room and said that we were to pack in the morning and start in the afternoon.

The trunks were to go by train, and after Mrs. Sandys had made all arrangements with Nonnie about washing Benjie's clothes early so that they could be dried before we started, she said, "I want to thank you for what you offered to do for Rachel and the boy to-day; but did you really think I would let you go to the city without me?"

Nonnie's eyes twinkled. "I didn't know, Missa—

we've lived togedder for a sight of years. I always trusts you to do de right thing."

Mrs. Sandys dropped down in the rocking-chair and faced Nonnie, who was sitting on the edge of the bed. "You've been a good friend to this family, Nonnie. We don't forget it, though perhaps we don't say it often enough to you."

"It ain't the sayin' dat counts, Missa," said Nonnie, "it's de doin', an' de Sandyses is all right dere. Eber since your fadder an' mudder got me a little pickaninny Down-South, I'se been happy wid de Sandys fam'ly."

"I've often wondered if you were ever homesick," said Mrs. Sandys.

"Not for home folks," said Nonnie emphatically, "'cause I'se got 'em here; but for 'quaintances an' 'sociates I has craved."

"Then it will be a good thing for you to go to the city," said Mrs. Sandys eagerly. "There are plenty of colored people in Halifax."

Nonnie hung her head. "I'se 'most ashamed to go, Missa. Dey tells me dere's lots of black folk in de city what is eddicated, an' I always has been a lazy limb about de learnin'. Oh, if I had only hearkened to your good fadder an' mudder when dey sont me to de village school! I would not min' my book. 'Way down in Florida where dey got me 'twas de same thing. My aunt, what was brung up at de Florida State Normal Colored School, an' den went to Hampton, where she got dose songs I sings—she telled me I'd be sorry for hatin' de books."

"Why don't you study a bit now?" asked Mrs. Sandys. "I'd teach you."

Nonnie laughed heartily. "Dis dog am too ole to learn new tricks. I'll jus' have to bide what I be—



an 'ole know-nothin' black woman, yet what de good Lord suffers, 'cause she do love all de dear white an' black an' yellow folkses what He made."

"You do love everybody, don't you?" asked Mrs. Sandys curiously.

"I loves dem," said Nonnie earnestly, "but I jus' hates deir bad ways, an' as for dat ole debbil what tempts dem from de narrer path, wouldn't I jus' give him one good clip if I ever cotched him!"

WE left Rossignol the next afternoon, for Dr. and Mrs. Sandys were rushers, and when they once made up their minds to do a thing, they did it.

We all packed ourselves in the big carriage, leaving only Shaker behind, for grandfather said that, though he was now a poor man, he could still keep a dog. I think the old man's heart was very tender toward all tired and persecuted creatures, and the trembling Shaker had attached himself to him ever since he arrived.

The old man went so slowly that Shaker could always keep up with him, and when he stopped to talk, Shaker could sit down. He was a sort of Aberdeen terrier with very short legs and hadn't far to go to reach the ground.

Well, the Doctor took a shorter way home, and we drove up the beautiful Liverpool River to Lake Rossignol, where his parents lived. Oh, what an interesting place! They had a gold mine, and a picturesque bungalow in the woods, and near by were nice friendly Indians who had their missionary with them—a courtly old gentleman with a long white beard and a musical voice.

He greeted the Sandyses most kindly and told Rachel he remembered her mother. The Doctor got him to bring out the books he had written in the Micmac language and the dictionary he had made. Then he read to her a letter from Gladstone in which that famous man informed the missionary that his

translation of a Latin hymn was better than one he had done himself.

The old scholar recited it to Rachel, but I can only remember the first few lines of the strange-sounding words:

“Mei oves, O venite  
Ne timete nec abite,  
Ego bonus pastor sum.”

However, I remember nearly the whole of a song he had written about an Indian, for Rachel said it over to him very slowly and very prettily in her clear young voice, and the old gentleman was so gratified that he stroked her hair and called her his little “papoose.”

\* “In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
Den me look hebun, and send up cry,  
Upon my knee so low,  
Dat God on high in shiny place,  
See me in night wid teary face,  
My heart him tell me so.

“Him send him angel take me care,  
Him come Himself and hearum prayer,  
If Indian heart do pray.  
Him see me now, Him know me here,  
Him say, ‘Poor Indian, neber fear,  
Me wid you night and day.’

“So me lub God wid inside heart,  
He fight for me, He takum part,  
He sabum life before.  
God lub poor Indian in de wood,  
And me lub He, and dat be good,  
Me pray Him two time more.

\* From “English and Latin Hymns,” Silas Tertius Rand, Missionary to the Micmacs.



“When me be old, me head be grey,  
Den Him no leabe me, so Him say,  
‘Me wid you till you die.’  
Den take me up to shiny place,  
See white man, red man, black man face,  
All happy like on high.”

I capered after Rachel when the missionary took her to see the Indians' rustic chapel, and their small houses by the river bank. Some of them preferred camps for the summer time. They all had kind faces, and never killed the white people as in days gone by, but caught salmon and went hunting in the woods, saying they liked best the hunters who did not swear at the moose. A few of them worked on the river or in the mills and cultivated their small gardens.

While Rachel was going about with this learned man, the Doctor and his parents sat out-of-doors talking. The elder people readily consented to go to Downton. Polly and I were chilly and went to bed when Rachel did, but Millie, when we questioned her the next day, said that the old Sandyses and the young Sandyses stayed up half the night talking, and they kept outside where they could hear the murmur of the river.

Millie said that she curled herself up on the Doctor's knee and stared at his father, whom she admired very much and who was not at all old, but wore corduroys and went about logging with the men and liked living in the woods.

“I don't wonder that he likes living here,” I said to Polly. “It is so peaceful, for the wind cannot get at them through these enormous trees, and the branching ferns and many wild flowers on the meadows remind me of tropical countries.”

“We often come here,” said Polly, “for this Mrs.

Sandys loves her Doctor boy. Did you notice how she sits next him and smoothes his sleeve when he is talking?"

"Yes," I said, "and I also saw how she tried to keep small Benjie on her lap to pet him, but the little scamp kept wriggling off, and she had to follow him about as a mother hen follows her chick."

We were all sorry to leave this hospitable backwoods home the next day, and everybody leaned from the carriage to call out, "Good-bye, good-bye, till we meet again," and the old missionary waved his hand with a hearty "Weegegijik," which meant "May you be happy!"

After skirting the north shore of the beautiful lake, we drove through some dense woods until we reached the South Mountain, which we crossed, and then we were at home.

We met with a great reception, for no one had expected us for a week yet. Dr. Dick Sandys was just driving into the yard when we arrived, and Dancer almost shook himself out of his harness when he saw his master. The pigeons flew round excitedly, the barn swallows stopped catching flies long enough to give us sharp welcoming glances, the cow fairly bellowed in delight, Messenger and Winged Heel fawned all over us, and Lament, Ollie and Mara came shouting from the next yard.

The village was thunderstruck when it heard that the Sandyses were going to the city. Dr. Dick was good, but they wanted the man who had been with them for years. To make matters worse, the time had come for the kind Mr. Wiltshire to take a city church. It was really a painful season, but the sorrow was kept pretty well down, for these people were

courageous and did not want to sadden their old friends who had to leave them.

With regard to the departure of the Sandys family, everybody was told quietly what the reason was, and every man, woman and child in the village was sympathetic, and without exception said that when the boy got out of prison he must come right here where his mother's friends would stand by him.

"Do you see how fragrant is the memory of the good who die at peace with their neighbors?" said the Doctor to Rachel one day.

Rachel, who was impulsive and demonstrative, made some gushing remark, and her uncle said, "I must warn you, Girlie, against talking too much about this affair of your brother's. You are not a heroine in a story book. You are a plain little every-day girl going to do what you can to help your brother who has been guilty of a detestable crime. You must not make a hero of him. He has brought disgrace on his whole family, and though we are willing to help him, we are all smarting under this disgrace. You must absolutely keep your feelings to yourself on the subject or discuss them with your aunt or me."

Rachel put her head on one side and went away to think this over. She had been posing as a heroine among the village children and had talked too much.

Mr. Wiltshire bowed his head in sympathy when the Doctor told him their trouble, and said he would ask his parishioners in the city to engage two houses instead of one.

Just before we all left the village the Valley people gave the Wiltshires what they called a donation party, and it interested me immensely, for I had never seen anything like it before.



It was a holiday all over the country, and early in the afternoon, as I lay asleep in a willow chair, Polly called to me, "Come on up to the Methodist parsonage, Jimmy; the presents are beginning to arrive."

I gambolled up the street after her, and we took our station on the picket fence and watched everybody driving in. They came from up and down the Valley and from the two mountains. Men put their horses in the barn till it would hold no more; then they took them to neighbors or tied them to the fences, first, of course, lifting off the harness so that they could enjoy themselves, too. A farmer would have his own conveyance for himself and his wife and the young children, and his unmarried sons would come driving up each with a nice girl in his buggy beside him.

The women went into the house and made Mrs. Wiltshire sit in a rocking-chair while they prepared the supper, and the men took the presents in or left them in the yard, for they were not all house presents.

There were loads of cordwood, bags of vegetables, bundles of hay, a set of harness, a squealing young pig, who was the only cross thing there, having just been taken from his mother, and wanting to know why she wasn't invited to the party, too. Then there were kitchen utensils, aprons, woollen jackets and scarves, bags of nice soft hens' feathers for pillows, rag mats hooked by the farmers' wives, and lots of good cooked food and many jars of preserved fruit.

When Polly surveyed the pies and cakes, the apples, pears, plums, peaches and grapes, she snapped her beak in delight, and even I tried to forget my master and enjoy myself a bit. I had not been eating very well lately, but the sight of all this tempting food

revived me, and I knew I should pick at a little something when they all got started.

At last there were so many people that they overflowed from the kitchen and parlor into halls and bedrooms, then into the yard and garden. A donation party was a fine time to meet friends, and there was a lot of handshaking, and even kissing going on between people who had not met for a long time.

The weather was so balmy that when supper time came the people ate out-of-doors, and there was much joking and merriment when the trays of coffee and glasses of milk and cider and home-made wines began going round. When it got dark the house was lighted up, for lamps had been borrowed from the neighbors, but all of them put together could not hold a candle to the Lady Moon who came up in full strength to beam down approval on the popular Wiltshires.

The supper lasted for a long time, and then came the singing, which was admirable for a country place. Really, that village choir could hold its own with any singers I had ever heard, for the persons in it had rich, rounded voices, and they were not afraid to let them out. Many a time have I curled up under my Master's coat in big cities and listened to park concerts that did not please me half so much as this one did.

Finally came speeches, and old Deacon Wellington of the Baptist church was superb, and said things in a way so simple that even a monkey could understand. He began by telling how the whole country-side was mourning over the loss of these two men—Dr. Sandys and Mr. Wiltshire—that they had been with the Valley in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth—that they were brothers to everybody. They had earned the title of the two doctors to the mind



and the body, and every one prayed that they would both come back. They begrudged them to the city. Then, as to their wives—and here the good deacon paused and looked about on the women present, and finally stopped short and could not go on.

“What’s the matter with him?” I whispered to Polly, who had moved beside me to a little Siberian crab-apple tree. “Why can’t he finish?”

“He’s thinking,” she said, “of all the births and deaths, and the funerals and marriages where these two women have been present. He lost a daughter himself not long ago. He’ll have to sit down,” and he did, and another man had to get up and speak about Mrs. Sandys and Mrs. Wiltshire.

After the speeches, they had an auction, for the Wiltshires could not take all their presents to the city. A young man jumped up on a table in the yard, and said such funny things that everybody shouted with laughter, and then the donation party broke up.

I shall never forget the singing down the country roads—such touching farewell songs—“Will Ye No Come Back Again,” “Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot,” and then one for Mrs. Wiltshire, which nearly broke her heart, for it was usually a funeral hymn and began:

“Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as a summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.”

The last song we heard as the last carriage went over the bridge was “God Be With You Till We Meet Again,” and poor Mr. Wiltshire broke down and ran into his house.

The Doctor and Mrs. Sandys were the last to go



home, and Rachel was with them, for since the trouble about her brother the child had grown strangely old, and played games no longer with the other children, but kept close to her uncle and aunt.

"Queer, isn't it," said Polly to me that night, "that one boy has power to upset the whole Sandys' connection? He is changing his uncle's plans, and making him transplant his family to the city when he would rather stay at home, worrying old Grandfather and the rest of the relatives, and breaking the hearts of the animals and birds of this place who are to be left behind."

"Polly Shillaber," I said, "stop right there!"

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Jimmy, dear," she said. "You know how much I think of you, but I'm just remarking on the strange circumstances that one person in the world has such power to disturb. I believe that good will come out of it all for us, but now it is just like walking in a dark wood. One can see no light ahead, but the light is there, Jimmy, just like the lovely glowing pillar on the water that night."

"You're better than the hens," I said. "That Rooster Red-face is talking shamefully about my master. He says he wishes he had never been born—that he has been the sore spot of the family for years, and that no good will come of going to the city, for who will pet the hens now that Nonnie and the children are going away? He says that he hopes Master Nappy will drop dead."

"That Rooster Red-face always was a rebellious bird," said Polly, "and now that he is getting old his bad spirit will lead him to the roasting pan. Didn't someone have to take care of him when he was a little chickie? I remember once he couldn't follow his mother over the coarse stubble of the corn-field,

and Nonnie picked him up and warmed him in her bosom. Who is he to talk of trouble over a wandering young thing? I shall have to speak to Rooster Red-Face."

"I wish you would, Polly," I said sadly; "all the spring has gone out of me, and I just let that rooster walk all over me."

"You'll be happier when we get to the city," said Polly kindly, "and try not to be dull. It's almost worse to be dull than to be wicked. Brighten up, and enliven the family with your cute little tricks. Monkeys really have a mission in the world."

I thanked her and asked her if she would permit me to scratch the back of her head, for I felt that I had been rather neglecting her lately, and as I performed this friendly office for the good old bird, I felt better, and didn't become mournful even when I went into the house and saw Mrs. Sandys dropping tears as she wrapped up a bundle of tiny shoes and tossed them up through a hole in the attic roof.

"I can't bear to destroy them," she said, "on account of the little feet that have pressed them, and there are no poor persons here to give them to."

OH! that moving. I shall never forget it. Mr. Wiltshire had written to the city, and his new flock had engaged a house for the Sandyses next door to the one that he was to have himself, and it was partly furnished, so the Sandyses had only a few things to pack up.

They got ready very quickly, and then the Doctor's father and mother came, and Mrs. Sandys explained everything to them, even what to do if the hens should get ill.

Millie was to go to the city with Polly and me. Dancer was in despair that he had to stay at home, but Polly said, "You'd be more in despair if you went with us, for city stables are not light and airy like country stables."

The wild birds were most downcast about our leaving, but Polly consoled them by telling them that the Doctor's parents, like all the Sandyses, were sincere lovers of wild life and would feed them well.

"And is food everything?" asked Daisy the robin indignantly. "You know very well, Polly Shillaber, that we shall miss most the petting that the children give us. Who is going to make up for that? I do not feel like encouraging my mate to sing songs over the graves of the parents of that bad young man."

Daisy got a good scolding for this, and Polly reminded her of the summer when she had a wayward nestling who would go near the crows, and how grate-



ful she was to the king-birds who drove the mischievous birds from the tall pines in the cemetery.

Bessy the cow did not say much about our going away, but she looked unutterable things and tossed her head a good deal and poked the fences with her horns. When the day came that we were to leave, she did a curious thing that all the human beings thought was accidental, but we animals knew it was done on purpose.

Poor old Bessy knew that on the morning of our day of departure, Mrs. Sandys went to the village bank and drew out all her money. It was in her side pocket in a soft wallet, and when the afternoon came and Dr. Dick called all the creatures out in the yard to say good-bye to their owners, Bessy eyed Mrs. Sandys in such a strange manner that Polly signalled to me to keep my eye on her.

The village people were waiting out in the street in their carriages to escort us to the station, and Dr. and Mrs. Sandys, and Rachel and the other children were going round the yard patting the animals and throwing loving words to the birds, and trying to look cheerful.

Old Bessy stood chewing her cud, but when Mrs. Sandys threw one arm affectionately around her soft neck, didn't that cunning cow lower her head and sneak the wallet out of Mrs. Sandys' coat pocket.

It was pretty fat, but that didn't bother Bessy, and she was about to swallow it when Polly flew to her back and cried angrily, "Scotland's burning! Look out!"

I wasn't afraid of Bessy, and saying, "It's no go, old thing, you can't keep them home; they're going even if they have to borrow money; spit that thing out," I ran my arm down her capacious throat and caught

the wallet on the wing. It was pretty pulpy, but the bills were all right when I snatched them out of the wallet and handed them to Mrs. Sandys.

I felt sorry that I got all the glory out of this. The neighbors cheered me, and jeered at poor old Bessy, who wheeled round and travelled toward her box stall quicker than I had ever seen her move before.

Dr. Sandys gave her a queer look, and following her, petted her considerably, so that she was comforted; and when we left, sent after us quite a contented lowing. He had told her that she should not be sold and a year would soon pass.

We had quite a procession to the station, and when we got on the train we were almost smothered in flowers and had enough boxes of cake and candy to last us for weeks.

The conductor, who knew the Sandys' family, allowed them to take Polly and me and Millie in the first-class carriage, and we were amused in watching Benjie and Ollie, who had never been in a train before. They were not frightened, for they were bold young creatures, but they were very much astonished and were always trying to poke their heads out of the window to see the front part of this unnaturally long automobile.

After we had been in the train about an hour, we reached the meadows and the memorial cross and statue of the famed Evangeline district, and Dr. Sandys, pointing beyond the old willows to the Bay of Minas, drew a word picture for his children of the day so long ago when the English ships sailed in to take the frightened Acadians away to foreign lands.

In two hours more we arrived in the city, where some kind people belonging to Mr. Wiltshire's church met us and put us in taxis.



Nonnie, who was with Polly and me and the children, began to smile pleasantly. She was so relieved to be getting near our master that she almost forgot the sad fact about his being in prison. Indeed, there was a decided and happy change in her during the last few days, but no one but myself knew the reason for it till some time later.

When should we see him?—that was the first thought with every one. He had been moved from the city prison to the county jail, and after his trial would probably be sent to the penitentiary in the outskirts of the city.

I felt dreadfully for Nonnie, so much so that I almost forgot my own sorrow, when our taxi paused for a moment opposite an imposing building with grinning stone faces in front, and the kind lady belonging to Mr. Wiltshire's church who was with us said, "That is the court-house, and the jail is behind it."

Nonnie bent her head from the window to look at the high wall behind which her dear boy languished, and for a minute it seemed as if she were going to faint. However, remembering that she must not give way before a stranger, she drew herself up, straightened little Benjie's cap, and asked the name of the street we were on.

"Spring Garden Road," said our kind guide, and I saw Nonnie giving a shrewd glance about her, but little suspected that she was getting her bearings and in the middle of the night would be down here again staring at those high walls.

"And opposite us is St. Mary's Cathedral and a playground for children," the lady went on, pointing across the broad road. "Also the General's residence," she said presently; "and here we turn down to our street."



It was a sober street we were to live on, with sober-looking houses set close to the sidewalk. The gardens were all at the back and had high board fences round them.

Nonnie wrinkled her eyebrows, but Rachel said quickly, "Some of those houses are pretty inside, Nonnie. I've noticed that when I've been calling with Aunt Ales."

The lady with us smiled. "A Haligonian's house is his castle, and he nearly always boards it in, though some of us are breaking away from the custom and have open lawns—here we are," and our taxi drew up before a tall double house with a long entrance staircase.

"Looks as if it were on stilts," laughed Rachel. "You won't like those long steps, Nonnie, but what a cute, squatty little schoolhouse opposite!"

"That belongs to the pro-cathedral behind it," said the lady, "but see that crowd of children. How much interested they are in you new-comers."

We all sat for a few seconds in the taxi as if we were paralyzed. There was such a scene of confusion outside that it seemed a pity to add to it by getting out. The landlord had allowed the Wiltshires and the Sandyses to move in this twin house while the other two families were moving out, and our furniture going in was meeting waves of furniture going out, and in many cases there were breakers ahead.

Mr. Wiltshire, with his clergyman's soft hat on one side, and Dr. Sandys, with a grin on his face, which was dirty for the first time since my acquaintance with him, were trying to keep some order among the men, who were saying horrible things to each other.

Polly gave an awful yell and flew out of the taxi to the top of a bureau that stood drunkenly in the gutter with one leg on the sidewalk.

"Keep in de middle of de road, children," she sang, and then everybody shouted with laughter, and the workmen stopped for a minute, and taking off their hats, wiped the perspiration from their foreheads.

A crowd of rather nice-looking children swarming in the street pressed closer to get a better sight of her, until Dr. Sandys, seeing that something had to be done to clear the tracks, waved his arms and began to call out the Micmac alphabet.

The children, with wide-open mouths, moved across to the opposite sidewalk, and I regret to say that as long as we lived on this street, they labored under the secret conviction that our clever Doctor was not quite right in his head.

Rachel, with an ecstatic expression on her face, picked me up and got out of the taxi. She was at last in the same city that sheltered her dear brother, and with a glowing face, she went up to her aunt. "What can I do to help about the moving?"

"Take the children for a walk," said Mrs. Sandys, with rather an hysterical laugh. "Their faces make me homesick."

Rachel began to sweep her flock together, but Benjie broke away. "I don't like dis front yard what ain't here," he said with a curl of his red lip. "Please take Benjie to de back garden."

"Yes, my little man," said Rachel, and putting me down, she led them up a lane behind the Wiltshires' part of the house to a gate in a board fence higher than the average.

This gate on being opened showed us a good-sized, grass-covered yard with no flower beds, but with plenty of shrubbery. There was a small stable and ice-house at one end, and where the yard swept down to the street there was a low railing, to which Benjie



ran and called, "I can see fings from here—what's dat noise, Rachel?"

We all listened, and Nonnie, who had followed us, began to shudder. "If dat ain't a wailin' sound!"

"That's a soldier's funeral," said Rachel. "I've seen one before when I've been here. Why, now I think of it, chickies, we're on the same street as the soldiers' burying ground. Here comes the procession."

They all looked over the railing, and I peeped from between their feet through the bars.

Oh! how sad it was. The red-coated soldiers marched so slowly, and the Dead March was so piercing that I hid my head in Nonnie's dress. "A sorry welcome to de city!" I heard the dear old woman mutter, and tears came in her eyes.

It was the funeral of an officer, and his coffin was borne on a gun carriage with a flag over it, and his horse was led behind with the reversed boots resting in the stirrups.

"Don't cry, Nonnie, don't cry," pleaded Rachel. "Wait a minute, there'll be something joyful"; and after a short time, when all the soldiers had filed by and the short service was over in the cemetery, three shots rang out, and then came very cheerful music from the same instruments that had played the thrilling Dead March.

"So joy comes after sorrow," exclaimed Rachel, while little Benjie said, "I wants to die an' have a soldier's funel, and a man a-beatin' a barrel wid sticks wid tatters on de ends."

"Hush, darling," said Rachel, quite shocked, and she told him the proper name of the big drum and the other musical instruments; then she said, "Come on now, Nonnie has to go in the house and help auntie,



but Rachel will take you for a lovely walk to the Public Gardens."

The children were used to obeying her, and like a flock of lambs following a good shepherdess, they trailed after her up the street. Millie, very cross and growly about coming to the city, trotted along, too, but Polly stayed at home on the bureau and addressed various uncomplimentary remarks to the children who surveyed her at a safe distance from Dr. Sandys.

A few of the boys and girls skirmished about in our rear and showed a disposition to ask questions, but Rachel, who did not feel like attending to them just now, nodded to her family.

They all began to run, Rachel carrying me over her chest with one arm around me, and as she ran almost as easily as a bird flies, I was quite comfortable. The city children were soon outwinded, and then we went more slowly. Rachel glanced up one street and down another, and without once having to ask her way, led us to an iron gate, and opening it, ushered us into a green paradise.

She put Millie's lead on, but let me down for a short run among the trees and the flowers. When she saw some children coming, she asked Mara for the sash around her waist, and with a couple of safety pins made me a cloak. The ingenuity of the country children always amused me. They could make anything they needed. Hardly any toys were bought for them, but they were given tools and required to copy things from books or to make them according to directions.

Mara's sash around my shoulders made me look like a blue doll, and crumpling up two maple leaves, Rachel fashioned a bonnet.

"But we ought to have some trimming," suggested softly the little Mara, who rarely spoke.

Rachel looked around her and her eye fell on some forget-me-nots in a near-by flower bed. Plucking only a very few, she pinned them in the front of my bonnet, then with it pulled well down over my face, she wended her way from one part of the attractive garden to another. Such beauty and peace made a great impression on the children fresh from their dusty street.

Unluckily we met one of the gardeners, who darted a suspicious glance at the flowers in my bonnet front. "You picked them here?" he asked, and Rachel bowed her head gravely.

"Take them out," he said. "How do you suppose we could keep this garden up if all the children pulled flowers?"

Rachel, who had a good broad streak of mischief in her, held me toward him. "You could plant more flowers, sir—and don't you want to take those out? My doll can say 'Mamma' if you press her chest."

The man leaned on his rake, and extending a finger, gave me quite a heavy dent over my breast bone.

"Yap!" I snarled irritably, and he jumped right in the air."

"Ha! ha! ha!" we heard in a hearty voice, and close by us we saw a cheery Irishman, who turned out to be superintendent of the gardens. "Never saw you jump so quick before, Martin," he said. "What bit you?"

"That doll, sir," said the man. "Press its stomach and hear it say 'Mamma!'"

The Irishman, who was not afraid of anything, did as he was requested, and taking my cue from Rachel,

I uttered a nice soft little sound in my throat that sounded like "Mamma!"

Martin, very sheepish and ashamed of himself, took up his rake and hurried away, and the superintendent talked some time to Rachel.

Afterwards he became a friend of hers, for he loved all the children who came to the gardens, and they loved him.

He was very much interested in me, and after a time said, "Why not take your monkey for a walk on the Citadel? It's a fine clear day, and you'll have a good view out to sea. Do you know the way?"

"Quite well," said Rachel. "My aunt has taken me there several times during my visits to the city," and saying good-bye to her new friend, she led the children past a large pond with scalloped edges, where some fine ducks and swans were disporting themselves, and down one of the shady green lanes of the gardens to another iron gate.

Holding me lightly on her arm, she trotted along, talking rapidly to the children. "That grassy hill in front of us is the Citadel, and when we get to the top of it we shall be in what our beloved Virgil calls 'the middle of things.' Under that grass surface is a big fort, children, with a square for drilling soldiers, and dark dungeons where prisoners used to be confined."

"Benjie likes dungeons," said the baby. "Let's go see dem."

"Not to-day, darling," said Rachel. "Your mother will take us there. We'll keep outside now. Listen and Rachel will tell you the story of the Duke of Kent, father of the good Queen Victoria, and how he had this hill smoothed into shape," and she told them a



long story about the fort and the old clock tower on its flanks.

All the time she talked she led them up the hill to the wide walk round the crest of it. Suddenly she stopped and said, "Look back!"

Now we could see the wonderful harbor in all its beauty. It stretched itself out like a long, living blue thing, and then there was a tiny neck, and didn't it widen into another harbor.

Rachel told the children another story about this second harbor, and how a French Armada in days gone by had set out to conquer North America for the French king. A storm came up, and most of the ships hurried into this Bedford Basin at the head of Halifax Harbor for refuge. Hundreds of poor sailors died, and for many years afterward anyone wandering in the woods about the basin might come on their skeletons in decayed uniforms with old-fashioned guns by their side.

The blue harbor was covered with ships gliding in and out, and Rachel told the children that their father was going to take them down to the wharves and hire a boatman who would row them round the big steamers and war vessels.

"And now," she said, "we are going home, for poor Benjie's eyes can scarcely keep open."

They were all tired, and I ran down the hill, while Lament and Ollie each took a hand of the exhausted Benjie. Lament had to carry me, though, when we got lost and wandered into some soldiers' barracks at the foot of the hill. I had taken off my cloak and bonnet so I could run freely, and now every one could see that I was a monkey. The soldiers roared with laughter, and Rachel motioned to Lament to pick me up. for she wanted to get the right direction to our home.

The soldiers told her honestly enough, but she got lost again, and then Ollie fell into trouble. We heard him shouting behind, and Rachel ran back and threw her arm round him.

An irate grocer had him by the collar and was shaking him and taking away a good-sized lobster that the boy was clasping to his breast.

While Rachel was trying to effect a rescue, a good-natured looking policeman with fiery red hair showing under his helmet sauntered up and asked what the trouble was.

Quite a little crowd assembled while the matter was being thrashed out, and when it was settled everyone roared with laughter. It seemed that the enterprising grocer had on one side of his doorway a stack of picture cards advertising his goods, and on the other a number of salt-fish and lobsters in coquettish attitudes. Some wag in going by had transferred the "Take One," from the cards to the fish, and Ollie, accustomed to the generous ways of the country, had chosen a lobster, whereupon the grocer had fallen on him.

The poor boy, not knowing who the grocer was, held on to his lobster till the man had torn all the claws off, and the policeman laughing so he could scarcely speak, motioned Rachel to lead her flock away, until she told him she did not know where to lead.

He wiped his eyes with a big spotted handkerchief, and calling a street urchin to him said, "Take these kids home. No tricks, mind."

Rachel said fervently, "You are a second Æneas, sir," and he smiled foolishly, but looked pleasant, and when winter came and he caught her coasting down forbidden hills he never took her sled from her. The boy, however, was a naughty boy, and had a hard heart, for he saw how tired the children were, and yet

he led them round and round the streets near their home till at last Rachel found him out, and said, "You've brought us past that shop twice. If you don't take us right straight to Queen Street, I'll tell the policeman on you."

The bad boy grinned, but he managed to get us home pretty quick, and then I gave up the lobster that I had seized during the confusion and wrapped in a piece of dirty paper from the gutter.

This I did by way of revenge, for the grocer's boy had scorned my beloved family by referring to them in the disagreeable fashion in which some ignorant children speak of foreigners. "They're Eyetalians," he had sneered. "Look how dark they be, and they have a monk with them!"



By the time we arrived home it was nearly dark, and the last load of furniture was just going in to the Wiltshires'.

Seeing that a packing box stood across our high front steps, Rachel led the exhausted children up the lane and through the garden to the back door.

Finding herself confronted by a long stairway, she conducted the children down to regions below, Ollie grumbling meanwhile, "It's kind of funny to go to the cellar to eat."

When she got to the foot of the stairway, Rachel peered along a wide hall into dark and cavernous coal cellars, a scullery, and then at a lone twinkling gas jet on the wall.

"Nonnie," she called, and a voice answered, "Yes, honey, I'se comin'," and Nonnie's dear old full moon face suddenly appeared in the gloomy hall.

"I feel like a lost person in a dark forest," said Rachel, not in a frightened way, but rather as if though she was determined to be cheerful she had at last struck something disagreeable.

"Dis is a kin' of a monstrous downstairs," said Nonnie cheerfully, "a party could drive his coach an' six through it. Now tramp down dis hall like little soldiers, and give de dinin'-room de go-by 'cause it's all full of stuff, an' come on into de kitchen where Nonnie's got a good fire agin your comin'."

The kitchen was a sight—half open boxes of crockery-ware, and pots and kettles stood in the corners, the

light came dimly through two windows, half sunk in the ground, but there were two bright and shining black faces in the room, namely, Nonnie's and the cooking-stove's.

"Laws-a-massey!" she exclaimed, "it's good to see you, 'cause your mudder's been a-worryin'. Set down, honeys, on dem boxes. You look drug out. Lament, jus' you light one more gas finger. Here's a match. Dere ain't no electricity in dis ole-fashioned house."

The tired children sank down in various attitudes, and I scrambled up beside Polly, who was on a clothes rack, while Millie, who liked heat even better than I did, went under the stove.

"Your parents has had deir supper," said Nonnie, "now you jus' fall to. Look what de chu'ch an' congregation sont de Wiltshires'," and she lifted some papers on the kitchen dresser.

The church and congregation had certainly been very kind. Sponge cake, chocolate cake, cream pies, squash pies, lemon-pies, roast chicken, a joint of beef, buttered rolls, fancy biscuits, and a goodly supply of fruit smiled at the children from that shelf.

"It certainly am munificent," said Nonnie, "an' I know you'se jus' as much glorified as I is, though you's too beat out to speak—— Well! talkin' ain't eatin'," and seizing a chicken by one of its legs, she set it out of the way, and cutting off slices of bread, buttered them and piled them on a box cover.

"I dunno where de plates is, chillen, it's got to be ketch an' take it to-night—but stop!" she exclaimed as eager hands were thrust out, "de Lord has been very good to us, an' dere's got to be a blessin' said over dat food."

There were signs of rebellion, and Lament grumbled,

"This ain't a reg'lar meal," while fat Ollie licked his lips impatiently, but Rachel stood by Nonnie, who rose to her own weary feet and, holding tight on the cover of bread, began to give thanks for their pleasant home in the country, their safe journey to the city, and the nourishing food set before them.

The children all joined her in a fervent "Amen," then they "fell to" as Nonnie said.

Polly and I devoured some musk-melon, a pear, and a peach, while Millie had a tin pan full of delicious things under the stove. The children, however, were really too tired to eat, and Benjie and Mara went to sleep and spilt their cups of hot milk, scalding themselves and making them cry peevishly.

"Come to bed, Lammie," said Nonnie to Benjie, and taking him by the hand she half led him, half carried him up a second long flight of stairs that went from this huge basement to a wide hall above. Here was a sitting-room, and in front of it a parlor with a high old-fashioned ceiling. Nonnie toiled up another staircase to the next story. The sounds of tramping and hammering had ceased, for the men had all gone away, and Dr. and Mrs. Sandys sat on two chairs in the hall and surveyed each other without speaking.

They roused themselves when they saw the children. "Mother's baby," said Mrs. Sandys affectionately. "Bring him here, Nonnie," and she showed her the way to a front room.

Nonnie began to laugh. "It certainly am strange to see dat little cot bed jus' up an' flown to de city."

Mrs. Sandys smiled feebly, and said, "Call the others to come as soon as they have finished their supper."

"No need to call dis night, Missa," said Nonnie,



"dey is all as wore out as young dogs. Here dey is," and the rest of the family led by Rachel appeared in the doorway.

"How exhausted you all look," exclaimed Mrs. Sandys, "your eyes have black rings round them. You should not have taken the children so far, Rachel."

"How do you know we have been far, Auntie?" asked Rachel. "We might have been in to a neighbor's."

Her aunt smiled. "I know your ways, my child. I predict that you will wear yourself to a bone now that there are so many new things to see. As for your sleeping arrangements in this tower, you and Mara may each have a room on this floor, Ollie and Lament will have to go to the attic."

Rachel took me in her arms, and going to the hall window stared at the brick school-house opposite and the church steeple behind it. "Only straight rows of trees on the sidewalk," she murmured, "no little brook to sing you to sleep, just a narrow strip of sky—— Oh! Jimmy, I'm sorry for the little children who have to live in the city all the time."

"Well! well! Miss Rachel," I thought, "as city streets go, this is quite a nice one. Now if you were in the slums, you might complain. I wonder where the worst streets are here?"

She found them later on and was shocked, but I could have told her that there were no real slums in this little city. Even the worst streets were fairly wide. True, the houses were dark and dingy, for as Nonnie said, "De salt air sets de sut from de soft coal de people burns," but there were no really unhealthy spots such as exist in many other cities.

Benjie, tired as he was, would not go to sleep that night until Rachel told him a story about his dear

Clumpus whom he had hated to leave. "I don't see no pussies here," he wailed, "an' Benjie wants his Clumpus—tell him a good-night pussy tale."

Rachel, after putting me beside Polly on the top of a trunk that she had chosen for a sleeping-place, went to comfort the small boy, who fell sound asleep while she was saying, "In the hen-house the hens are listening to Clumpus who has stolen up to tell them a lovely story all about the Benjie boy living 'way off in the city, where hens sometimes lay golden eggs and cats have wings, and——"

Here her voice trailed off, and Nonnie coming on tiptoe into the room and seeing that Rachel had fallen asleep with Benjie's hand in her own, said, "Lord bless dose chillen. Dey goes to sleep before deir heads touches de pillow. Dere's two kinds of tiredness—de ornery kin,' and' de extronery kin'. Give dis chile de onery kin'," and rousing Rachel she helped her to undress.

When the child was tucked in her bed, the good old woman came back to Polly and me. "Jimmy," she said, "de whole fam'ly but you an' me is off for de night, but we still has work for our footses to do."

"Good gracious!" I said in an aside to Polly, "I believe she is going to take me to hover around that prison. I'm delighted, but I fear that she will drop on the way."

"Don't fret about that," said Polly. "No woman ever drops when she has a baby in her arms."

"Now what do you mean by that?" I asked curiously.

Polly nearly killed herself laughing, but secretly, for fear of waking the family.

When I pressed her to tell me, she said, "In spite

of all she has had to do, Nonnie has been making baby clothes this afternoon, and a pack for your back."

"Am I to be a baby twice in one day!" I said. "I won't do it."

"Yes, you will," said Polly. "You'll do anything to see your master, and you'll love your beautiful dress."

I gazed at Nonnie in dismay. She really had fashioned for me a rough infant's gown with a long tail to it, and in spite of my feeble resistance, she put it on me. "I'll take it off till we start for de prison, honey," she said, "an' it won't be too hot 'cause Nonnie'll carry you. Keep still now, like a cute little boy."

I put my arms in the ridiculous sleeves, but almost collapsed when she put a baby bonnet on my head.

Polly was all doubled up on top of the trunk, cackling under her breath. "It's well there's some cheerfulness about this visit to the city," she said, "of all dreary places—and what legions of cats! I shall never dare to stir out till I size up their fighting qualities—— Oh! Jimmy, you are a scream."

"I feel like biting," I said crossly, "but if a baby gown will bring me nearer my master, I'll wear one if the train is as long as Queen Street."

"That's the right spirit, Jimmy," said Polly, "but be careful, don't presume too much on your baby looks. Nova Scotians are no fools, and jail is a jail, so be careful."



NONNIE was so tired that she had to rest a while before she set out. When the dining-room clock that we had brought with us from Downton struck twelve, she put on her checked shawl and cap, re-dressed me in the infant's garb, pulled my bonnet well on my head, arranged my veil so that it drooped gracefully, and taking me in her arms, crept softly to the street.

She did not know the city as well as Rachel did, but she had marked the way we came, and took a pretty straight course up Queen Street to the broad Spring Garden Road. She had a little rheumatism and hipped a bit when she walked, but she got over the ground fairly fast for a woman of her age, and only groaned occasionally when we came to the crossings.

The streets were very quiet, and we met only a few persons and one policeman, who stared at us curiously, but said nothing. Halifax County has more colored people than any other part of the province, so the citizens are well used to their comings and goings.

When we arrived at the court-house, which was dark and solitary, Nonnie put her head on one side and listened. Not a soul was near, and leaving the sidewalk, she stole in to the high wall behind it. There was a gate in the wall with a bell hung high above it like the one in the beautiful story of "The Bell of Atri," where a faithful horse, discarded by his heartless knight of a master, went to ring the bell of justice and thereby summoned the populace to right his wrongs.

Nonnie didn't dare to touch the bell, so she skirted

the prison wall, and as she walked, she ran her fingers over it carefully to find out if it were possible for me to get a foothold.

"Try it yourself, Jimmy," she said. "Nonnie can't tell."

It wasn't an ideal wall to climb, but I was willing to make the attempt, and I jabbered this information to her.

She nodded her head, and pinning up my long-trained dress, left me in my little baby's underwear. Then pulling out of her pocket, which was as deep as a well, a kind of diminutive pack saddle, she bound it on my back.

It was too tight round the waist and made me grunt, but I didn't complain. I was probably more comfortable than my master in his prison cell, and I looked at her expectantly, wondering why she didn't give me a push up.

The good old thing was down on her knees, and I could hear her murmur, "Lord forgive Nonnie for breaking de laws of dis fine country, but I jus' mus' send some goodies to my boy. Dose odder children am a-stuffin' demselves, an' Nonnie can't let his dear mouf go on a-waterin'. Amen."

Then she got up and gave me a good send-off with her stiff old fingers. I thought I should never get to the top of that wall. There was so little to cling to. Not one good projection, even for a monkey. For a man it would have been an impossible wall. Finally, however, by digging my nails in hard, I reached the top and sat there panting and staring down at Nonnie, who was throwing me kisses.

The next thing was how to communicate with my master. Nonnie had not given me one single direction. He was probably in one of the cells confronting me,





"NONNIE WAS THROWING ME KISSES."



but there was a long gap between the wall and the prison. I could never leap it, as I think Nonnie had hoped I would be able to do, so I sat and considered; and presently I heard from Nonnie the low, sweet call of the owl that she used in communicating with our master.

I wished that I could imitate her, but I was not as clever as Polly in making sounds, so I held my tongue and sat still.

I don't know why I fixed my attention on one particular window, but I did, and presently, like a flash of light, a white face appeared between the bars and a low, almost inaudible cooing note was heard.

There he was, and the top of that old wall was not too narrow for me to indulge in a few handsprings. Then I stood up, and thought I heard a faint chuckle borne to me on the night wind from the cell window.

I fancy I was a sight to make even a condemned man grin. I must have presented the appearance of a hump-backed baby with unnaturally long legs and arms, and his dress all bound up round his waist. I did not dare take off my bonnet, though I threw back my veil, for Nonnie had whispered that a guard would never kill a baby, but he might shoot at a monkey, so I stood there and had a little jubilation of my own to let Master Nappy get used to the sight of me. Then, knowing the time was passing, I took off my pack, laid it on the wall, and began to examine the good things in it. I knew now just how to get these small parcels to our boy, but what should I start with? Some figs smelt nice and made a good heavy bundle, so I balanced them in my hands and pretended that I was going to play ball with my master as in days gone by.

I saw those two dear hands come out from behind the bars, and I tossed the figs.

He caught them, and I felt what an effort he was making not to call, "Good boy, Jimmy!"

Next I hurled some raisins, then dates stuffed with walnuts, and then, sad to say, there came an interruption. A sleepy-looking guard sauntered out into the court-yard below me, and as bad luck would have it, glanced up at the wall.

As quick as a flash I prostrated myself, but I made a kind of hump, so seeing his hand go to his hip pocket, I stood up and threw a kiss to him.

He said a number of things which it is not important to repeat, and rubbed his eyes as if he were having a nightmare; then he disappeared inside.

Not wishing to drag Nonnie into anything disagreeable, I stayed where I was, but took the precaution of leaning over and grunting loudly and excitedly to her, and waving my hand toward the street. She would know that meant danger, and I hoped she would hide herself.

When I saw her waddle toward the road, I stood up, and rapidly unpinning my baby dress, let it hang gracefully over the wall in the direction of the jail yard.

Presently guard number one came out with guard number two, who was hastily pulling on some clothes.

"By jimini crickets!" said the first man, "the baby has gone and dressed itself since I went in. Look at that white frock over the wall. Can you beat it? Who would go and perch an infant there at this time of night?"

"Well, Jack," said the other man, "I made sure you'd got the jiggers when you come in with that tall story, but I guess you're all right. Now the thing is to get a ladder up there and bring the kid down, and be mighty careful not to drop it. I wish I had the

head of the brute who put it there under my arm. He'd get one punch!"

I kept perfectly quiet, knowing that my master was watching me with anxiety. The men got a ladder, and one held it while the other climbed up and took me tenderly in his arms.

I slipped my black hands under my dress, but took care to hold on to my pack saddle to soften the blow of the discovery that would be made when we reached earth. It was fortunate that I did so, for when guard number one handed me to guard number two as gently as if I had been made of thistledown, and guard number two pulled aside my veil to look at my face, he gave a great yell, struck me over the pack saddle, and dropped me.

Then he began to chase me, and I did have a time galloping round the prison yard, holding up my train and trying to dodge the angry man.

The other one at last caught hold of him and said, "Shut up! You'll wake the warden"; but he had already done so, and a third man arrived in still more scanty clothing than the second one, and said in a stern voice, "What does this mean?"

By this time the second guard was having hysterics and reeled against the wall, so weak that he could not speak. The warden stared at me, and as I always like to deal with principals, I held aside my train, wheeled up before him, and presented him with a package of spruce gum that came off the nice Nova Scotian trees and was supposed to be very good for my Master's indigestion.

He would not take it from me, so I offered it to the other man, who also scorned it. They were afraid it might go off in some way, and indeed I have heard some people in the country chewing great



wads of it and making quite a loud sound in their mouths.

When the two men gave a report of the affair to their chief, he looked a very puzzled man.

In the midst of their discussion, I heard a childish voice, "Granddaddy, is it a monkey? Please let me see it."

The warden looked up. It seems that his grandchild was visiting him and had been waked up by the noise and was staring out of a window in the warden's apartment.

"Do let me see the monkey," went on the little voice, and the warden said gruffly, "Give me the creature, and you, Brixton, go outside, examine all round about, and see if there is anyone skulking. You, Simons, patrol the yard the rest of the night. You will be relieved two hours earlier than usual."

The warden then took me in his arms quite nicely and went in to his own rooms. Such a dear small boy was there in his pyjamas, and he squealed with delight when I began to play with him. I knew I must do everything to please the warden so he would not watch me when I tried to get away.

I amused the child excessively by stripping off my clothes and presenting them to him. They had served their purpose, and it was best for me to get rid of them. Next I pretended to be sleepy, and getting in his little crib, I lay down and watched his mother.

The warden, after giving me to her, had hurried out to the street to see if he could find out any reason why someone had dressed up a monkey and sent it to the top of the prison wall.

After a time, the mother, seeing that her boy had fallen asleep with his arm around me, and that I seemed perfectly contented, looked hesitatingly at the

window her father had told her not to open lest I should escape.

"The creature is sleeping heavily," I heard her say, "and he seems to have taken a fancy to my Bobbie, I think I will risk it. We must have fresh air," and she opened the window a crack.

Alas! poor mother—monkey was fooling you; and as soon as I saw that she stopped nestling her head about the pillow, and went to sleep herself, I sneaked from under the boy's arm and went to the window. It was child's play for my muscular arms to open it farther, and I crawled out to freedom.

What should I do next? I hesitated a bit on the window-sill. By staying in the prison I might have a chance to see my master, but what about his faithful nurse? What would she have to face if she went home without me? So I said to myself, "Hey ho! for Nonnie," and down the window ledges I went until I reached the street.

Where would the good old soul be? Waiting for me under cover, of course, and I made a bee-line for the small park across the street.

There she was sitting on a bench under the trees, mourning and lamenting, but quietly for fear of rousing some prowling policeman.

She caught me to her and blessed me and called me her lamb; then at last said, "You an' me has to make tracks for de fold. If de family wakes, dey'll think someone has stole their precious monkey and Nonnie has gone after him. We was mos' caught, honey. Nonnie jus' shook when she watched you a-throwin' of dem passels. Gracious knows what you done wid your baby cloes, but it's all right. Come along home."

I wouldn't let her carry me, but trotted along soberly beside her, a very thoughtful monkey, holding on to

her dress and hiding myself in its folds if we met any belated wanderer.

We went to bed that night a thankful pair, but trembled the next morning when at the breakfast table, Dr. Sandys read to the children from the newspaper, "Extraordinary occurrence at the County Jail. A monkey found at midnight prancing on the wall. Captured by jail attendants, made its escape. Information desired as to the perpetrators of this joke on jail authorities. Probably as usual some of the sailors in port responsible for trick."

Nonnie was out in the hall just coming in from the kitchen with a plate of hot cakes. She stopped and listened. "Sailors!" she gurgled under her breath. "No, sir! Jes' a lovin' ole darkey an' her monkey."

Then she stiffened with dismay. Polly was actually having the audacity to shout "Hooray!"

Dr. Sandys stared at her over the top of his paper. Really that man was unnaturally clever about animals. I gave Polly an awful look, and Nonnie hurried in with her hot cakes and said in too sweet a voice, "Have a gem, Docta?"

The Doctor now gave her a look, but was diverted by a prolonged screech from Polly, "Over the garden wall!"

Now the Doctor began to smile, and we knew he thought that Polly had been caught by the word "Wall."

"You little wretch!" I said to her afterward. "You are more mischievous than a young orang-utan!"

"Oh! Jimmy!" she said feelingly, "if you knew what I suffered last night while you were on that dreadful expedition! You are not half so fond of me as I am of you."



"I am fond of you," I said, "and interested in you, too. I wish you would brace up about going out. You seem afraid of your own shadow."

"Not my shadow, Jimmy—the cats. There's such an army of them—cats, long and lean, and thin and poor. They frighten me to death with their hungry eyes. I wish you would drive them away."

"I have waved my arms at them," I said, "but they don't pay any attention to me. I can't be too hard on cats, Polly. If ships' captains did not carry them, and rats ate the cargoes, anyone losing money could come right down on the owner of the vessel and make him pay damages."

"Well," said Polly, "they may be useful at sea, but they're no good on land."

"Aren't they?" I said. "You admire the wonderful American country where the Sandys family used to live, and that Government pays large sums annually for the up-keep of cats in Government offices to keep down the mice, who would destroy the mail. Don't criticise cats before me, Polly. I won't stand it. I am a monkey that has received much kindness from them on shipboard, there they were sometimes my only playmates, and I am about the size of a small cat myself."

"One cat I love," said Polly, "and that's Clumpus. Not a cat in Downton dared to look cross-eyed at me when he was about. Pussy, dear Pussy, come here," and she began to cry for her friend, and kept it up so persistently for days that at last Mrs. Sandys said, "I believe I shall have to send for that cat. Benjie and Polly are both inconsolable"—and then a beautiful thing happened.

THE front door opened, and Dr. Dick walked in with a basket in his hand, and when he opened it, Clumpus stepped out.

What a shouting there was, for the children, who went to a school near-by, had just come in for their noonday dinner. Benjie sprang at Clumpus, and choked him so tightly that the tired cat mewed angrily, and Mrs. Sandys had to come to his rescue.

"That's a great cat," said Dr. Dick in his funny way. "Talk about Mariana in her moated grange with her, 'I'm aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead.' Clumpus can beat her hollow. He cater-wauled night and day till he nearly drove my mother crazy, so here he is, and kindly keep him till you all come back to Downton."

"I am glad you are so thoughtful about cats," said Mrs. Sandys comfortably. "We will get you to take some home with you. You know there is a great dearth of pussies up on the North Mountain."

Dr. Dick began to stagger about the room, and made the children laugh, but finally Mrs. Sandys took him out in the back-yard where she introduced him to the neighborhood cats. She had a plate of bread and milk in her hand, and they all came running, for they were used to being fed by her.

Dr. Dick made them a speech, and spoke feelingly of the benefits of country air, and the service they would do the farmers in catching the naughty field mice who girdled the fruit trees in the winter time.

The cats listened attentively and understood him perfectly, for Polly, who was exceedingly interested, sat on his shoulder and translated everything he said into beautiful cat language.

The upshot of it was, that the next day, Mrs. Sandys coaxed two dozen pussies into a crate, and Dr. Dick escorted them to the country, where they lived happily ever after, and had some nice fat kittens.

"Come on, Polly," I said, after he had left for the train with his box of cats beside him, "come on for a walk. Where shall we go?"

"I am not bold like you," she said, "I don't dare to run up and down the sidewalks, and climb in the trees. Let's go call on the Wiltshires."

"I'll show you the best way to get there," I said, "fly after me," and I scrambled out our sitting-room window and went via the Virginia creeper on the back of the house to the Wiltshires' parlor. I heard voices there, and knew Mrs. Wiltshire had a caller.

She had, but she seemed glad to see us coming, and getting up, spread a newspaper on a table, and brought some cookies to lay on it.

When she sat down again, her caller, whose name was Mrs. Herson, went on telling about a rich woman in the city who had just given a large sum of money to the Navy League, and I listened, little dreaming what an influence this friend to sailors was to have on the lives of my master and his sister.

"Who is this wonderful Miss Macadder?" asked Polly as she wiped her beak on my hairy back, as she had a somewhat trying habit of doing.

"A rich woman who brings handsome presents to Mrs. Wiltshire," I said, and I looked out the window where a nice, thin old maid with a back like a poker sat up straight and stiff in her shiny little brougham.



She had an old coachman and an old footman, and the footman came sauntering up to the door to find out whether Mrs. Wiltshire was at home.

Mrs. Wiltshire's trim maid said that she was, and soon Miss Macadder came rustling in.

Polly said, "I am glad some persons are still wearing silk. I like the sound of it. It's nice to see some elegance on this street, Jimmy. We're pretty plain."

"I love rich people, too," I said, "they're usually so clean," and I gazed admiringly at Miss Macadder, who sat with her head in the air, staring through her shining glasses, not that she was proud, but only short-sighted.

"I am glad to find you at home, Mrs. Wiltshire," she said, "and also to have a glimpse of Mrs. Herson."

She did not say this boldly, but in a nice self-confident way, and her voice was sweet and pitched low like the voices of most Nova Scotian women.

When Mrs. Herson went away, Miss Macadder turned to Polly and me, and Mrs. Wiltshire said, "These are the pets of the Sandys children, though I suppose Rachel MacHadra is supposed to own the monkey."

"A MacHadra here!" said Miss Macadder, "Why, I did not know there was one in Nova Scotia. My name was originally MacHadra, and my family came from the Highlands of Scotland, but the careless Nova Scotians, who have a habit of changing names, made it Macadder. Who is this Rachel MacHadra?"

"Don't you remember my telling you about my neighbors, and why they came to the city?" asked Mrs. Wiltshire.

"Certainly I do—they are the next door people—but who is Rachel?"

"The niece who lives with them. It is her brother who is in prison."

"A MacHadra in prison?" said Miss Macadder, and she looked shocked. "We must do something about that."

"She's the right sort," I whispered to Polly.

"Isn't she?" said Polly, swallowing her last cookie crumb. "Not every woman would say she belonged to a family in trouble."

I jumped down from the table, ran to Miss Macadder, and fingered her black silk dress. Oh! if she would only help to get my dear master out of prison.

"You would think the little creature understood us," she said, glancing kindly at us.

"Perhaps he does," breathed Mrs. Wiltshire, who was a timid woman.

I started jabbering and gesticulating, and Polly, giving words to my emotion, gabbled, "Heaven bless our home. Keep the family together. United we stand, divided we fall. Who threatens a MacHadra threatens the clan!"

Miss Macadder was too old to let herself go when she laughed, but she showed her strong though rather crooked white teeth in a very humorous smile.

I did a frisky joy dance for her. This was what I liked—to have rich old ladies take an interest in my master, then I went to sit at her feet, and sighed softly.

"A gay Lothario," she said waggishly, and though I did not know what she meant, I guessed that she approved of me.

"Will you tell me some more about the boy?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Wiltshire.

"His trial is just about beginning," said her hostess, and I pricked up my ears, for all that I knew about

Master Nappy now was what I gathered from other people.

"I'll go to see him, but you keeps away till he is sont to de penitentiary," Nonnie told me. "Don't you go foolin' round dat jail. Some old guard might rekernize you and blame your sainty master. You hide if anyone speaks of takin' you to call on him."

Mrs. Wiltshire went on to tell Miss Macadder about the strange state my master was in. "When he heard that he had become head of the clan, he seemed to turn to stone," she said. "No one can do anything with him, and he scarcely eats enough to keep himself alive."

"How do they explain that?" asked Miss Macadder.

"Dr. Sandys says that the lad was chagrined and mortified beyond description because he was caught, and when he heard how unnecessary his crime had been, and that he might have occupied a place of honor in the world, instead of being shut up in a prison cell, the shock seemed to freeze him."

"And what is going to be the end of it?" said Miss Macadder. "Oh! what is going to be the end?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Wiltshire, "the Sandyses are terribly discouraged. They have sent for the grandparents."

Polly and I already knew this and we were quite excited about it; however, we went on listening to Miss Macadder who was saying thoughtfully, "His state of mind looks to me like the beginning of better things. The iron must have entered into his very soul."

"But he is losing his health," said Mrs. Wiltshire sadly.

Miss Macadder suddenly got up, and swishing her



black dress behind her, walked up and down the room just like a man. "Here we sit in this comfortable room, you and I," she said, "but suddenly I revert to the primitive and steal your watch. You invoke the strong arm of the law, which thrusts me behind bars, where I am treated like a dangerous wild beast. Am I not the same woman? Can't I eat, and drink, and sleep and enjoy and suffer? I am only different in the particular of the watch from what I was before, and yet I am treated as if I differed in every part of my whole being."

"But you have become a thief. You are kicking against the pricks of society," said Mrs. Wiltshire softly, and motioning the maid, Bettie, who entered with the tea, to take our table from us and put the tray on it.

Polly and I went to sit on the hearth-rug, and I cuddled Polly, and played with my toes as I have a trick of doing when I am very much pleased.

"Won't you have some tea?" said Mrs. Wiltshire gently. "This comes direct from Hong-Kong. A grateful Chinaman who attends our church brought it to me."

"And what did you do for him?" asked Miss Macadder with a sudden smile.

"Just took him a little beef broth when he was ill—but what a box of big-leaved tea he did send me."

"You can't get ahead of a Chinaman," said Miss Macadder. "No sugar, please. But to come back to our prisons. I believe we have as good prisons in Canada as they have anywhere. Our parole system is better, but the penitentiaries are all wrong."

"They are beginning to have jail farms in some places," said Mrs. Wiltshire.

"That's my idea of punishment," said Miss Macadder. "Strict discipline, but outdoor life. Brooding is pernicious for children. We must keep them occupied every minute, and if pernicious for children, why not for criminals, who are usually undeveloped? That MacHadra boy has never grown up. Can we improve him by shutting him up in a dark, damp place? No, give him a hoe and let his badness flow out of him by the sweat of his brow. 'Perspiration is inspiration,' that clever man Edison says."

I hugged Polly so hard that she gave me a good bite, so I went to sit by this darling Miss Macadder and picked up every crumb she let fall.

She pretended not to see me, but she did, and after she had drunk three cups of tea in an absent-minded way, she threw up her head. "Mrs. Wiltshire, I have about finished my work for sailors, now quick march for the souls in prison," and in her excitement she got up, and her tea-cup slipped to the floor and broke, and Mrs. Wiltshire grew red, for it was a Royal Worcester, and worth three dollars and a half, but like a lady she never said a word, and even tried to smile as she watched me hide the pieces under the hearth-rug.

What was a tea-cup to the work that good Miss Macadder began that day! However, I must not overleap my story, but tell what happened next.

Miss Macadder asked Mrs. Wiltshire to take her next door and introduce her to Mrs. Sandys, and Polly and I went hurrying after them.

Mrs. Sandys didn't hear us coming, and through the open door of our own parlor we heard her saying to Rachel, "Now kiss auntie and run away to play, and please do not go to any more funerals without asking permission."

Miss Macadder gave Rachel a long look as the child

stood back politely to let the older woman pass. I was glad that Rachel was holding her head down, for she looked prettier in that position.

Mrs. Sandys was delighted to see Miss Macadder, of whom she had often heard. It seems our nice old maid was famed all through the Province for her good works.

"Could you hear what I was saying to Rachel?" Mrs. Sandys asked Mrs. Wiltshire.

"I caught the word funeral," said her friend, and then Mrs. Sandys said, "Our Rachel is a constant surprise. Her latest exploit is taking the children to all the houses of affliction in this end of the city. Wherever she sees a crape on a door she rings the bell and asks whether she may view the corpse."

"She is full of sympathy," said Mrs. Wiltshire indulgently.

"But this sympathy is taking it out of her," said Mrs. Sandys. "She cries bitterly over these people that she has never seen until she has her first and only look as they lie in their coffins. It's morbid. I found her out through Ollie talking in his sleep. He's a pretty solid boy where nerves are concerned, but I discovered him crying out to the Almighty to spare, especially the children of the city, for there were too many dying."

"Sounds like a high death rate," said Miss Macadder grimly, "which we haven't got in this wholesome town."

"Well," Mrs. Sandys went on, "I've forbidden the house calls on persons in affliction and the funerals. She begged so hard for the weddings that I hadn't the heart to refuse her."

"We have some very pretty little weddings down in St. Luke's," said Miss Macadder, and then she went



on to ask some questions about Rachel, to whom she seemed to have taken a great fancy.

From Rachel she naturally slipped to my master, and said she was glad to hear that Grandfather was coming to see him, for he had been a great friend to her father, and she would like to talk to him about doing something for the men and women in prison.

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## Chapter XXV

### *Nonnie Falls into Disgrace with our Master*

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DR. AND MRS. SANDYS were the first ones to go to see my master, and Rachel and Nonnie went on the fourth day after our arrival in the city.

Nonnie gave me an account of her visit the same night after we went up to our attic bedroom.

"Monkey," she said, "dere's awful force in minds. Dat boy's in what his uncle calls de stone age, but when he feels all de strength of de good Sandys' wills, an' de might of de kin' wishes of de Valley folk like de Skinners, an' de Websters, an' Parkers, an' Marsters, an' de Eatons, an' all de odder friends of Miss Jenny, an' sot up on top of dat de flood waters of de thoughts of de seafarin' Kemptons, an' Fords, an' Freemans, an' Tupperes, an' Mortons of Rossignol—why, how can one lone boy prop up his little weenty mind again all dat? Tell me now, Monkey?"

I couldn't tell her. I had been long enough with all these clever human beings by this time to know that I was only an ignorant little animal, but I had met these people that Nonnie spoke of, and something told me that if they all set their minds on doing a thing, it was likely to be done.

"Dat dear boy got mad wid me," Nonnie went on. "I tole him, I did, 'Boy of Nonnie's heart, she's a-prayin' all de time for you,' an' he turns on me, he did, an' says, 'You stop dat,' an' as he stood dere in dat cell, his young face was proud as dat wicked ole Lucifer, son of de mornin'."

“ ‘Sonny,’ I said, ‘Nonnie’s been to de minister of de two colored chu’ches here, an’ every darkey in dose two congregations is a-goin’ to pray for Nonnie’s boy every day at noon when dat gun dat fires all over de British places rolls out dat awful sound like de las’ trump.’ ”

I knew what Nonnie meant by the twelve o’clock gun, or rather cannon, for in travelling about the world I had heard it in every place that flew the British flag, and had a British garrison. This old city was full of sailors and soldiers, and in addition to the noon and half-past nine o’clock gun, we had one from the admiral’s ship in the harbor.

The citadel gun here was so powerful that it often broke the china in houses near by, but the Halifax people were so loyal that they never complained.

Nonnie went on to tell me of Master Nappy’s further wrath when she said to him, “An’ when dat ole gun fires, de Salvation Army, which is nex’ best to my own blessed Baptis’ chu’ch, is under bonds to put up a rousin’ petition for our darlin’ boy.”

I could imagine his wrath, and Polly, who had followed Nonnie to bed just to learn her impressions of the jail, gurgled in her throat the last sentence the children had taught her, “Scotland’s burning, Ireland’s on fire, and England’s lighting up!”

Nonnie turned to her and said, “You hush, Miss Polly. I has reasons for thinkin’ you ain’t serious about what I calls de mysteries an’ sacrednesses. Monkey here is solemn like an owl. You go to your own roost!” and she chased her downstairs, and went on talking to me.

“I’s in awful disgrace wid our master, little boy, an’ I’s a-forbidden to go a-near him till he gives me



leave. 'All right, my own one,' I says to him, 'Nonnie'll do jus' what you says, but you can't bar out her thoughts. Mos' every minute of de day dey'll scale dese brick walls, an' you'll feel your Nonnie near. She'll have her hands out a-blessin' her boy an' sayin' dat she knows de time will come when he'll be settin' about some honest work.' Nonnie never went agin her boy before. She's been too took up wid his fine qualities, but she's got a fright. Her boy's ole enough to set about some business. Dese wild oats has jus' got to be rooted up."

She stopped here to cry a little bit, but not much, for she was soon smiling. "Monkey, I wish you could a-seen dat dear one wid his fisties clenched, a-standin' over Nonnie jus' as if he'd like to strike her.

" 'Hit Nonnie, darlin' boy,' says I as meek as a lamb. 'If it'll do you any manner of good, Nonnie don't care,' but at dat he draws off an' says, 'You go right out of this buildin', an' don't you come near me agin,' an' he stood in de corner of dat cell an' folded his arms an' never spoke, an' I goes out, but I calls back, 'Remember, boy, dat twelve o'clock gun!' "

I felt terribly to think that there had been a breach between my master and his faithful old nurse, but Dr. Sandys, to whom Nonnie told her story the next day when he came home to dinner from his work in the Government Hospital, was not at all cast down.

He loved new things, and taking out his pencil wrote down just what Nonnie had said.

"You are a good old soul," he murmured when he put his notebook in his pocket, and pulling out his purse that had not much in it—for I peeped over his shoulder—he gave her some paper money and said he wished her to buy a new gown for herself.

Nonnie took it reluctantly, and instead of buying

the gown, said to me as she tucked it between her straw bed and feather bed—for Mrs. Sandys could not get her to use a mattress—"Jimmy, you an' I takes dis for our Timothy hunt."

I danced for joy. The good old soul had remembered my dumb play about her brother, and now she was going to look for him.

"'Cause," she went on, "somethin' tells Nonnie dat he's makin' for de shores of Novy Scoshy, an' if so, why not come into de bes' harbor we's got?"

So the very next day we began our Timothy quest, and it served to keep her mind off our master. She wasn't exactly troubled, for she looked upon all these happenings as steps up the staircase of reform, but she talked a great deal to herself about him, and whenever any of the family went to see him, it was an understood thing that they all reported to Nonnie how he looked, what he said, and whether he was eating any better.

They all knew that when he went to the Penitentiary they would not be able to see him so often, so they made as many visits now as they could. Dr. Sandys took pains to be with him sometimes when that gun of Nonnie's fired, and I heard him telling his wife that the boy always grew uneasy and looked wildly about him when the heavy sound shook the prison walls.

"He is coming out of his shell," said the Doctor, and then on the top of that he really did partly break down under a visit from Grandmother.

The dear old lady had been ill over his case, and Grandfather had had to wait for her. When they did come to the city, they stayed with Miss Macadder, in her fine house down near the park, as she insisted on entertaining them.

The Doctor laughed about it and said to his wife,



"Another chicken come home to roost," for it seemed that when Miss Macadder's late father went to Rossignol as a young man, Grandfather befriended him and sent him to big coal mines in the Scottish part of Nova Scotia. Grandfather had quite an interest in mines in those days, and Mr. Macadder had made a fortune and had come to the capital city of the Province to spend it, and now his daughter was proving a friend to his old friend.

She had really become intensely interested in my young master and often had Rachel with her. In the privacy of our parlor, she gave Nonnie an account of her first visit to the jail, and Nonnie laughed and cried at the same time at the picture Miss Macadder drew of the proud boy standing in the corner of his cell, trying to act like a gentleman, and yet glaring at the venturesome elderly woman who said she had come to pay her respects to him as the head of her family.

"I don't know that I did him any good," said Miss Macadder in her stiff way.

"Yes, ma'am, you did good. I feels it," said Nonnie. "Dat's what he needs—to set hisself up a bit. He's all down in de mud. He thinks he'll never be no more good. You was a real lady to go. If every boy what's in jail had de friends like our boy, de prison doors would soon fly open an' dere'd be no one inside. We wills de boys in, an' we wills dem out."

However, to come back to Grandmother—our boy knew that she had been ill, and he also knew that it was worry about him that had brought on her illness, so when she came to see him, very weak and trembling and leaning on Grandfather's arm, there was a rather touching scene.



Mrs. Sandys stood outside in the corridor, and I listened when she told her husband that she had never been so proud of her mother in her life. She said that poor old Grandfather, who was terrified that the shock of seeing her own daughter's child in a prison might kill her, sat staring at her nervously from one of the two chairs that the warden had had put in the cell for the two old people.

Grandmother held up her head like a lady, and instead of crying over Master Nappy, made various polite inquiries about his health after she had kissed him affectionately. Then she got him to promise to eat more, and discussed the weather; but just before she left she asked whether she might sing to him a verse of the old song that she used to put his mother to sleep with when she was a baby.

Mrs. Sandys said she peeped in and saw Master Nappy bow his head, for he could not speak, and then Grandmother began in her sweet cracked voice, with its many curlicues:

“Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotions to friends that are new;  
Oh! well knowing my Savior resides everywhere,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer,  
Give answer to prayer.”

“A bower!” Mrs. Sandys said. “Of all things to sing about!”

But it did the boy good, for he braced up and said, “I thank you for coming, Grandmother. Nothing that has happened has made me feel so sorry for giving you all so much trouble. I hope——” then he broke down and turned his poor face to the wall. Grandfather crept out of the room, and Grandmother went up and put her feeble arm round the dear child of her

dear child, and Mrs. Sandys stopped looking, and no one ever knew what the old lady said, but the boy was better from that day and began to eat his food.

However, he still had a grudge against Nonnie for the gun business, and did not send for her until after he went to the Penitentiary; so I will go on and tell what she did for Timothy while she was waiting for him to thaw.

NONNIE just haunted the water-front, which was the most fascinating of any that I had ever seen. The city was so small, there were only about fifty thousand people in it at the time, though there are about seventy-five thousand now, that it didn't take her long to get to the wharves.

To her great surprise she was finding out that she could walk quite well here in the city. There was no Dancer to drive her about, and she hated to climb on the street cars, and the Doctor told her that it was the best thing for her rheumatism to walk, so nearly every afternoon when the dishes were washed she called to me to run upstairs and get her hat and cloak, and we set out.

She carried me under the cloak till we got to the wharves, then she set me down, for I was an advertisement. When sailors stopped to admire me, she asked them about Timothy. Had they seen her brother, and then she would describe him—a little too favorably, I thought, but they could always recognize him by his lameness.

The weather was mostly fine, and the wharves were sunny. Oh! what fun we had climbing on the ships—not the big passenger steamers—Nonnie kept away from them, for they always had men stationed to keep out persons who had no special errand on board, but the friendly fishing schooners and the freight boats from foreign parts.

There was one Italian steamer in port for a long



time, waiting her turn to get into the wonderful dry-dock farther up the harbor, and the sailors on it loved Nonnie, though they could not understand a word of what she said and she could not understand them.

They knew the eating language, though, and she often went on board and ate their macaroni and cheese, and in turn made them Nova Scotian cakes and hot biscuits, while they stood praising her, and gesticulating, with broad smiles on their sunburnt faces.

One day she started darning socks for them, and some of the sailors from the other ships hearing about it, got her to darn for them. They were clever enough at repairing their shirts and trousers, but they were very lumpy darners, and often sighed for their wives.

Miss Macadder was so much pleased when she heard about the darning, and Nonnie's other kindnesses to the sailors, that she made her a member of her Navy League, which is a very powerful organization in this city by the sea.

No matter how much the sailors engrossed her, Nonnie never forgot our master, and while Miss Macadder and her powerful friends, aided by all the Sandyses, were harping away at a country prison for the Nova Scotian boys who had gone wrong, Nonnie was doing a remarkable work among the sailors and the people in the settlements and villages along the shore who came by boat to Halifax to do their shopping.

"What about de boys in prison?" she would say. "S'pose you'se got a brudder dere. Does you want him in a Zoo?"

The sensible Nova Scotians almost always said that

they believed in punishment for crime, even severe punishment, but it must have for object the reforming of the boys and men. Nothing that would make them feel more desperate should be done to them.

Nova Scotia is a small province, having only a little over half a million of a population and a very friendly feeling prevails, for the people in one town are apt to know someone in the next. Then, being a restless people, they often travel from one place to another, and it is interesting to hear them talking of persons who live quite at the other end of the province whom they know quite well.

So in one way and another, Nonnie began to have quite a reputation among the seafaring folk, but it was mostly among the handworkers, till she preached her famous though brief sermon on "Elbow Grease," which raised her to speaking terms with the ship-owners and warehouse-men along the waterfront.

We were not on a ship that day, but on a pier watching the men put a mixed cargo on a coasting vessel. Nonnie sat on a pile of boards, and I frisked about, playing with anyone who had time to bother with me. At three o'clock the men had leave for half an hour, and a loafer began to speechify.

He said he was a Communist, and believed in sharing everything with everybody. Nonnie sat and listened to him as long as she could, her eyes running over the brown faces of the young men listening to him, but finally she called out, "He's had long enough shift, boys—give Mother Bunch de rest."

Now all these young fellows knew that Nonnie could make good doughnuts, but they did not know that she was a preacher, so their faces lighted up and they gave her a cheer. "Mother Bunch" was the general

nickname for her, except among the men-of-war sailors, who called every woman just plain "mother."

"Gimme a hand, lad," she said to a boy in buttons who had run down from a near-by boat. "I wants to git to de top of dis here heap of boards."

"You'll come a cropper, Mother Bunch," an English steward shouted, but the stubborn old dear shook her head and began, "I'se a Nova Scoshun, an' thank de Lord dis is de fust time I've ever heard tell o' dis nonsense of men an' women what ain't eddicated to a thing runnin' it. You——" and she turned to the Communist, "You pale-faced boy wid your dirty hands an' face, look at all dese brownies here. Now what has your religion done for you in looks? Does you think you can make dese hard-headed boys think dat dey knows as much as captains an' masters an' mates? I tell you dey ain't eddicated to it, an' dey knows it. I'd not like to sail de boat you all would circumnavigate.

"Does you know de sun an' de moon an' de stars? Of course you don't. Now I'll just tell you, Mister Foreigner, 'cause I notice you is speakin' our language mighty bad, we Novy Scoshuns has a motto, an' dat motto is de text of my sermon to dese lads. Dat text is 'Elbow Grease,' an' you'll hear it from one end of de province to de odder, whether it's de French who says it, or de Highlanders an' de Lowlanders in Cape Breton, or de English an' Irish an' de Welsh an' de Americans in de Valley. I tell you dat we loves furriners here, but dey has to work hard afore we listens to dem, an' your hands show you an' work ain't no brothers. Jus' you heave dat log dere, if you please."

The poor sickly fellow tried to get out of this test, but the sailors and wharfmen pressed behind him,



and he did try to lift the huge thing till Nonnie roared out, "Stop him! We don't want to kill de stranger widin out gates. You po' sick pill, you come home wid Nonnie. You is half starved, I can tell by your pulin' face. What you wants is a good meal of meat vittles. Come along wid me an' Monkey."

To encourage the angry man, who was whiter than ever with rage, I ran to him and took his hand, but he started to kick me until a young giant of a longshoreman who was a special pet of Nonnie's gave him a hoist with his foot, whereupon he calmed down.

Nonnie reasoned with him. "I can put you in a snug haven to rest. You is all beat out. I ain't one to reason wid you. I'll confront you wid your betters. You is jus' a bit astray. Don't you misunderstan' me. I knows dere is rich what imposes on de poor, an' I hates dem for it, but ain't de men got votes to undercontrol dem? We ain't goin' to listen to no talk about de ignorapottamouses what don't know nothin', a-bossin' de ones what does—— Come along now."

He again resisted, but Nonnie, seeing that he was so weak that he could scarcely stand up, began to pet him, and the sailors cheering her escorted us up to Water Street, got a taxi, put him in it, paid the fare and sent us off in fine style.

I wondered what Nonnie was going to do with him, but she looked as cool as a cucumber, so I thought I needn't worry.

When she got to Queen Street she took him by the arm, and conducted him up the lane to the old stable in the garden.

"Does you see dose steps?" she said. "You go up dere an' Nonnie'll have de bes' meal here in ten minutes dat you'se seen in a year. Mount up here

now—— No, not in dat cow an' horse part, up de stairs."

The young fellow slouched up the rough steps, and sat down on a broken chair, for I slipped up to peep at him, but he made an awful face at me, so I hurried in to Nonnie and watched her pile a tray full of lovely cold things to eat, and put on it a whole tea-pot of hot tea.

Then, as the Doctor wasn't home, she went to Mr. Wiltshire's and asked him to go and talk to a poor sinner who didn't know on which side his bread was buttered.

Mr. Wiltshire, who like our Doctor was never surprised at anything, sauntered out to the stable, and soon I heard him talking and laughing with the stranger. It seemed he was a Russian and he was delighted to find that the minister, who knew many languages, could speak to him in his own tongue.

The end of it was that the Russian was put in a room in the Wiltshires' attic, and boarded with them for weeks. He was a great talker, and I used to think that the clergyman had much patience to stand his long speeches, but when he got some flesh on his bones Mr. Wiltshire put him to work at a very practical thing.

The board fences in the neighborhood had worried Mrs. Sandys so much that she went round to all the neighbors, and got their permission to remove them and put low and almost invisible wire ones in their place. To the Russian fell the task of taking down the fences and splitting them up for kindling that he stored in the various cellars.

He got well paid, and became such a handy man about the place that he did all the garden work, and in winter attended to the furnaces, and later on, when the Sandyses went back to Downton, he followed them,

and finally married a Valley girl that Nonnie said "Bossed him like de mischief."

So that part of the Timothy quest ended well, but now for Timothy himself, and the queer way we found him.

It seemed there was a friendly race every year between American and Nova Scotian fishing schooners. There were beautiful boats in the fishing fleet of Nova Scotia, and the queen of them all was the *Chebucto*, that is the old Indian name of the harbor.

One warm day Nonnie, who was very tired, fell asleep in the little cabin of the *Chebucto*, where the mate had sent her down to make herself a cup of tea. I blush to say that instead of keeping awake and watching over my good friend, I followed her example, till I was aroused by a wild shriek from her, "My laws-a-massey—we're on de move!"

I sprang up, and sure enough through the porthole I could see the pretty houses at the south end of the city spinning by like moving pictures.

Nonnie stumbled on deck, "Stop dis ship, Capt'in. Where's de capt'in? I'se got to get ashore. I'se got bread a-settin' behind de stove."

I can see the captain now, grinning from ear to ear. He was sorry for Nonnie, but he could not help being amused. "Do you think I'm running a ferry-boat?" he asked, and he pointed to his wonderful sails.

"Oh! Capt'in, where is you a-goin'?" asked poor Nonnie. "I won't stan' for no ocean trip."

"Home to Eastern Passage," said the captain. "It's only a few hours' run. Keep cool, and I'll send you back in my buggy."

Nonnie at once calmed down, and began to giggle. Then she thought of Mrs. Sandys, and said, "Capt'in, can't you wig-waggle Nonnie back to de city?"



Now he chuckled as he promised her that he would signal the first craft that we passed, and as the harbor was always dotted with sails and steam funnels he soon had a message on board the motor-boat *Lunenburg*, that Nonnie Francis sent a message to Mrs. Sandys, Queen Street, to look out for the bread behind the stove, for Nonnie was on a pleasure trip down the harbor.

Now she set out to enjoy herself, and sat on deck like a queen with the captain's young son, who happened to be on board, explaining everything to her.

"That there place," he said, pointing behind the long green MacNab's Island, "is where the *Tallahassee* crept out. Ever heard of the *Tallahassee*?"

Nonnie with dignity informed him that she had been brought up in the country.

"Well, you know about the American War between the North and the South," said the boy.

"I am an American citizen," said Nonnie. "I comes slap out of Florida."

"Thunder!" said the lad; then he informed her that when the North was fighting the South, the Southern vessels used to run up to Halifax for supplies, and that one day the *Tallahassee* found herself blockaded in the harbor with two Northern cruisers watching her at the harbor mouth like two cats ready to pounce on an unfortunate mouse.

"And what did mousie do?" asked Nonnie demurely, for she saw that the boy had some surprise in store for her.

"See where we're going," said the boy. "This passage back of MacNab's had only been used for small craft, but the captain of the *Tallahassee* he dared it, and he ran through and in the morning he wasn't here."

"Glory be!" said Nonnie, then she added, "All hail to the Union!"

"I guess you're a Southerner fast enough," said the boy.

"I'se a Novy Scoshun now," said Nonnie with dignity, "but I tells you, boy, you never forgits where you is born. Seems like de odder day I was a-sittin' before my aunt's cabin down on de awful sandy St. Augustine Road what leads out to de ole sugar plantation dat now is de Florida State Normal School for de colored people. A fine carriage come by, 'cause dere warn't no autymobiles in dose days, an' in it was two of de grandes' folks de Lord ever made. Dey saw de poverty of de place an' when dey was a-starin' at us, I runned out an' got under de horses' feets. I wasn't much hurt, but dey was so sorry, dose two good people, an' dey took me to a doctor in St. Augustine, an' I clung to dem an' dey brung me North. My mudder was dead, an' my aunt was poorer dan poverty, an' I had only one brudder, dis Timothy, an' he followed me up to Novy Scoshy in a short spell, then he sort of dropped off an' run away to sea—dat's why I has so much patience wid de runaways. You know I'se a-lookin' for him?"

"Yes," the boy said he knew, and I stared at him thinking how strange it was that I should hear for the first time on this fishing schooner the details of Nonnie's early life.

Presently when we had slipped half-way through this lovely strait of water, he asked, "What sort of a looking chap was this brother of yours?"

Nonnie began, "Fairly straight, some grey grizzle in hair, dent in forehead, limps, but not as so you'd notice it much——"

While she was speaking, the boy idly picked up the

captain's big glasses that he had sent to amuse Nonnie, and looked through them at another green island we were passing. Some men were sauntering along the shore. The first ones were in very smart uniform, the last man was by himself, and I could not see plainly what he was like, but he did not carry himself like an officer.

"Look through that," said the boy suddenly, passing the glasses to Nonnie.



NONNIE glanced toward the shore which was now quite near, then she gave a shriek, dropped the binoculars, and began to beat a coil of rope with both hands.

"Timothy, Timothy!" she screamed.

"Upon my word," I said to myself, "I believe that bent man skipping stones on the water is old Timothy. It certainly looks like him."

The captain in great concern ran to Nonnie. He thought she had a sudden pain, and sent below for brandy, for you could get it in those days, though the Nova Scotians won't sell it now.

"It's my brother, Capt'in," she shouted. "It's my Timothy—can't you hail him?"

The captain put his hands to his mouth and bellowed like a bull, "Timothy Francis! Timothy Francis! Your sister is here."

The black man on shore stood stock-still, then capered like a goat, and the officers turned round in astonishment.

"She'll send word to you," the captain roared on, then he turned to Nonnie. "He's on Quarantine Island—must be on a big passenger steamer from Southampton that put in there two days ago with three cases of smallpox. You can't land. When you get home, call up the quarantine doctor."

Nonnie got up, held on to the boy, and said gravely, "I thank you a million times, Capt'in." Then she was supported to the cabin, saying to me, "Come along, Monkey," and what a spell of rejoicing she had. I

never heard anything like it in my life. She called down blessings on the captain, and his family, and his children, and their children, and children's children, and she blessed the steamer, and the passengers, and officers, and the smallpox cases because they had brought her Timothy to her, and she begged for length of days and strength of arm for her dear brother, and ever so many other good things that I cannot remember.

When the schooner glided in to her home wharf like a graceful bird, Nonnie, as one in a dream, accompanied the captain to his neat house, and his wife told her daughter to run to the hen-house for eggs, and she started to make a cup of tea and spread some bread with nice yellow butter, but Nonnie could touch nothing, even though they tried to tempt her with a generous slice of watermelon that I afterwards got.

Just as soon as the boy had his supper, he harnessed their horse and prepared to drive Nonnie back to the city.

The drive on this side of the harbor wound up hill and down dale, and past many fishing streams that were full of trout. We also passed several of the forts with which the harbor is surrounded. Soon we came to a sugar refinery and then we were in the pretty town of Dartmouth that lies opposite Halifax.

When the boy drove up to the gates of the ferry, some men-of-war sailors who were going over recognized Nonnie, and paid the boy and sent him home. Then when we got to the Halifax side they took Nonnie to the quarantine doctor, and found out all about the time the steamer would be held up. Finally they put her in a cab, as there were no taxis about, and sent her home.

Nonnie, still in a dream of bliss, came out of it long

enough to thank them heartily, then she sank back again until we reached home. There she became herself, and fairly burst into the sitting-room with her news. It was quite dark now, and the children were sitting around a table learning their lessons, but there was no more studying when Nonnie began her story.

The Sandys family was almost as much pleased as she was, and told her she could have the old coachman's room in the stable for her brother if she liked.

"He's a rover," she said, "an' mebbe he won't stay long, but I'd like to have his own little corner where he could put his footses up on a chair an' talk to his Nonnie."

Mrs. Sandys told her to do just as she pleased, and for some time there was no more roaming the wharves.

Nonnie hung over the Russian, who was asked to paint and paper the room and put a stove in it. She did not take me on her shopping expeditions, but I saw the things when they came home.

When everything was finished, it was the snuggest place that I ever saw. Nonnie had two comfortable chairs, one for Timothy and one for herself, placed each side of the stove, and around the wall hung some pictures of Florida that Grandmother sent up from Rossignol. They were of big trees with streamers of long moss, and sandy shores and palm groves, and luscious bunches of tropical fruits, and Nonnie was in an ecstasy over them, and could hardly wait for the day to come when Timothy would see them, too.

At last that happy day arrived, and he, grinning as of old, drove up to the door with his small trunk on the side of the taxi. Nonnie nearly hugged him to death, and all the Sandys family greeted him most kindly and begged him to feel quite at home with them. Rachel especially acted like a little lady. She felt that



this was another retainer for her dear brother when he should get out of prison.

Finally they all went away, and left Nonnie and her brother and me in the comfortable room in the stable. The evening was chilly, and what a fire Nonnie had on.

She closed both windows when the white folks had gone, and we drew near the stove and sat there rejoicing in the beautiful heat which was much more than a real Nova Scotian could stand. Didn't we talk! It was about one o'clock when Nonnie and I crept to bed, and we overslept ourselves in the morning.

Well, Timothy didn't run away as Nonnie had been afraid he would. He stayed right on and made himself very useful in helping her. One thing that he could do that the Russian could not, and that was cooking, and when Miss Macadder had a party she always sent for him, and he went gladly for she never called him a cook, but a "chef."

Nonnie made him do other things and he was a splendid washer, but he would not hang out the clothes, though I offered to hold the clothes pins for him as I did for Nonnie.

"No go, monkey boy," he said; "I draws de line right there."

Nonnie, when the novelty of Timothy's return had worn off, stopped talking to him all the time, and began taking him about with her.

The Sandys family was delighted with the effect of his arrival on her. She now had someone of her own flesh and blood—a constant companion who kept her from thinking overmuch about the approaching end of my master's trial.

I seemed a little dearer than before to her just now,

and she took me nearly everywhere that she and Timothy went.

What fun we used to have prowling about Water Street, and the wharves and piers, or going to visit some of the new friends that Nonnie had made among the many colored people who lived mostly in the middle of the city near the big Citadel!

She introduced Timothy to them all, and they compared notes as to whether their ancestors came from the Southern States or the West Indies, and they used to have parties with nice things to eat, and I did my various tricks and brought down lots of applause.

Sometimes we went to the outdoor market where we met the colored people who had small truck farms in the country. They sold all sorts of green stuff, and had plenty of fresh eggs, so Nonnie and Timothy took baskets on their arms and did the family shopping.

We would all really have been perfectly happy at this time, if the thought of the approaching end of my master's trial had not been hanging over us, like the heavy stick in the hands of a master who is going to punish a bad monkey, for there are bad monkeys as well as human beings.

I SHALL never forget that day. Dr. and Mrs. Sandys came in one sad and rainy evening about dusk. Their heads were down, and Mrs. Sandys had been crying.

"Five years in the Penitentiary," I heard them whisper to Rachel, who was curled up on the hearth-rug waiting for them. She had a good fire, for by this time the evenings were getting cool. Autumn was really upon us.

Nonnie came tiptoeing upstairs when she heard them, and when they whispered again, "Five years," her face did not fall.

"Praise God!" she said quite loudly. "Nonnie was afeared her boy would get more dan dat."

Dr. and Mrs. Sandys looked terribly sad, and Rachel was sobbing like a baby, but Nonnie was still cheerful.

"Look-a here, you dear oneses," she said; "listen to one of Nonnie's 'speriences. I wasn't goin' to tell you, but mebbe it'll help you keep up de brave fight. Monkey, you come here, 'cause you was with me," and sweeping me into the hollow of her arm, she sat down in a chair by the fire, and drawing the weeping Rachel to her, she said, "Does you want to hear a story about your sainty mother, my little one?"

Rachel, who was a brave girl, dried her tears, and taking Nonnie's hand, nodded her head.

I knew what she was going to say, and I was glad. I would have put the story in my little book earlier than this, but I was afraid to do so, for it was something that I did not understand.



How I listened—how I listened, as the dear old black woman, leaning forward in her chair, began in her rich, deep voice!

“Missa an’ Docta, has you noticed that jus’ before we left our happy home Nonnie give up grievin’ an’ questionin’ what dat godly Methodist minister from England called ‘de pretty ways of Providence’?”

“Yes, Nonnie, I did notice it,” said Mrs. Sandys, “and I wondered what had happened to you, for you were pretty serious before then, though you did not worry as you did when we went to Rossignol.”

“Missa,” said Nonnie, “de Lord sont me a messenger. Now, listen! One evenin’ just after we got back from de blessed Granfadder’s, Nonnie went up to visit de graves, an’ Monkey here came trapseing after her.”

I tried to look grateful to her for including me, and grunted feelingly.

“Oh, dat cemetery!” said Nonnie. “It was so brave an’ sweet in de evenin’ air. I thought, ‘How will poor Nonnie live widout de sight of dat spot where rests de dear body of dat ever-lovin’ Miss Jenny?’ Well, de good Lord comforted me, an’ dis little creetur here, he was scared an’ crouched close to me. Now Missa an’ Docta an’ Rachel, whedder you believes me or not, as I sat on dat dere bench what de Docta made an’ stared at dat white marble stone, de roun’ thing on it wid de lubly woman face in de middle seemed to get kind of hazy and bright. De night was fallin’, de night-hawks was comin’ lower an’ lower, makin’ deir strange noise, an’ suddenly dere was a noise dat was not de noise of a bird. Somethin’ seemed to come right out from dat dere marble, but it wasn’t marble—oh! no, it was lovin’ an’ soft like de brushin’ of a lady’s dress. I closed my weary eyes, an’ it seemed dat a

hand was laid on my forehead an' a voice said, 'My frien' '—now no one ever said 'my frien' ' jus' like Miss Jenny—'my frien', don't grieve no more; out of stone walls can come sweetness an' blessin'—jus' dat an' no more; but oh! how Nonnie was comforted! Dere was an arm round me, a gentle lovin' arm, and when I opened my eyes I knew dat what was goin' to happen to de boy was de right thing in his mudder's eyes. Now don't mourn, chillen, don't mourn!" and without a tear in her own eyes, she put me down and stretched an arm round poor Mrs. Sandys, who had sunk on her knees beside her and was crying just as Rachel had done.

The old black woman sat there like a mother with her children. The Sandyses had been under a heavy strain, and I think they were disappointed about what seemed to them a heavy sentence. They had been hoping that the law would have been more merciful to their boy.

"Don't mourn, Missa Ales," Nonnie kept on saying; "de time will pass, an' dere's a powerful blessin' in store for you an' dat dear boy of a Docta. De court is all right. Dere's got to be a mighty dose of medicine to take all de sickness out of dat poor young body. Five years ain't any too long a time. Keep up de brave heart——"

Mrs. Sandys suddenly sprang up. "Nonnie, I'm ashamed of myself, but I—I had been hoping," and here she broke down again and cried and laughed so hysterically that her husband took her in his arms and carried her up to her bed.

Nonnie went down to the kitchen and made her some strong, hot, sweet ginger tea, and when Mrs. Sandys drank it she felt better and soon fell asleep. Rachel, who was all worn out, too, with anxiety, went to her



room, and Nonnie, seeing that the Doctor was sitting beside his wife, signalled to me to go to the kitchen with her.

I felt terribly excited, and seeing these human beings give way made me think that I must do something, too, so I went round the kitchen shaking and beating everything I could get hold of, imitating the actions of monkeys in Zoos who, when they get in a temper, rattle the wire netting of their cages as if they would tear it to pieces.

Nonnie surveyed me coolly and said, "Now you, Jimmy, stop dat! No use givin' way to de debbil if you is crossed about your master goin' to de Penitentiary. You come right along here an' ketch some cockroaches. Dat'll drive de sorrow out of your mind. You've been a-presumin' on your grief to knock off work."

It was true I had been careless and I knew it. It was my task to keep the kitchen free from all creeping things, and they had got ahead of me; but didn't I fall on them now! I pretended that the cockroaches were the judge and jury that had condemned my dear master to a prison cell for five long years, and I assure you they went scampering under the sink as if a lion had been after them. I leaned down and jabbered in their hole, "If one of you shows hide or hair in this kitchen again, I'll tear you all to pieces."

The old king of the cockroaches pulled his head into his hole. He was frightened to death, and that very night must have led his hosts into the Wiltshires' kitchen, for I heard them telling Mrs. Sandys that they had had a sudden invasion of cockroaches.

Nonnie was pleased with me and gave me a handful of raisins, and while I was eating them, I heard Miss Macadder's voice in the front hall and scampered



upstairs. She had called to sympathize, but she did not see Mrs. Sandys. The Doctor came down, and while he talked to her she allowed me to sit beside her. I offered her a raisin, and she took it, but did not eat it. I supposed she was stuffed with the delicious things she had to eat in her own house.

I wanted dreadfully to stay and hear what they said, but Nonnie's voice came soaring upstairs, "Jimmy Gold-Coast! Jimmy Gold-Coast!" and I had to run for my life, for she did not like to be kept waiting.

"I'se too excited to stay in de house dis night," she said, "an' Timothy's off wid an ole frien'. I'se a-goin' to see dis Penitentiary where dey put my boy. Go get your little jacket an' trousers, too, 'case it's cold, an' run up stairs and find Nonnie's new muff."

I hadn't been out all day, and I loved the new muff, for monkeys can safely take the air in chilly weather if they are kept warm. Nonnie liked to have me with her, for she said she had never had a baby of her own, and though I must never for a minute compare myself with a human being, I was like a nice little animal infant for her. The family had shrieked with laughter over the muff that she had made to carry me, and had chaffed her about forcing the season, for it was only autumn now. Winter had not come by any means. This muff had a great pouch in it, and Rachel said that when Nonnie put me in it and went along the street she looked just like a kangaroo.

The kind old woman was so big and fat that a few extra pounds of monkey flesh did not make much difference, and she delighted in bossing me, for she never allowed me to stick my head out of the muff unless she gave the word of command.

On this night I jumped into the muff when she had put on her bonnet and cloak, and we set out. Leaving

Queen Street, she turned into one called Morris Street, and passing our children's school-house, walked toward the west.

It was quite dark now, but the streets were well lighted, and Nonnie often stopped to peer into windows where the blinds were not drawn. She knew several of the families roundabout by this time, for the Sandys children brought half the neighborhood to our house.

These houses were all comfortable looking and of a fair size, but like our own, were ugly outside and pretty inside. Their walls were mostly of wood, not very well painted, but the scenes inside in the little parlors were interesting and often touching, for the Haligonians are very strong on family life.

"Too much wood, bad for fires!" said Nonnie; then she stopped short, for the bell from the nearest engine-house began to ring.

"One, two, three," Nonnie counted; "pause—den one, two, three, four—dat's box thirty-four, Monkey. Not de Sandys' box," and she journeyed on; but she stopped again to laugh as a young man who had been walking in front of us shook the girl from his arm and dashed away.

"Dat's hard lines for you," said Nonnie comfortingly; "ain't much pleasure in havin' a fireman beau, is dere, miss?"

"No, there isn't," said the girl pettishly. "He's always bein' called off, and he's sleepy all the time, 'cause there's a bell at the head of his bed that often calls him out at night."

"Want to come along with me?" asked Nonnie kindly.

The girl looked at her black face, and saying coldly,

"No, thank you," veered off from us as if we had some disease.

Nothing upset Nonnie, and she merely chuckled: "You an' I is dark, Monkey, in dis world, but I guess in de resurrection morn we'll be whiter dan some odder folks. Stick your head in your nestie. Dere's a passel of young folks comin', an' I ain't got no time to bodder wid dem."

I hid myself, and we jogged comfortably along until I ventured to peep out and saw that we were directly in front of the long building of the School for the Blind.

Nonnie was surveying it in great approbation. "Dem folks dat sees an' cares for dem what don't see is pullin' down a blessin' on demselves," she said aloud; then she stood for a while to listen to the sound of some fine chorus singing.

Finally she said, "Time is a-flyin'," and waddled along broad South Park Street, which was bordered by quite large and fine-looking houses. Nonnie sauntered under the big trees and made remarks about every house we passed. Certainly she did love to talk to herself.

"We's a-gettin' grander," she said; "an' now, Jimmy, we mus' switch off to Tower Road—Hi! What you doin'?"

Then she began to laugh. A young red-coated soldier had almost run her down. The half-past nine o'clock gun had just fired from the Citadel, and he was afraid of being late in entering his particular barracks.

"Well, bless my heart, Monkey!" said Nonnie, "if here ain't anodder girl," and she stared at a red-cheeked damsel who was standing disconsolately under a street light.

"Come along wid me, honey," she said in her nice



motherly way. "De young men all seem to be on de run to-night."

The girl turned her fresh face toward her. "We didn't know how late it is. I'll go a short bit, but I have to be in at ten."

"Is dat de time here for de back door?" asked Nonnie affably.

"Some mistresses let you stay out till eleven," said the maid, "but I'm just from home, and I promised mother I'd never stay out late."

"If you minds your mudder, you'll never go wrong," said Nonnie, "seein' she's dat kind of a mudder. Where you come from?"

"The Annapolis Valley," replied the girl.

"What part of the Valley?" asked Nonnie.

"Downton way—the old Post Road."

"What's your name?" Nonnie continued.

"Mary Somerset."

"My soul an' body," said Nonnie, "if it ain't little Mary Somerset growed up! Don't you remember de Docta fixin' up your pa's arm dat time he bruk it?"

The girl was delighted, and seized Nonnie warmly by the hand. She had just come to the city and knew few people. She was full of trouble, for she had taken a great fancy to this young red-coat, and her mistress did not approve of him and would not have him sit in her kitchen.

"It's the first thing they ask you here when you want a place," she said bitterly, "'Have you got a soldier beau?' Ain't soldiers as good as anybody?"

"'Course dey is," said Nonnie, "but dey has good appetites, an' de mistresses is afraid of you sneakin' things to eat to dem."

"Does a soldier eat any more than any other man?"

the girl asked indignantly. "My brothers are farmers, and they eat like horses."

Nonnie laughed so much at this that she could scarcely walk; then remembering the time, she hurried on, talking meanwhile soothingly to the young girl, who after a while left us, promising to call on Nonnie.

She came once, and then never again, and would not speak to Nonnie when she met her.

Nonnie giggled about it. "She's foun' out dat I'se in de direc' line from a king," she said, "an' she's afraid dat I'll refuse to 'sociate wid her. She don't know how meek I is."

However, to go back to this particular night—we journeyed along down the leafy Tower Road that led to the fat round Martello fort in the evergreen park lying at the tip of the peninsula on which the city of Halifax is built.

The children haunted this park, and ever since we came had had frequent picnics there. Their table was always spread on one of the huge rocks that lifted their heads at intervals through the lovely wood. One day they had an exceptionally toothsome lunch, and not being sufficiently hungry to do justice to it, went to play, and when they had raised tremendous appetites, they went in search of their rock, but could not find it.

Nonnie was convulsed with laughter when they came home mourning and half starved, and said, "Serves you right, chillens! Nonnie asked you to take Monkey on dat picnic, an' you, Rachel, said he'd be a bodder. Monkey would have tooked you to dat eatin' spot like a dart."

Rachel caressed me kindly and promised that they would never again have a picnic without me. She was certainly a very sweet-tempered child.

To-night I shivered as I left the cool wind, and retreated to the warm depths of the muff. The summer was over, the autumn had come, and the children would have few picnics—at least so I thought then. I did not know what hardy young things those Sandys children were, and how they would play in the snow as gaily as they had frisked about the green grass.

When we got near Miss Macadder's house as Nonnie plodded down the long road to the Tower, I stuck my head out. The old mansion was of wood, and situated at the end of a long avenue that wound round a big circular lawn. How often had I trotted up that avenue at Rachel's heels when she went to call on her new friend, but to-night I was contented to stay in the muff. Lights were twinkling in the house, but not too many, for Miss Macadder was not one to waste money.

Nonnie groaned very sweetly as she cast a loving look up the avenue. "Lord, give dat good soul length of days! Make her shine like de sun in de might of her good deeds. I calls down blessin's on her head," and singing under her breath:

"Dat dear good woman will be dere,  
In dat beautiful world on high,"

she again took up her march to the Penitentiary.

As she walked, she talked to herself. "It certainly am strange dat these city folks put deir ole prison slam down here in de fashionable part of de town. Don't seem nature to have de poor boys shut up here near de tantalizin' homes of de rich. I'se glad dere ain't no women in it. Seems like de women of Novy Scoshy don't take to sinnin' like de men—here we is, Monkey!" and she paused at the top of a long lane



that led from the shady road down toward the blue waters of the inlet called the North-West Arm, that runs up from the harbor to the back of the city.

There were two big rocks painted white to show the entrance to the lane on a dark night, and steering between these rocks, Nonnie plodded along.

I got right up out of the muff to stare about me. I had been here but very few times and always in a carriage, for the children were not allowed to have their picnics anywhere near the Penitentiary. One drove down to its gates and then turned, but to-night we left the carriage road and took a path that went all round the grim grey building.

It was quite dark with the exception of the Warden's quarters in front, where lights showed in two rooms. "De boys be all gone to bed," muttered Nonnie. "Now we'll have to look out for de guards, Monkey boy, 'cause dey's jus' as soon shoot as look at us."

I didn't feel very happy about this expedition, but Nonnie, with all her daring, had a broad streak of caution in her and always left a loophole of escape.

"Monkey boy," she said in a low voice, "do you 'member Nonnie tellin' de chillen about de walls of Jericho dat fell down when de people marched roun' about. Only we ain't got no rams' horns for trumpets, an' it wouldn't be seemly to make dat noise here. But de time will come for shoutin' and rams'-hornin'. Nonnie feels dat. Dese here grey walls will fall down jus' like de walls of dat town of Jericho. Does you believe dat, Monkey?"

I hadn't known Nonnie so long then as I do now, and I didn't believe her, but the time did come when not one stone of that dismal old Penitentiary was left on another.

I shall never forget our clammy walk that night. A fine fog swept in from the mouth of the Arm, and

though it was not thick enough to prevent Nonnie from feeling her way about the Penitentiary down to the water's edge, where its yard wall ran out to the water, it gave us considerable discomfort, and I kept in the muff, only sticking my head out at intervals.

"Now which is de cell of Nonnie's lamb?" the dear old woman kept repeating. "Where does he lay his handsome head dis night? Blessin's on dat head an' on his bones, an' may de good Lord keep de dampness out of dem. Monkey, Nonnie's got to go home. She's gettin' stiff wid her rheumatics," and with one last look at the grey sky and greyer building, she hobbled back to the entrance to the lane leading up to the main road.

"Jericho's walls is tumblin' down," she sang softly as she went along, "an' prison walls will tumble, too. De folks now dey say dat dose Jericho walls was only four feet high. Doesn't make no difference to de Lord, four feet or fifty. If He says, 'Tumble down,' down dey tumbles—— Oh! Lord! scatter de prisoners, take 'em to de country where dat good kind Macadder lady wishes dem to go. Punish dem, Lord. Make dose lazy boys learn to work an' stop pickin' odder people's pockets, but don't punish dem like as dey was wild beasts. Monkey, if I beated you an' shut you up wid cockroaches an' rats, would you learn to be a good monkey? No! I gives you a little crack now an' agin, but I loves you, an' you knows it."

I was so affected by this that I would not be contented till she let me crawl from the muff and give her a good hug round the neck.

"Thar! thar!" she said at last. "Get in your nestie. To-morrow be ironin' day, an' Nonnie's got to get home an' get some rest. Mind you be on hand to pick up the things she drops on de floor. We'll come to Jericho anodder day."



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## *Chapter XXIX      Nonnie's Visit to the Penitentiary*

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FOR quite a time after our boy was taken to the Penitentiary, Nonnie did not see him. He would not send for her, and after a while she became desperate.

"I'se a citizen, Monkey Boy," she said. "I has a right to visit my own prisons. Dat darlin' boy can't bar Nonnie out from her duenesses. I'se goin' to call on de lads what dat ole Satan hauls one way, an' society hauls de odder," and down to the Park she went.

She took me with her, and as long as I live I shall never forget those cold halls and clanging doors, and the sight of those men in their dreadful convict garb, one-half yellow and one-half grey—for this was several years ago.

Nonnie wanted to go all over the place, and the Warden, who was a remarkable man, conducted her himself. Miss Macadder had spoken to him about the old black woman, hence this condescension on his part.

However, he was a man entirely out of the common. Years before he had come to the Penitentiary as head blacksmith, and by sheer force of character had worked himself up to be chief Warden. He was a well-known man in the city, Miss Macadder had told the family, and Master Nappy would be benefited by a stay under him, for his rule was as kindly as prison discipline would allow.

Master Nappy did really begin to start on the long, hard road to reform as soon as he went to the Penitentiary, but his heart was considerably softened before he arrived. The family could not understand his attitude toward Nonnie, but she shook her wise old head and said, "Don' you hurry dat boy. He's afeard



of Nonnie. He thinks I'm a-goin' too fast in slappin' dat ole debbil in de face."

"That is the truth," said our clever Doctor. "Nappy is afraid of giving in too soon."

"He's got a proud stomach," said Nonnie, "like dat young man in de story-book who wouldn't eat de crusses de old woman giv him. But he'll come roun' all right. He can't turn Nonnie's stomach for de lost lambs."

I stared at the Warden curiously. He was an enormous man, very black-haired and with whiskers. His huge fists were like hammers. No prisoner ever dared to stand up to him, but his temper was as gentle as that of a lamb, and he never condemned a prisoner unheard. They all respected him, for he was afraid of nothing. Miss Macadder told us that when winter came, and the lovely sheet of water at the back of the Penitentiary was covered with ice, he did not interrupt his usual practice of having a dip every day of his life, but went down and broke the ice with those big fists of his, and had his plunge that made him as hardy and rugged as a big black bear.

With his shrewd eyes fixed on Nonnie, he conducted us through the deathly quiet stone building, for at that time prisoners were not allowed to speak. She wanted to see everything, and hung over deep pots in the kitchen, and the tables in the long dining-hall, sighing because her Nappy was never allowed anything but a spoon to eat his plain food.

When we came to the cell-block which was like a building within a building, her voice trembled as she asked: "Does de young man what you know I mean, sleep here?"

The Warden said No, that he had a cell in the front part of the building facing the avenue that led to the gates.

"Oh, dose rows of cubby holes like coffins up-ended," murmured Nonnie, and tears came to her eyes. Then she lifted her head toward the roof of that dismal old heap of stone that had re-echoed so often to the sighs and groans of unhappy men.

"Did you speak?" asked the Warden, and she said, "Yes, sir, I said, 'How long, Lord, how long?'"

He smiled, and opened the door of the shoe-making-room that looked on the walled-in yard, and that had a little sunshine stealing in.

It seemed to me that Nonnie's eager eyes raced ahead of her, like the Doctor's greyhounds, up that long room. She knew her boy was here, and there he sat, the beloved one, at a low bench hammering away on the sole of a boot. He neither spoke nor looked at us, but he knew that we were there, and we knew that he knew it. Nonnie tottered a bit, and supported herself against the wall, then she remembered her dignity, and, pulling herself together, proceeded in a slow way up the long room.

Master Nappy had a red spot in each cheek and was deathly pale, but did not look so thin as I had expected he would. I was still in Nonnie's muff. She had said nothing to the Warden about me, and he had asked no questions, though I was sure he saw me.

Though human beings could not speak, there was no rule about monkeys, and as Nonnie sauntered gravely along I made one spring, and had my arms round my master's neck, and oh! how I hugged him.

I felt that there was a positively frightful sensation in the room. Not one of the men sitting over their work benches dared to speak, but oh! what they expressed in the stealthy glances they directed toward me from the corners of their eyes, and what a wave of sympathy I felt coming from them as I jabbered out



my undying love for my master—convict or gentleman, or anything under the sun, but always the dearest person in the world to me.

The good Warden wheeled round—of course I had seized a moment when his back was turned to make my spring, then smiling quietly he motioned to Nonnie to take me, and as she did so, she murmured against that poor shorn head, “Nonnie’s own precious boy!”

All the way to the Penitentiary I had carried tightly curled in my hand a bill that I had not stolen from Nonnie, for she saw me select it from her purse. Indeed, she had taken away the first one I chose and had changed it to one that must have meant more, for she said rebukingly that “Monkey must not stint his master.”

As a travelled monkey, I knew that when gentlemen go to prison a little money is a very useful thing to have, and I thought it no harm to tuck this bill down the back of my master’s dreadful convict shirt when I was hugging him.

He felt it, and ah! what a sigh he gave. His eyes were just eating me up, but he did not dare to caress me—just the sigh, nothing more, then he bent his head over the tap-tapping of his boot, and did not even glance at us as we left the long room.

When we got back to the Warden’s office, Nonnie sat down in a chair and faced him. “You belongs?” she said simply, and when we went home I asked Polly whether she meant some secret society.

“No,” said Polly. “To Nonnie the world is divided into good and bad people, and if you’re not one, you’re the other. She meant that the Warden was like herself, and wished to help his fellow-creatures. Otherwise he would not have been so kind to a black woman. Listen and hear whether she prays for him to-night.”



She did pray for him, and I am glad I have lived long enough to watch some of the blessing she entreated for that man dropping right down on his nice black head.

Miss Macadder and the Sandyses just hung over Nonnie when she gave the account of her visit to the Penitentiary. They were having a dreadful time with Grandfather who had been extremely old-fashioned about prisons till he came to the city.

"What's the matter with the jail life?" I heard him grumbling. "If a lad goes wrong, he's got to be well punished."

Miss Macadder took him through the Penitentiary, and then he flamed up.

"Has my grandson got to spend five years in that living grave?" he asked. "He hasn't room to turn. He couldn't endure that if he were all the saints rolled in one. Has he got to hold his tongue most of the time for five years? The Lord made him with a tongue."

"What about fresh air?" asked Miss Macadder mischievously. "He's suffering from lack of it. His indoor life has driven him to crime. They've put him at making boots and shoes. Imagine how he'll hate it."

"They've no sense, these law-makers," raged Grandfather, and he began going about the city, storming at his fellow citizens who allowed their sons to be put in stone traps like so many mice and rats.

"I'd make convicts work," he shouted at Polly and me and Millie one day, when we were his sole audience in the sitting-room, "but I'd not make them slave inside those stone walls sweating criminal history. Get them out in the open!"

"Haven't you got some land up in this county," said Miss Macadder, "that's bringing you in nothing, and that is covered with fine virgin forest?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I have, but what's that got to do with my grandson?"

"Everything," replied Miss Macadder. "Give it to the government for an up-to-date barracks for convicts. They have these places in other parts of Canada," and she told him all about a wonderful open-air reformatory called Burwash in the Province of Ontario.

Grandfather opened his old eyes till one could really see the pupils, then he slapped his knee. "It's done. You've got your father's brains, if you are a woman."

Then he began a campaign to raise money, and had a successful time at first, for nearly all the leading men he went to were sons and grandsons of his former friends who were mostly dead. However, he abused his privileges, Miss Macadder told him, when he met with opposition, and started to tell prominent persons what he thought of them.

One day I heard a sound of laughter from our back garden, and trotting out, pulled aside the bushes and saw Dr. Sandys and Mr. Wiltshire sitting back and just roaring with amusement. They were telling each other what Grandfather had said at a public meeting.

"He's threatened with three libel suits," said the Doctor. "He told John Dullin that he ought to be in the Penitentiary himself and gave the little particulars of a lumber deal of his some twenty years ago. Then Howles Green is after him about that election fraud. Grandfather has no proof."

"Send him back to the country," said Mr. Wiltshire; "you and I and Miss Macadder can run the thing now," and dear old Grandfather, fighting mightily, but all done out, went back to Rossignol, and giving up his beloved walks, spent all the next winter in dictating letters to influential Nova Scotians in every part of the province.

It came about in a peculiar way, and on a very cold winter night, and old Nonnie was in the forefront of the affair.

She had gone to bed early, for she happened to be very tired, and soon fell fast asleep.

I was not sleepy, and lay awake, thanking my lucky monkey stars that I had such a comfortable bed, and such nice down coverlets, and that I was not an organ-grinder's monkey.

Why are organ-grinders so often cruel to their monkeys? Can't they reason? Don't they know that a monkey has flesh and blood like themselves, and likes nourishing things to eat?

"Oh! how I wish all the organ-grinders would fall asleep and never wake up," a poor little brown Sapajou in New York used to say to me. Then he would groan and wring his hands and pat his poor empty stomach. I often used to sneak him things to eat, and I took such pains to call my master's attention to him, that one day in a fit of generosity he bought him and gave him to a rich old lady who was staying in our hotel, and she took the monkey to drive with her every day, and he sat on the front seat of her car with her chauffeur.

Oh! how grateful that monkey was to me. He used to lay his little thin hand on his heart and say, "Brother, I can't get used to it. It is all so strange to me. I put my hand on my neck. There is no cruel cord there jerking me. I put my hand to my head. It is cool. There is no heavy plumed cap pressing me down. I look at my table when meal times come.



I see no tiny onion beside a crust of bread. I have beautiful things to eat. The lady does not give me a cup to collect pennies. She never beats me, because, though I run so fast with the cup I cannot fill it."

"Bless your heart, Sapajou," I used to say, "your lady has more pennies than she knows what to do with."

"Then she will never set up an organ," he used to say anxiously. "It seems to me I could never go back to that life."

"You'll never have to," I said, and I felt dreadfully when my master made me take some of this good lady's pennies.

My unfortunate master—how he was making up now for those and other pennies, and I shivered and shook in the bed, for as the winter came on, the red spots in his cheeks grew deeper, and his face became more deathly pale.

He was nearly all day in the shoe-shop, and had only a few minutes' exercise in the high-walled prison yard. Then he was in a very low state in his mind, though he became gentler with his uncle and aunt, and seemed to like his talks with them.

What was going to become of him? At this rate, he would never stand five years of prison life, and I used to tremble as the Sandyses sat by the fire and discussed his case with the kind Miss Macadder who really seemed to belong to this family now.

It was an open secret that she wished to adopt Rachel, and I heard Mrs. Sandys one day talking to the little girl about it.

"Auntie," said the child, and she gave her a peculiar look, "aren't you my own mother's sister?"

Mrs. Sandys smilingly said that she certainly was.

"Well," said Rachel, and she laid her hand on her breast as she had a habit of doing when she was very

much in earnest, "there's something here like a little string pulling when I think of leaving you."

"It's the family string," said Mrs. Sandys joyfully, "we're very clannish."

"Then," continued Rachel, "instead of Miss Macadder adopting me, why don't you adopt her?"

Her aunt burst into delighted laughter, and caught her niece to her in a warm embrace, and the next time Miss Macadder came in she told her of Rachel's proposal.

Miss Macadder did not show her feelings as plainly as Mrs. Sandys did, but she looked immensely pleased, and the next time the Sandyses went to Downton for a week-end, Miss Macadder went, too.

As a genuine Nova Scotian, she knew the Valley well, and was quite at home with the people.

"I'm a poor lonely orphan," she said to an old friend whom she met there, "and the Sandyses have adopted me."

Being now a member of our family, she claimed the privileges of an aunt, and whenever she liked she came to spend the night with us, and whenever we liked we told her we were going to visit her.

So when Master Nappy called to Nonnie to come and see him, it happened very fortunately that Nonnie, Rachel, Polly, Timothy, and I were week-ending at Miss Macadder's. Dr. and Mrs. Sandys and the children had gone to Rossignol for a few days.

Though my master was in such a sad state, Nonnie still was not worrying about him. "It's Mr. Debbil a-strivin' wid him," she used to say. "De boy's heart's turnin' from stone to flesh, an' it's wearin' his body out. He's a-fightin' agin it, but de angel in him will come out on top. Go on, angel—fight dat ole debbil. Nonnie's a-prayin' for you. Down wid debbils, is



Nonnie's motto. Up wid angels—an' she's got de Almighty on her side."

I was turning all these things over in my mind this night, as I cuddled up to Nonnie in this beautiful house, and as if she understood, she began to mutter, "Dat's right, Missa Angel. Give dat debbil anodder whack. An' you's a-lookin' on, too, Miss Jenny. Why, she puts up her little fisties, too. Gimme a mudder every time. She'll watch her boy. Go on, Miss Jenny. Dere's lightnin' a-dartin' from your lubly eyes. Oh! yes, I'se a-comin', too. I'll help, Miss Jenny." Then to my great interest, Nonnie started rolling over like a nice black ship trying to right itself, and finally sat up in bed.

"I'se a-hurrin', Miss Jenny," she said, and she put one foot out of bed. "Where's my stockin's, Monkey-Boy? Oh! here dey is—Nonnie'll get dressed," and yawning and stretching herself, she turned on the light, and began to pull on her clothes.

All the time she kept talking as if the boy's mother were in the room. "Yes, Miss Jenny, I'se got a little remembrancer for him, but I didn't lay out to go till to-morrer, but jus' as you say. Anythin' to oblige de family—Jimmy, you go get me dose newspapers."

I got some of the daily newspapers lying on the table, and when I saw her run them up her back, I knew she was going outdoors. Surely she would not venture to walk to the Penitentiary this time of night. Yes, that was just what she intended to do. To-morrow would be the boy's birthday, and she was going down the snowy road to lay her cheek against those cold stones and wish for him many returns of happier days than to-morrow would be.

Soon she was dressed for the street. Like all colored people she hated the cold, and wore so many clothes when she went out in the winter time that



she could scarcely move. She had on as many petticoats as a Scotch fish-wife, and she was bulging out with newspapers that she ran up her back and over her chest inside her cloak to keep the wind from her spine and stomach.

I ran to get my nice new fur-lined coat, for I supposed I was going with her, but she shook her head. "No, Monkey-Boy, Nonnie can risk her own life, but not her master's precious pet's. Don't you know it's been snowin', an' de snow won't be shovelled till mornin'?"

I was uneasy about this expedition. How lonely the prison road would be to-night with no fur-covered sleighs, and groups of merry children playing in the snow. I stayed at the window a long time, curled upon the warm radiator underneath it, then after I had seen Nonnie waddling down the road and vanishing under the pine trees, I began to reflect.

Suppose her clumsy feet gave way, and she fell in the snow. Suppose she lay out there all night, and froze to death, and at this thought I slipped down to the floor. I was in the house of a rich woman who would be glad to help Nonnie, and I swung on the door handle, and turned the knob, then scuttled down the hall to Miss Macadder's room.

One peculiarity of the good woman was that she always slept with her door open, and that she never went to bed as long as there was anyone up in the house. I entered her room softly, and stole up to the bed. There was her greyish head on the pillow, and some nice gentle snoring coming from her half open mouth.

Some of her teeth were in a glass on the table beside her, and oh! how I was tempted to stop and play with them, but this was no time to dally with toys when my beloved Nonnie was out in the cold. So

taking good care not to disturb them, I reached across the table and tickled her under the chin. She did not wake, and I pulled the chain of the electric light above her head. Here was another thing that I loved. All monkeys like to tamper with sparkling things, and I know some South American ring-tails that can put all the electric fixtures of a house out of gear in the twinkling of an eye.

However, I restrained myself and began to grunt "Yah, yah!"

That woke her, and rising on an elbow she gave me a wide smile on account of the missing teeth, and said, "What's the matter, Mr. Monkey?"

I wrung my hands, and beat my breast like a distressed gorilla, and pointed to the door, and she had the good sense to get up, put on her bath-robe and follow me.

I galloped back to Nonnie's bed, and showed her the empty place, then I waved my hand towards the Penitentiary that was not far off.

"Has she gone to see the boy?" she asked, and I nodded, and then she went to the telephone by her bed, and rang up the garage.

"The limousine as quick as possible," she said.

When she began having Rachel come to her house, she bought the handsomest car she could find, for she said that young people nowadays do not like slow things like broughams.

I watched her while she dressed, and when she put on her grand new sealskin dolman I stroked it approvingly. She took her second best sealskin coat to wrap me in, for she did not think my little coat was warm enough. She had offered this old coat to Rachel, but the child would not wear it as she had heard so much from her aunt about the cruel killing of seals.



We went out as quietly as two mice, for we did not want to wake anyone else in the house, Rachel especially. Then we got into the limousine, and I stared adoringly into her face. It was certainly very comfortable to be rich and have plenty to eat and drink, and nice soft clothes to wear. Now if we only had poor old Nonnie here.

The snow was really too deep for a motor-car, but her big one ploughed through it, and we went slowly but surely over the white avenue to Tower Road, and then down the lane that led to the Penitentiary. Oh! what a fairyland the lane was to-night with the firs and spruces standing like white policemen, their arms full of spotless snow, as if they were saying, "How can you go into that grimy prison? Stay out here with us where it is clean."

There stood the old building between us and the water's edge—grim and grey as usual, but having an almost comical appearance from its white night-cap of snow which the wind had blown crookedly across the dull slate roof.

The Arm was frozen over, and late as it was we could hear the ring of skates as some persons crossed to their pretty bungalows on the other side, their path made safe by the rows of young spruces that outlined the way to go.

"There's a light in the warden's office," said Miss Macadder. "Nonnie must have arrived. I hope he won't be vexed with her. Oh! I am so thankful," and she sank back on her seat, and rested till George came to open the door.

George was the chauffeur, and he was young and full of tricks, and led the old coachman and footman a merry life.

All the way here, Miss Macadder had been scanning



the road anxiously. I think she feared with me that Nonnie might have fallen down, and been too exhausted to get up.

When George rang the bell, the door was not opened very quickly, and when the assistant warden at last appeared he looked rather confused.

Miss Macadder, seeing the office door open, walked toward it, and there was Nonnie sitting on the hard old sofa behind the door, and looking as calm as if she had been having a stroll on a summer day.

She was even smiling, but the assistant warden, whose name was Gurton, was in a great fluster, and hurriedly began telling Miss Macadder what had happened.

I, of course, was right at Miss Macadder's heels when she entered the room, and as soon as I saw Nonnie, I ran and sprang on her lap.

"He called," she whispered in my ear, "he called. Our master said, 'Nonnie!' an' I come."

I was very thankful to hear this, but Gurton made me uneasy, and I turned to him.

"He usually keeps his mouth shut," he said, and I knew he meant my master, "but to-night there was a call from his cell that raised a riot, for there's something about that feller that scares the whole boilin' of them."

I knew what he meant. I had heard the Sandyses saying that though Master Nappy never opened his mouth to speak to a prisoner, they all had a great fear of him and much respect, too, not on account of any goodness in him, but because they thought he was a master criminal.

"What did he say?" asked Miss Macadder.

"I didn't hear his first yell," said the man, "but I asked, and they said he give a shout for her," and he turned a thumb over his shoulder toward Nonnie, who remarked very sweetly in a low voice, "Praise de Lord."

"And then what did you do?" asked Miss Macadder.

"Packed over there on the dead run," said Gurton. "I found him standin' on his tiptoes on his bed so he could catch a squint at the road. He must have seen this woman," and again he pointed to Nonnie. "He must have seen her walkin' down here. Then when I tore in and said, 'What d'ye mean?' he fell back in a fit."

"I suppose you frightened him," said Miss Macadder. "Well, what did you do then?"

"Took him to the hospital ward."

"Has he recovered from his fit?"

"No, ma'am."

"And who is with him?"

"The nurse, and we've sent for the doctor."

"Where is the warden?"

"Off for the night seein' his old father."

"And his wife?"

"She's dressin'," and at that moment Mrs. Romney appeared, looking rather upset. She was a kind woman, and spoke nicely to Miss Macadder, who said, "I don't know what your rules are, but this young man, MacHadra, seems to be very ill."

Mrs. Romney said she didn't know, but she wished that her husband were here.

Miss Macadder turned to the door, and going out to the limousine told George to go to the warden's father's house, which was in the north end of the city, and tell him that Miss Macadder wanted him.

Then she came in again, and said firmly: "I want to see this young man."

"Five years ago," said Gurton gloomily, "a lifer made his getaway by makin' a mock of dyin'."

"If MacHadra gets away," said Miss Macadder

decidedly, "I'll let you put met in his cell. Lead the way to the hospital."

Gurton looked at Mrs. Romney, but she would not give him any sign, and most unwillingly he went out into the stone corridor, and led us, for Nonnie and I went along, too, up the worn stone stairs to the clean, bare hospital.

Such a plain little cot and such a weary face on the pillow—Oh! my dear master—was he going to leave us?

I looked at Nonnie, and took courage. Her face was beaming, and she advanced towards the bed.

Gurton put out his big arm almost as heavy as the warden's. He would take orders from Miss Macadder, but not from a negro, so Nonnie smiled like a nice black saint, and went two beds away, but continued staring very hard at that beloved face.

Miss Macadder looked terribly, and spoke in low tones to the nurse. "Are you giving him stimulants? Is he warm? Can't you get some more hot water bags?"

The man nodded his head, produced two more bags, and shuffled away to fill them.

Miss Macadder leaned over Master Nappy, and spoke to him. His stony face never changed, but at that instant there was a noise in the hall, and a guard ushered in the doctor, who came hurriedly up to the bed.

Nonnie and I had to get quite into the background, but after a few minutes when Miss Macadder came over and whispered, "The doctor says that there is very little hope. He seems to be sinking fast," Nonnie stood up quite straight, and went with a quiet step up to the doctor.

"If you all has done what you can, let ole nurse speak to her boy. She can't hurt him."

The doctor nodded and stood back, and Nonnie went up to the bed.



The doctor stared at her as curiously as if he had never seen a black woman before. She had bent low over our master, and had put both arms round him, almost lifting him out of bed. Into his ear she was pouring the soft sweet music of an old lullaby she used to sing to him when he was a baby.

"Poor little pickaninny, frightened by a bear, run to your mammy," and so on.

When she got to "Bear shan't get you," her voice began to rise, and soon I put my fingers in my ears.

"What a volume of sound!" said poor Miss Macadder, who appeared to be half pleased with what Nonnie was doing, and half shocked.

Outside there was a low roaring from the cell block, the prisoners were stirring again, and nodding to the two guards in the hall to follow him, Gurton left us, and hurried out.

I was nearly crazy. Nonnie was trying to call our master back from some place where she did not want him to go. Neither did I. It would kill me to have that darling face shut away from me, and creeping up to the bed, I thought to myself, "What can I do to help?"

What used to rouse him, and make him spring up no matter how comfortably he was sitting in a chair or lying in his bed? What but the word that meant someone was on his track, and would put a dreadful hand on his shoulder?

I crept on all fours under the beds until I got close to him. Then I rose up, and holding on the bedclothes, put my lips to his ear, "Fly, master," only I could not say "Fly!" like a human being. I had to bark out something like, "Flah-yah!" but he understood me, and those tightly sealed eyes opened. Opened just for a second, but Nonnie saw, and her song burst into such a carol of thanksgiving that, as Miss Macadder after-

wards said, "It was enough to wake the dead. I never knew that any woman had such a river of sound in her throat."

The doctor motioned to Nonnie to stop clasping the boy—there was always someone bossing that dear old woman—and she stood up and took her arms from around him, and then, then—the miracle happened.

He sat up straight in bed—our strangely restored master, and opening his eyes wide he stared at Nonnie.

What a hush there was in the room! Scarcely anyone breathed.

"Nonnie," he said quite distinctly, "Nonnie, I can't hear it down here," then he fell back, but he was not in a dead faint as before, and pushing Nonnie away, the doctor bent over him, and seeing the gentle perspiration breaking out on his face, signed to us all to go away.

That good prison doctor worked over our master all that night, and only left him when two trained nurses were installed by his bedside.

When Dr. Sandys got to the Penitentiary, he said that everything had been done that could be done, and now there was nothing to do but wait—and we waited, oh! so patiently, for it was weeks and weeks before our boy was able to talk to anyone.

On our way home that night Miss Macadder asked Nonnie what it was that Master Nappy could not hear, and Nonnie said, "Dat twelve o'clock gun of salvation dat was callin' to de sinner to repent. He was too far away from de citadel of grace to hear it."

"Then he didn't mind it, after all?" said Miss Macadder.

"He minded it," replied Nonnie, "an' den he didn't mind it, an' den he did. His pussonal debbil is dead, shot through de heart by de good folks of dis town—Praise de Lord."

WHEN we went home that night from the Penitentiary, I sought out Polly, who was having her last nice sleep before dawn.

She lived, when she was visiting Miss Macadder, in a warm conservatory opening off the dining-room, and Miss Macadder said she was going to buy another parrot to be company for her.

"Poll," I said, "wake up! I have magnificent news for you."

She didn't much like being disturbed, but forgave me when she heard what I had to say.

"Muddy de water so deep," she gurgled. "We'll have a little meetin' in de mornin'."

"I heard Miss Macadder say that she believed Master Nappy's conscience had waked up. Polly, what is a conscience?" I asked.

She put her wise old head on one side. "I don't know exactly, Jimmy, but I think it's a kind of clock that tells human beings when to go and when to stop."

"Then my master's clock has told him to stop," I said.

"Yes, and go the other way," said Polly. "Now if he'll only mind the clock!"

"Miss Macadder says this has been coming on for some time," I went on hopefully.

"What does Nonnie say?" asked Polly shrewdly.

"She says that Master is now like de poor Indian in de wood, all happy-like inside."

"Just as truly as my fourth toe turns backward,"



said Polly. "What Nonnie says is apt to be the truth."

"And she says, too," I went on, "that if our master is going to be good, he will soon be let out on parable. What's parable, Polly?"

"I dunno," she said, "but 'out' sounds nice. Must be that he'll leave that old Penitentiary."

He did later on, but first I must tell what happened when he was recovering from the sickness he had that terrible night when he called for Nonnie.

He was very weary and weak for a long time; then he began to pick up flesh, and to notice what went on about him.

The first thing he did was to tell his uncle and aunt that he was ashamed of all the trouble he had given his relatives, and he had made up his mind to turn right round in his career. He was going to behave himself now, and he begged them to help him still, for he felt that he could never climb the steps to a new life without some assistance.

I shall never forget the way they looked when they came home from the Penitentiary the day he had this talk with them.

They seemed dazed—like two persons who have been carrying a heavy load for a long time, and cannot realize that it has fallen from them. Indeed, the doctor did square his big shoulders and give himself a shake as if he could stand straighter now. His wife went up to the picture of her darling sister that was on the dressing-table, and gave it a long look; then she burst into tears, and it was hours before she could compose herself.

The Doctor had to call Nonnie, who said rebukingly, "Now, now, Miss Ales, you ain't never been one to have high strikes, an' you ain't a-goin' to begin now."

When she wouldn't stop, Nonnie, who was very obliging, said, "Well, den, jus' keep on a-sobbin'. Seems to me Nonnie's heard you say dat folkses would be better if dey laughed a little more an' cried a lot more—so you jus' keeps on," and then Mrs. Sandys stopped, and Nonnie stroked her head till she fell asleep.

Nonnie rejoiced late that night, and the next day prepared most eagerly to go to see our master, who had sent for her.

She went into the hospital ward very quietly, but if ever I saw a perfectly happy human being, it was that dear old woman. Her substantial feet did not seem to be on the ground. She was just floating in to bathe in the light of her master's countenance.

"Nonnie," he breathed, as he lay with his shorn head on the pillow; "Nonnie, you called me back!"

"'Twas Miss Jenny tole me," she whispered; "she jus' seemed to come swimmin' through de air."

"They got hold of me," he murmured, "those other minds. I struggled, but I have given up. I will fight no longer."

I seized one of his white hands and laid my head on it. I puckered up my mouth in a whistle of delight. Now he would never have to run from anyone.

He smiled as he turned his eyes to me. "And you, Jimmy Gold-Coast, must come out of your jungle. You're to be a good monkey now."

"He's a firs'-class little critter already," said Nonnie gently. "He don't steal no more. He minds his manners, an' he waits on Nonnie like a weeny black brudder."

"He beat me—a poor animal got ahead of me!" said my master sadly, and he looked so distressed that the nurse came forward and sent us away.

As we were passing the Warden's office on our way out, his wife called us in and gave me some walnuts and Nonnie some cake and gooseberry wine. She also told her a very interesting thing. "When the young man gets well, he's going to be given a trial as prison bookkeeper," she said, and Nonnie was so excited that she nearly choked to death over a cake crumb.

The Warden's wife patted her on the back and apologized for telling her such an important piece of news so abruptly, but Nonnie, who was always a valiant old soul, said, "I'd choke to death for de sake of forwardering de interes' of my master. Ain't you got somethin' more to tell me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Romney, laughing heartily. "There's no harm in telling you this, either. When my husband went into the hospital ward yesterday, the lad whispered, 'If you're not ashamed to shake hands with a thief, sir, there's my hand, and thank you for your kindness to me.'"

"And what did the Warden say?" gasped Nonnie.

"He said, 'I'm ashamed to shake hands with a thief, but I'm not ashamed to shake hands with a thief that is ashamed of being a thief.'"

"Praise de Lord!" said Nonnie. "There's some talk of parablin' dat dear boy of ours. What you think about dat?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Romney, "but I would guess that he would be a fit subject for parole. I'm sure my husband will recommend him if he does well at the bookkeeping."

"Books!" exclaimed Nonnie. "Sure, my master can keep any books dat was ever writ!"

The Warden's wife smiled. She saw that Nonnie did not understand, but it did not really matter.



DURING the next few happy months my master did splendid work in the Penitentiary. He did not wear the hideous two-colored clothes now, and the Warden told Dr. and Mrs. Sandys one day when they were calling on him that he had never seen a young man with such real talent for bookkeeping.

"And do you think his repentance is genuine?" asked Dr. Sandys anxiously.

The Warden gave him a beautiful smile, and said, "He is a new person. I do not believe he will ever slip back again."

The Doctor's face glowed, and he went on, "Then what about his parole?"

"The Board will grant it next spring," replied the Warden; and they did, and on one never-to-be-forgotten May day our beloved master came out of prison. It was the day when the school children all over Canada sing:

"'Tis the twenty-fourth of May,  
The Queen's birthday;  
If you don't give us a holiday,  
We'll all run away"—

and the Queen mentioned was the good Victoria that Polly loved to talk about, for the old parrot remembered when she was on the throne.

Master Nappy had not told the family just when he would be released from the Penitentiary, and on this particular morning he slipped up a path that led through the woods to Deepbrook.

Rachel and Nonnie and I were spending a week with Miss Macadder, and Rachel had gone to a boat race on the Arm. I was out in the garden with Miss Macadder, for she liked to have me trot about after her. She was watching the gardener potter about some new flower beds when something came over me, warning me that my master was near.

I left Miss Macadder, and going to the gate in the garden wall, saw him walking under the pines. I dropped down to his shoulder as he passed through the gate, and touched his lips, his ears, his neck and his cheeks with my fingers, and then rode triumphantly into Miss Macadder's presence.

She gave a slight scream. "My dear boy—what a surprise! We did not expect you for a fortnight yet. Put your hat on," she added, as she saw old Ben staring open-mouthed at that still dear disfigured head.

Then she said, "Go into the house, Ben; it is time for your lunch."

Ben shuffled reluctantly away. He wished to stop and stare at this young man who was talked about at Deepbrook as if he were a prince. My master was as handsome as ever now, though he was unnaturally pale from his indoor life.

"We shall soon put some brown on your face," said Miss Macadder, as she took his arm and walked toward the house.

Master Nappy stopped when we got to the duck pond. "No farther, Miss Macadder!"

"Are you not going to have lunch with me?" she said in a motherly way; "now and always if you wish. I have already told you that I should like to adopt you."

"Too much happiness for me," he said with a smile;

"but if you will keep me for a short time till I look about me."

Miss Macadder's face beamed. "With all my heart, and perhaps you will reconsider your refusal—now, what do you wish to do?"

"Have you any little spot at the back here?" and he nodded toward the spacious carriage-houses and wood-houses that the rich Nova Scotians used to build in the days before motor-cars and furnaces were heard of.

"Come along and see," she said, and she wheeled about and trotted toward an empty gardener's cottage that stood in a sunny patch of green surrounded by hollyhocks.

"Just the thing!" he said. "Now if you will allow me to occupy it until I decide what to do? I should like to be near you and Rachel for a few days."

Most deeply gratified, Miss Macadder took him through the cottage and asked him what kind of fresh curtains and draperies he would like.

She could get him to say nothing, except that it would do very well as it was; so she went into the house and sent Nonnie out to him.

The dear old soul came waddling out with her cap on one side and her mouth full of "Glory Hallelujahs!" She was in the seventh heaven now, for Miss Macadder had told her that if Mrs. Sandys permitted she was to live in the cottage and keep house for her master. Timothy, who was now cook while Miss Macadder's old servant was on a holiday, would send their meals out, and he certainly did let us have some pretty fine dishes, especially when Miss Macadder was giving a party.

When Rachel came from school she put her arms



round her brother's neck and cried like a baby; then she sat with him till long past her usual bed hour, until Miss Macadder came out with Timothy bearing a supper tray.

"If you young ones will turn night into day," she said good-naturedly, "the least the old ones can do is to keep your strength up."

Master Nappy got up and kissed her hand, but she said, "Not my hand, boy, but my cheek. Remember you are the son of my adoption, though you refuse to live in the house with your mother."

Master Nappy gave her a strange look, and I, understanding him so well, saw that this woman meant more to him than she dreamed of. She had so little knowledge of his misdeeds, whereas his relatives knew him and his father before him down to the ground. He smarted under the lash of their thoughts. He would be more comfortable with her, though he loved his own family better.

How pleased I was! Miss Macadder would keep him near his family, for she was the soul of honor. Truly our beloved boy at last had his feet set in the ways of pleasantness and peace that Nonnie talked about.

"Jimmy," said my master to me that night after every one had gone to bed and he had shut the door of his room, "Jimmy, my boy——"

I thought he was going to say something very important and sat up on the foot of the bed that I had chosen as my resting-place.

"Jimmy," he said again, "Jimmy, at last!—at last!"—and that was all he said.

THE burning question that arose after my master had a rest, and had put some flesh on his bones, was what he should do with the rest of his life.

He was not as downcast as he had been the first few weeks he came from the Penitentiary. A new spirit had come to him, and he often whistled to the birds as he walked about Miss Macadder's pine wood with me, for he had stayed at Deepbrook, though his uncle and aunt had begged him to go to the Queen Street house.

The Sandyses all came to see him here, and one day when he was playing games with the children on the lawn at the back of the cottage, Nonnie, who was ironing his shirts in the little kitchen, called to him that the "Docta" was coming.

I hurried after my master as he ran to greet his uncle, while Nonnie bustled about to get iced coffee and wafer cakes, for the day was very warm.

While they ate and talked the Doctor came to the subject of what Master Nappy was to do, and said, "You know, dear boy, that you owe a debt to society. Why not pay it back in service to the sick? I'll help you with a medical education."

Master Nappy's eyes went leaping beyond the Doctor to Nonnie. How much that dear lad did think of his nurse's opinion.

She was pouring hot coffee over the cracked ice in the Doctor's tumbler. She knew very well that our

master was fighting all the time against any kind of occupation that would bring him in contact with his dear family, dearer than ever to him now that he was determined that he would have nothing to do with them.

"'Cause," said Nonnie to me, "if he mixes hisself up wid dem, it's a-goin' to remin' de good Novy Scoshuns dat Miss Rachel has a brudder dat has been in prison, an' he'd give dat right han' of his to keep everythin' about her sweet an' clean."

"Nonnie," said our boy at last, "what do you think? You know me pretty well."

She answered in such a low voice that she almost whispered, for she had a great dread of opposing the Doctor in anything. "What about de odder souls in prison?"

Such a wonderful light came into our master's beautiful eyes, and he turned to his uncle. "What do you think, sir?"

"The Government is just about to pass the Bill for an experimental prison camp," said the Doctor. "Your friend the Warden is to take up a batch of convicts—the work will be hard, but life in the open is just what you need. I never thought of this, but why not try it?"

No one said anything for a few minutes, and then the Doctor spoke again. "This appeals to me the more I think of it. Prison reform is in the air. You could make it your life work—that is if it agrees with you," and his eyes ran about the luxurious little cottage that Miss Macadder had taken such pains to fit up for the boy of her adoption, for now she stated openly that master and his sister would be her heirs.

"Can you leave all this?" asked the Doctor simply.

Master Nappy threw up his head. "Six weeks ago, I could not. Now, I can."



Dear, dear master. I thought of the night he came from the Penitentiary. He had smoothed approvingly the soft linen sheets. He had laid his head on the violet-scented pillow with a caress—and now his eyes ran to the purple asters in the window-boxes, the dainty willow furniture of the cottage rooms, the cut-glass tumbler in his hand.

"I'll do it," he said.

"You mean you'll try it," said the Doctor smilingly. "Remember that you have an over-developed mind, and an under-developed body."

Master Nappy spread out his hands. "See those callous places. I've been working back in the woods here—just plain digging and rooting up stumps, and I like it. Do you know what started me? Down in the Penitentiary I had plenty of time to think and one day I got an idea from Ollie."

The deep light that Polly admired so much came into the eyes of the Doctor as Master Nappy hurried on. "I remembered that one day when I was walking in the woods with him, his shoe-lace broke. Instead of wishing for another, he twisted grass blades together and made one. I envied him. He had had something in his education that I had missed—I'm going to Mother Earth now for lessons."

How the Doctor laughed. "The blood of your hardy ancestors is asserting itself. How interested your aunt will be!"

Master Nappy, with a face quite red from emotion, said, "Ah! if I had only listened to her when I was young. What a fool I was! Now there's another woman I'd like to consult about this, if you'll excuse me," and he went to the telephone.

In ten minutes, Miss Macadder was down in the cottage talking to the Doctor and Master Nappy.

She was terribly disappointed, and made no effort to conceal it.

"I looked forward to the time when you and I and Rachel would travel together for a few years," she said. "Perhaps you would go to Scotland——"

Master Nappy shook his head. "Never—I have plenty of good relatives there. Let them reign in my stead. The bad strain has run out."

"Well, then, we could come back here," she went on, "and settle down. Everything is forgotten in time."

"Except disgrace," said Master Nappy softly, but he took her hand and pressed it.

Miss Macadder wiped her eyes with one of her dainty handkerchiefs. "I have had many disappointments in life," she said; "I shall not break down under another one."

"You're a brave soul," said my master, and he got up and began to pace back and forth in a boyish way on the grass outside the veranda. "I'll make you proud of me yet."

The Doctor glanced at Miss Macadder. This was what they liked—this youthful "braggishness," as Nonnie called it. Master Nappy had been so quiet and cold all his life that now he seemed like a new creature.

"I want to make up in some way," he said suddenly, turning on his heel. "'Pon my word, I'm sorry for some of those chaps down there," and he nodded in the direction of the Penitentiary.

"Please get your ship," said Miss Macadder coaxingly. "Get that wonderful thing to show your uncle."

Master Nappy hesitated, then went into his bedroom and came out bearing in his hand a beautiful little model of a full-rigged ship.

"The Warden brought it up," said Miss Macadder in a soft low voice. "It was made for Napier by one of the life-sentence men—made in his leisure moments in his cell. Notice the exquisite workmanship."

The Doctor was profoundly moved, and for a minute could not speak. This gift, made by grateful hands, for Master Nappy did speak to the prisoners now, proved that his dear nephew was really trying to help others.

"Well," said Miss Macadder with a sigh as she got up, "I'll have to go. I have some people coming for dinner. No use to ask you to come in, boy?"

Master Nappy shook his head in a dreamy way, so she carried the Doctor off with her, Master Nappy accompanying them as far as the duck pond, for beyond that was, as he said, "out of bounds" for him.

When he came back to the cottage, Nonnie never said a word till after she had served a particularly good dinner. Then as he lay outside on the grass near her kitchen window, she remarked in an apparently aimless manner, "I was down to Mrs. Romney's to-day to take her some fresh gingerbread. De Warden was off on a visit to de country, but she laid out he'd be back at eight o'clock."

"You clever old soul," said Master Nappy, and he blew her a kiss from the tips of his fingers. "How would you like, at the end of your exemplary life, to live in a prison camp?"

"You can't scare me, Mr. Nappy," she said calmly. "I goes where de path of duty shines."

"If I go, you'll have to go, too," he said wilfully. "Rachel is out of the question. I've had to give her up, but I can't live without you."

That settled Nonnie, and she smiled like an angel,



and glanced at the clock. "Why, it's mos' eight," she said.

"Artlessly artful," said Master Nappy with a gay laugh, and he was off the grass and down the path to the Warden's, calling to me as he went. I followed him, keeping in sight his brown head, now so sleek again. He did not need to wear a hat pulled down over his ears.

My mind was in a whirl as I scampered after him. How should I like a prison camp?

There was no doubt about what the Warden thought, and sitting in his small parlor that evening he made the walls resound with his hearty laughter when my master asked him whether he would like his old bookkeeper for the new prison camp.

"Bookkeeper!" exclaimed the giant, "I'll make you an officer of the camp, and if you stay by me, you'll be Assistant Warden. Gurton's getting old. He'll have to retire."

When we returned home that night, I did not go to bed when my master did, for Nonnie had taken me on her lap and was rocking quite wildly.

"Jimmy," she said, "I guess you an' me feels alike about dis camp propersition. We prefers dis lubly place, but it ain't what we wants, it's what we oughts."

Putting my fingers up to her cheeks I felt tears, so I pulled out her handkerchief and wiped them away.

She smiled and said, "Monkey-Boy, tears is like milk. Dere's only loss in spillin' dem. Let's get our sleep, which is better dan bewailin'."

Those were the last tears that Nonnie shed over the prison camp. After her first visit there, she was so overjoyed at the change for the better in our master's appearance that she could hardly wait for him to get a house ready for her to live in.

Unfortunately, when he sent for her, I could not go, too, for Rachel had promised to take me on a trip to an American training ship that was lying in the harbor.

Rachel belonged to a mutual benefit club called "The Rainbows," and, in addition to amusing and helping each other, they gave aid to all boys and girls who needed assistance, especially those in hospitals.

Nonnie set out in the morning, but we did not go till afternoon, and our journey was only down to one of the government piers. It was a glorious summer day, and we were conveyed in fine boats out to the big ship lying in the stream where the captain was waiting to welcome us.

The cadets, who were manly looking lads, were all drawn up on deck, where everything was painted a nice cool grey. One particularly well-set-up boy conducted Rachel about, and, looking at me with great attention, took pains to lead us wherever the ship's pets were.

A wire-haired fox-terrier from Panama showed his teeth when he saw me, and placing himself by a boat barked, "Bow, wow! don't touch this boat. My master is one of the championship crew, and has to row six miles a day when we are in port."

A handsome duck quacked angrily at me that there was nothing up north as hot as this harbor, and I said, "Wait till you get to the tropics, old girl."

Best of all the pets was an African grey parrot just like our Polly, who perched on the cook's shoulder while he got afternoon tea ready for "The Rainbows."

When the boats took us back to the pier, we found Miss Macadder waiting for us with the limousine, and she invited some of Rachel's friends to go home with us and stay for dinner.

After dinner, when we were sitting on the lawn that was almost as green and velvety as if it were an English one, dear old Nonnie came in sight, waving her parasol at us from a taxi.

Miss Macadder asked one of the boys to go to the house and tell her to come out after she had had something to eat, if she were not too tired. I accompanied him, and returned with her as she waddled comfortably along, her face wreathed in smiles.

Miss Macadder admired Nonnie very much, and had offered to settle a sum of money on her as a reward for her devotion to her master, but Nonnie said, "De Sandyses will look after Nonnie, dear good Miss, but if you would give dat money to de colored boys an' girls. Dey is jus' like me when I was young. Dey gets a smatterin' of learnin' in de good schools, den dey runs. Make dem bend over deir books. Teach dem some of de new things dat de white chillens learns. Deir ignorance is deir holdback."

Miss Macadder was so pleased with Nonnie's generous spirit that she did start a school for the colored young people. It had a long name, but it meant that they would be trained to do better work in their houses and truck gardens, and learn how to farm like the white people, so that working together they could make the province an even better place to live in.

"Dat woman sure is outstandin'," said Nonnie of Miss Macadder. "She can always raise money for de good works, an' yet she takes her needle an' mends her rubbers when dey gets holes in dem. Dese Novy Scoshuns saves in deir cloes for deir eddications."

However, to come back to this day that Nonnie returned from the camp—Miss Macadder asked one of the boys to draw up a comfortable chair for her, and then said, "Please listen to Rachel's nurse. We older



ones wish you younger ones to take an interest in our work, and carry it on after we are gone." Then she signed to Nonnie, who began:

"Miss Macadder, an' Miss Rachel, an' your friendses. I has had a mos' satisfyin' day. George he took me in dat gran' car to de station, den I boarded de train an' soon I arrives at de good prison flag spot which warn't nothin' but a heap o' stumps. I gets out an' a trusty meets me wid a two-wheel cart, an' dere was no guard a-near him an' no gun nor nothin' an' he drives me over a road dat ain't no fedder bed, 'cause dey don't want no soft-handed visitors dat would give things to de prisoners what ain't good for dem.

"My soul an' body!—I did think I would come apart. Dat cart did seem to have one wheel in de sky all de time we druv in over dat corduroy road which ain't certainly no encourager to faint hearts in de prisoners' cause—you know what kin' of a road dat is, ladies an' gen'l'men?"

The boys and girls in their soft white flannels all smiled. They were hardy Nova Scotians and quite used to trips in the woods.

"Moreover," Nonnie went on, "we druv an' we druv over rocks an' rills an' finally we comes to de brim of a sprightly river, an' dere it was. Stone buildin's? No, sir, jus' God Almighty's trees. High walls? No, ma'am, just heaped up natural rocks. True, dere was a mighty high platform wid a thing on it like a big bird nestie, an' dere sat a guard a-grinnin' wid a gun beside him, but bless you dere warn't no man dere dat would run into de swamps 'cause if dey did, dey'd be put in de punishment cells under de rocks which ain't been used yet, for de woodses seems to take be badness out of men folks."

Just here Nonnie stopped and asked Miss Macadder

whether her "guesties" knew what the prison camp meant.

"I don't think they do exactly," said Miss Macadder, "please tell them."

"It's de government plan," Nonnie went on, "to have dose convicts hew down de logs an' clean de lan' for a lubly farm dat de province will sell an' make money out of de prisoners instead of spendin' it on dem. Meantimes, dey lives in rough barracks which, when dat farm is made, dey'll take down an' move farder on to more woodses. No hard-earned province money for stone buildin's an' walls, you see. Den de men knows dat dey're doin' some good, an' mebbe sometime de province will let part of de men's earnin's go to deir poor families what is sufferin' while dey're in prison."

"But isn't that life too easy for the vicious criminals?" asked one bright boy who afterwards, when he came into his money, was to be a splendid friend to the prison camps.

"Easy—my stars and garters!" said Nonnie comically. "If you'd see dose fellers slave! Why, Master Nappy tooked me round—an' dat remin's me, I ain't tole you how I mos' didn't know de boy I'd riz."

All these boys and girls knew the sad story of Rachel's brother, so they were not surprised. It was told privately among Haligonians, but not a word about him—the member of one of their old families—had ever appeared in any of their newspapers.

"Well," Nonnie went on, "dere was a slim young feller standin' in a ditch when I arrove. I looks at him. I didn't say nothin', den he gives a laugh. 'Don't you reckernize me, Nonnie?' an' didn't I scramlicate out of dat cart. 'Twas my own boy,

but so black wid de sun dat only his own mudder would 'a' known him dere a-bossin' his men who was a-heavin' earth like de wind, for dey say he's an awful rusher, is our Mr. Nappy.

"He warn't too muddy for his Nonnie to hug, 'an' you should 'a' seen him bow over de pork an' beans dat all de men goes rushin' for when de whistle blows.

"'Honey,' says I kin' of low, 'dat'll give you tummy-ache,' an' he says, 'Nonnie, I ain't got no more tummy. De woods has took it all out o' me'—but to come back to dat question of spoilin' de prisoners—I tell you, young persons, dat our government ain't goin' to monkey wid no folks what has broken de law of de lan' an' de hearts of odder men an' women. Dere is men dere so bad, an' dey is worked so powerful, dat dey is longin' for de sight an' smell of de city, an' deir ole easy sit-down labor, but de Warden is hopin' dat time will take de poison out of deir bones. Most ones like my master is rejoicin' to be out in de open away from de cells. Dey love de struggle wid de logs for de saw-mills, an' de mud an' mire in de swamps, an' every night dey sleeps in deir beds jus' like de good little babies dey once was, some not so many years ago. Dey is too drug-out to ponder over any mischief."

The bright boy asked her some more questions, and then Miss Macadder, seeing that the poor old soul was as tired herself as the convicts she had been telling about, thanked her for her interesting story, and dismissed her with a kindly nod.

I ran away to bed with her, and I can vouch for the statement that no prisoner in the camp slept more soundly than Nonnie did that night, for a first-class thunder-storm came up before daylight, and she never heard a bit of it.



I REALLY found my little Wynkoops through a half-quarrel between Nonnie and Timothy. One day while Master Nappy was still at Deepbrook and Timothy was still cooking there, the two dear old souls sat talking in the cottage kitchen.

Polly, who had come to make us a visit, sat close to me, and we were having one of our nice old-fashioned times—I, scratching her head, and she occasionally rubbing my fur gently with her beak.

“I suppose,” she said in her funny way, “that human beings would say I was hunting fleas on you.”

“It’s a shame,” I said indignantly, “that so little is known about monkeys. We do not have fleas any more than other creatures. We have a saltish scurf on our skins that some poor monkeys who have not salt enough in their diet scratch off and eat.”

“Hush!” she said. “Nonnie is pitching into Timothy. She’s having a great time with him about that prison camp.”

“What did he say to her?” I asked. “I wasn’t listening.”

“He was telling her all about the grand dinner party Miss Macadder gave last evening,” said Polly, “and how the General of the army, and the Admiral of the fleet, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the province said, when they were smoking in the conservatory, that Miss Macadder certainly had a good cook.” Timothy was hiding behind the camellia tubs and heard them.”

I stared at Nonnie. The old dear was saying with

a deep sly smile, "Brudder, dese good Sandyses—de Docta an' his wife has given up one, two, mos' three years of deir lives to come to dis city to save dat precious boy. Soon dey is goin' home, an' I'm to keep house in a prison camp. I goes joyfully, Brudder; now what is you a-doin' for de souls of men?"

"I'm a-feedin' de bodies," said Timothy. "Ain't that religion to give good vittles to pussons, be their work heavin' rocks or writin' figgers, or swaggerin' roun' in uniforms?"

"Brudder," said Nonnie sweetly, "I loves you."

Polly began to whistle like a song-bird, and gave me a knowing look. I understood her. Nonnie was determined that Timothy was to go to the prison camp with her, and he might as well give in first as last.

"I know you loves me," said Timothy; "there ain't no use discussin' it."

"My brudder could live in a place what was funder from de water an' de ships dan dis city," said Nonnie.

"Such as what?" asked Timothy with an anxious air.

"Such as Camp Sandys," said Nonnie, for the camp prison had been named after Grandfather, who had given the land.

Timothy jumped up and began to splutter, for he had quite a temper. He wasn't "goin' to live in no woods, with no off-scourin's of earth."

"The MacHadra lives dere," said Nonnie proudly. "Ain't what is good enough for him good enough for my brudder?"

"No, it ain't, Christian," cried Timothy, for he always called her "Christian" when she tried to do him good. "While I stay here, I'll serve the Lord by doin' my work and tryin' to be as cheerful as a June cucumber, but when I leave, I'll not stop to tie my shoes to go to no prison."

"Master's goin' to build a log cabin for me," Nonnie went on sweetly. "I could have my brudder live wid me, an' he'd get good wages cookin' for de prisoners, an' he'd have de benefit of our master's advice, an' every week he could take de train an' come down to de city an' spend his week-end in one of de sailors' boardin'-houses."

Timothy sulked for a long time, until at last Nonnie said, "Brudder, get your hat an' coat an' come along down town. It's no harm jus' to call in some of dem boardin'-houses. You knows you'd be lonely here widout your sister."

Timothy, grumbling powerfully, got the nice overcoat that Miss Macadder had given him, and putting his hat slightly on one side, which he always did when he wanted to show Nonnie how independent he could be, helped me put on one of my jackets of medium weight.

The day was not cold, but it had been raining, and when we went out, Nonnie asked him to carry me, as she was afraid I might get a chill on the damp pavements.

We sauntered along, Nonnie and I, quite happily, but Timothy only half happy. I was glad to get out, for Polly was not well enough to play with me, and Miss Macadder had given her a dose of medicine and put her in a quiet place.

George picked us up in a cart when we were leaving the avenue and gave us a lift to the City Hall, from which place we walked down the hill past the big shops and the fashionably dressed people to the picturesque Water Street that Nonnie had not visited for some time.

She trotted coolly up to a house where some of the porters on the Pullman trains boarded, and easily



got the nice, clean-looking colored woman who kept it to promise to give Timothy a room if he should make up his mind to spend a couple of days a week in the city.

Then, very contented in her mind, and petting Timothy, who was very low in his, she went along Water Street, "perambulating," as she said, and "tackin'," as Timothy said.

Little dreaming what a great thing was going to happen to me that day I looked happily from Timothy's arms at the crowds of people hurrying along the damp sidewalks.

Here were some Lascars from an East Indian ship; there some German sailors from a Hamburg boat that had put into our harbor when some of its machinery broke down. Frolicking along, and jollying each other, were some American and British men-of-war sailors, just as full of tricks as kittens; and standing aside when they saw Nonnie to say respectfully, "Pass, mother!"

"Bless you, boys!" Nonnie always replied, but very few of them knew her, for she had little time now to come to Water Street. The sailors were just naturally polite to all women.

I loved the smells from the shops that lined the street. They were nice tarry, spicy, salty smells, and reminded me of other water-side places where I had been with my master when I was younger. Oh! how strange it was to think of him up there in the woods, working in the swamps and on the river!

Nonnie had tried to tempt Timothy with this river, but he said, "Loggin' ain't sailin'. There ain't water enough in your Sandys River to float an egg-shell."

Nonnie just smiled at him. The river was quite a large one, and he was going to live beside it, for when

she made up her mind that he should do a thing, he always did it.

"Brudder," she said after a time, "you an' I is kin' of selfish about Monkey. Let's not be too much took up wid our own comfort. We'll go down an' see his frien' de Java ape."

"Cert'nly," said Timothy, brightening up and giving me an affectionate squeeze. "We'll take the little fellow to see the only 'sociate he's got of his own kind," and we plodded cheerfully down a Government wharf toward a French cable ship where my friend the ape, Jaunette by name, was the sailors' mascot.

The officers of this ship had often gone to our house on Queen Street, for the Doctor and his wife were fond of French and belonged to some society where they spoke it all the time at their meetings.

When we got to the cable ship, we went toward a group of sailors on deck, who welcomed Nonnie and her brother gladly, though they had very long faces.

One of them, who spoke a little English, said to her that their fine ape was extremely ill. "In fac'," remarked the man, "she die."

Nonnie almost cried, and I felt terribly. We all loved Jaunette, for she was such a good mother.

Then we went below. On the way we met a goat who was the officers' pet, and often ate matches and cigarettes, which Nonnie did not approve of, for she said tobacco would hurt even a goat in time.

Well, there on a bit of sailcloth crouched the good Jaunette, hugging her baby to her as if she would never let it go. She did not look at all ill, but the sailors said she was just bearing up. Her back was dreadfully burnt, and the ship's doctor said that she could not last any time.

"What did happen to dis kin' ole soul?" asked Nonnie, wiping away her tears, and the sailor who could speak English said that a few days before a fire had broken out in the hold from a cigarette thrown down, and here Nonnie shook a finger at the goat, who had followed us, though it was not his fault, and he bleated out that he always swallowed his cigarettes. Poor Jaunette, who had been sleeping below with her young one, had been caught, but before she fell back in the flames had managed to push her baby up a hatch.

Nonnie exclaimed at this, but I could have told her that this often happens on the Gold Coast, where I have heard true tales of mother monkeys being shot themselves, but pushing their young ones to safety. Also, when hunters fire among a crowd of monkeys, each mother picks up the young one next her, and when the chase is over they exchange babies.

The mother ape's face lighted up strangely when she saw me, and she sat up and began to talk in our own language. She knew she had to leave her baby. She had been hoping I would come. I had a good heart. Would I take her young one and be kind to it, and slap its hands and spank it, as she had done, when it was naughty?

I did not hesitate a minute. "Certainly I will," I said, "if I am permitted."

The ape, who was pretty cute, turned to Nonnie. She knew what power the dear old woman had. Then, groaning with pain, she put her baby in Nonnie's arms and pointed to me.

Nonnie, overcome by her intelligence, stared open-mouthed and could not speak.

The mother heart of the sick animal was waiting for a sign, and when Nonnie gave it by folding the baby to her, the old ape fell back.



"She gone," said Pierre, the sailor who had been her chief attendant, and his eyes were moist. "I t'ink she waited for you."

I was so pleased with him that no person can ever say a word against a French sailor before me without my making a horrible face at him.

Nonnie went right home that day, though she and Timothy had planned to go to a moving picture and take me, for I always sat on her lap and behaved better than most children, the manager said.

She showed the baby, whose name was Wynkoops—from the place in Java where he had been born—to Miss Macadder, and that amused woman said, "Certainly you may keep it here," and Nonnie took him to our cottage and spent the rest of the day in making over one of my old suits for him.

Little Wynkoops kept pretty quiet till bedtime came, and took quite nicely some milk and water from a baby's feeding bottle, but when Nonnie and I were ready to lay ourselves down and go to sleep, the young ape began to carry on.

Nonnie looked at me somewhat doubtfully as I sat with him clinging to me on the foot of her bed. He wanted to be caressed all the time, and my hands were quite tired.

Then she lifted her dear old head from the pillow and said, "Here, gimme dat baby. You is all tuckered out. Your pretty eyes look like two holes in a pink blanket."

Wynkoops would not go to her and began to scream when she insisted on holding him. From screaming he went to roaring like a young gorilla, and I stretched out my weary arms to him. How little I dreamed that night what a comfort he would soon be to me. I thought he would drive me crazy, and Nonnie, too.

“My soul an’ body!” she said. “Nonnie has plenty of grace for one monkey, but she dunno about two.”

At last she got up and lighted a fire in the grate. “Dey say dere’s soothin’ in a bath,” she remarked, and soon Wynkoops was sitting in a tub of warm water, playing with his cunning little toes. After he had sat there for a long time, Nonnie dried and rubbed him and brushed and combed his head, for he had not much hair then. Then we went back to bed, but not to sleep, for just like a mischievous human baby, he kept us awake till daylight, playing with the toys Miss Macadder had sent out for him.

In the morning, Nonnie had a talk with Miss Macadder, and that thoughtful woman went down town and bought a little basket which was put in a small room next Nonnie’s, and I was told to sleep there with the little ape.

Miss Macadder also had Pierre the sailor, who had been so fond of the mother, come out and spend a few days with us, and he soon had Master Wynkoops in a state of subjection to me and to Nonnie. Then he began to be a comfort, and surely he was the cutest little ape that ever was born, with his wizened face that looked as if he had the care of the world on his shoulders.

He forgot his mother and looked upon me as mother and father, too, and remembering what I had promised Jaunette, I was very firm with him and slapped him when he did naughty things, being especially severe if he tried to steal my food.

THERE is a song that Rachel used to sing called "No Rose Without a Thorn," and I was often reminded of it by Polly's behavior after I had the good fortune to get a monkey playfellow.

To speak plainly, she was frightfully jealous of my little Wynkoops, and this is the way she used to talk to me:

"Oh! it is very well for you to sit gazing at me with that monkey grin on your face and scratching yourself with both hands, but just wait till your cunning little Wynkoops gets big enough to beat you. A Java ape will be much larger than a Garnerian monkey. Then when he is old he will bite. Parrots mellow with age. Monkeys grow sour, especially Africans. Now if you and he were South Americans——"

"Africans have more brains than South American monkeys," I used to retort. "Why, just listen to our clever Doctor. He takes very high ground about my family. Didn't you hear him say to me the other day, 'Jimmy, if you monkeys would take more pains with us human beings, we'd really become quite intelligent'!"

"That's nothing to what he said to me," she replied, but she would not tell me what the Doctor's remark was, and in defending my Wynkoops from her jealousy I really became ill-tempered and taunted her with her age, which the Doctor had found out was forty.

"You might have told me all these years," I said to her. "We have been such friends."



"When it comes to the question of age," said Polly coolly, "one has no friends"; and she would not speak to me for a week.

Then a glorious thing happened, and Polly and I became warmer friends than ever.

That darling Mrs. Sandys, with her big mother heart, knew what Polly was suffering, and just before we all broke up housekeeping in the city and Miss Macadder built her house in Downton, a parrot baby was obtained for Polly.

Mrs. Sandys sent the Doctor down to Water Street, and he scoured the wharves till he found a young, grey, red-tailed African parrot from Prince's Island.

When he brought him home and set him beside Polly, and the little thing held out his claw and Polly clasped it, the tears came to Mrs. Sandys' eyes.

"How wrong we have done," she exclaimed, "to sentence our dear Polly up to this moment to life-long separation from her kind!"

"Hey, Poll!" I said, creeping up to her, "what do you think of my Wynkoops now?"

She was silent for a long time, then she gurgled, "Fancy waiting forty years for someone to hold your claw!"

I had a week with Polly and her baby before I went to the prison camp, and it was amusing to see them together and to hear them calling to each other when they were separated. If Polly were upstairs and little San Francisco, as the Doctor had named him, from the ship he had come in, were downstairs, one would hear them screaming, "Frisco-Co, Frisco-Co! Polly-Lee, Polly-Lee" in such an affecting way that persons in the street would often stop to listen.

I knew Polly would bring him up nicely by the way she began. She showed him what kind of soft wood

to pick to pieces, and took away anything with splinters that might stick in his queer fleshy tongue, and she was beginning to teach him how to bark like a dog, crow like a cock, gobble like a turkey, and throw up his wings and dance and bow to the ladies, when Wynkoops and I had to go to the prison camp.

To tell the truth, I had dreaded this experience, but the reality—ah, me! a monkey should always live in the woods!

My master had prepared a comfortable log cabin for Nonnie and Timothy and his dear monkeys, and oh! how snug we were! The camp was no longer the rough place it had been when Nonnie first came up. It was getting to look more like a farm.

Wynkoops and I had a tiny room in Nonnie's cabin, and there was a stove in it protected by a wire grating. The weather was quite cold when we arrived, and Wynkoops and I would rush out through our little swinging door and scamper about in the underbrush, or race each other to the tops of the tall snow-laden trees, and then tear home and throw ourselves on our stomachs on the warm grating, and oh! how good it felt, and what heroes we were to the convicts!

Really my little Wynkoops was almost as good as a baby to them, and I used to see tears in the eyes of some of the men who had children at home when they watched his playful antics.

The convicts, who were a hardy-looking body of men now and more like soldiers than prisoners, were not the only ones who admired my little Wynkoops.

Master Nappy, by permission of the kind Warden, had made the prison camp a sanctuary for all distressed and hunted wild animals and birds. When shots from hunters were heard in the distance, one would see gentle deer, animals and birds, big and little, hurrying

to the shelter of the wide tract of woodland about us. Indeed, some of the animals became so tame that they would come right up to the big barns and the men's barracks, and wait for wisps of hay to be thrown to them.

Some monkeys tear birds to pieces, but I taught little Wynkoops to let them alone and even to carry crusts of bread up the tall tree trunks and fill deserted birds' nests with them. While he was doing this, some of the tamer birds would fly so close to him that their wings would brush his little hairy pate.

Timothy never got tired of watching Wynkoops wait on the birds. The old fellow was perfectly contented in the prison camp, and often roared with laughter when Nonnie reminded him of the time when he fought against coming to it. He and Nonnie were quite personages up here among the prisoners, and prided themselves on being of use to men who had few friends.

However, of all happy persons in the camp, my master was the happiest, and I used to stare at him for a long time after we first went up, and wonder whether this brown young man in the big boots and heavy coat was the same pale-faced lad who used to loiter about the lobbies of hotels, smoking numberless cigarettes and meditating mischief.

He loved his camp and he loved his family, and when he went to Downton for holidays I used to sit for hours hugging myself and basking in the light of the new look on his face.





M. SANKEY.

"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SNOWY YARD STOOD A HUGE CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE BIRDS."

I FEEL really quite sorry that the time has come for me to close my story. I have enjoyed telling boys and girls something about the life of a monkey in captivity, but I realize that when everybody is happy and no one is ill, and no one has any troubles, the time has come to stop talking.

So I will say that two Christmases have slipped by since my little Wynkoops came to me, and we are all in Downton celebrating the merriest Christmas that we have ever had.

This afternoon my friend Polly sat beside me on the dining-room window seat watching the lively family group outside. In the middle of the snowy yard stood a huge Christmas tree for the birds, many of whom stay all winter with the Sandyses as they know the food supply is secure.

Daisy the robin was there with her family watching the rosy Sandys children and their friends hanging bags of suet, sponge cake, candy, lumps of sugar, chopped nuts and many other things on the branching fir tree, round which, when night came, they would have merry games and dances, while they sang "The Maple Leaf Forever" and other patriotic songs.

Our own dogs and neighbors' dogs were bounding about, but none of them seemed as happy as my friend Millie, who had allowed little Wynkoops to get on her back. He looked a picture in his red cap, holding on her back with his little skinny fingers, and shrieking with pleasure as she raced round and round the tree.



He was growing quickly, and though I still called him my little Wynkoops, he would soon be bigger than I was; and just here I must say a word about Nonnie, who at this moment appeared at the kitchen door with a tray full of hot drinks, heaped-up plates of red apples, and her famous rock cakes, for the children were too busy to come in for their mid-afternoon lunch.

"Looks younger than ever, doesn't she?" said Polly, following the direction of my eyes. "Being an old black queen up in that prison camp has made a new woman of her. You'd think she'd get spoiled, being the only woman there beside the Warden's wife."

"You can't spoil Nonnie," I said; "she's too clever."

"Do you really and truly like the prison camp better than Downton, Jimmy?"

"Really and truly, Polly! and remember how much I am away on trips with my master, for he rarely goes without me."

"Just fancy," she said, "'The MacHadra' being a preacher!"

"He isn't a real preacher," I said.

"Well, he goes round making speeches in prisons and halls."

"He's magnificent," I said, "and when boys shout 'Speech, speech, Prison MacHadra!' I am so proud that I don't know what to do."

"Fancy his losing his shyness!" Polly went on. "He's as bold as a lion now."

"Isn't he?" I said enthusiastically; "and you should just hear his loud clear voice when he makes addresses—'A clean Canada—Stand by the prisoners—Hard labor, but a dash of pleasure—Imprison the body, but set free the mind—Canada needs all her sons. Don't keep them shut up too long'—I tell you it's enough to



make any monkey proud of his master; and he's doing so much good, Polly. In one penitentiary he visited, even the bull gang cried."

"What an awful name! What does it mean?"

"The worst boys in prison, Polly. The ones that just won't repent."

"Listen!" she said. "What's that noise?"

I burst out laughing. "Don't you know by this time?"

"Oh, Grandfather's little tune!" and she cackled cheerily as the dear old man came round the corner of the house, led by Shaker, who had a string on his neck, for Grandfather was blinder than ever. Shaker took him everywhere, and just now they had been down to the post office for the mail, and Shaker was barking, "Get out of the way, animals! The most remarkable man in Nova Scotia is coming!" and Winged Heel and Messenger, and all the neighbors' dogs in the yard lifted their lips in dog smiles and made room for the important little short-legged Aberdeen, who guided Grandfather right into the house and to the warm fire-place, where Grandmother sat knitting so fast for the prisoner friends of her beloved Nappy that she could finish a pair of socks in three days.

She loved Grandfather's sad little song that he sang when he was especially pleased:

"Hark, from the tombs a mournful sound!  
My soul attend the cry;  
Ye mortals come and view the place,  
Where ye must shortly lie."

"And he likes it," said Polly; "so what does it matter about the other people?"

"Isn't the old man contented now that Master Nappy has come round all right?" I said.

"Happy isn't the word for it," replied Polly; "and the disgrace is all wiped out, for I heard him the other day trying to persuade a man from Cape Breton that his grandson had really had a prison sentence, and the man said, 'Go on with your nonsense. In my end of the province we know that your grandson went into a penitentiary to find out real conditions'; and Grandfather choked so with laughter that Grandmother had to pat him on the back."

"He wasn't trying to deceive the man, was he?" I asked anxiously, for I did not want to hear that the dear old man would fall from grace.

"Not a bit of it. He insisted on his statement that his grandson had really been a convict, but it was of no use. The man thought he was fooling him. Grandfather was not bound to tell him that your Master Nappy's father had been a thief."

I thought of what Miss Macadder had said long ago: "That boy will wipe out prison stain with prison stain," and "Everything is forgotten in time," and I watched him with loving pride when he came into the house with the children crowding about him.

They were contending about which ones should sit next him at the supper table, but Grandfather settled it by saying decidedly, "He sits by his Grandmother. She does not see as much of him as the rest of you."

He kissed the dear old lady's hand as he sat down beside her, but how fondly she drew his brown head to her as she stroked his cheek and murmured, "Jenny's boy!"

He blushed, for he saw that they were all smiling at him—his uncle and aunt, and Rachel and the children and dear Aunt Mary Macadder.

"Grandmother's health!" he said gaily, and the children all got up and raised their glasses of milk.

That reminded me of my Wynkoops, and I skipped out to the kitchen to see how he was getting on.

The little dear was behind the stove, stripping off his snowy suit and hanging it neatly on the line where Nonnie had her dish-cloths.

"Take it out in de woodshed, darlin'," she remarked with a sly glance at me. "Young monkey mus' learn to do de right thing. Den come to Nonnie an' she'll give him his weeny bowl of bread and milk."

Timothy, who was sitting by the stove, got up when he saw that Wynkoops looked fearfully out toward the dark woodshed and said, "Here's a hand, my pet. Timothy will go with his baby monk."

"Isn't he a picture?" I said to Polly, who had trotted out after me.

"Beautiful!" she said; "but not as sweet as my Frisco. Look at him. He's so intelligent in his little parrot mind."

I turned my head toward the dining-room. Frisco had found out that Grandmother had a soft spot for all young things, and wasn't the little rascal there on the floor at her feet, and she was slipping him things from her plate.

"It won't hurt him for once," said Polly indulgently. "Grandmother's visit will be short."

When supper was over we had some jolly Christmas games, and then came bedtime and a light lunch brought in by Nonnie and Timothy.

Just now everybody is going to bed, and I must go, too, for my sleepy little Wynkoops is calling me. I think I will close just here and say, "A very merry Christmas to everybody, and please be kind to monkeys"—and in view of my great friendship for my dear Polly, I think I ought to add, "and don't forget the parrots."











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